THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustr Magazine
Founded Franklin

SEPT. 28, 1907 5c. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
J. A. CAHILL

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Flour? "Pillsbury's **BEST**" *—You Know the rest.*

We point to

Pillsbury's BEST Flour

as the best recommendation for the superior quality of our new breakfast food

Pillsbury's BEST Cereal

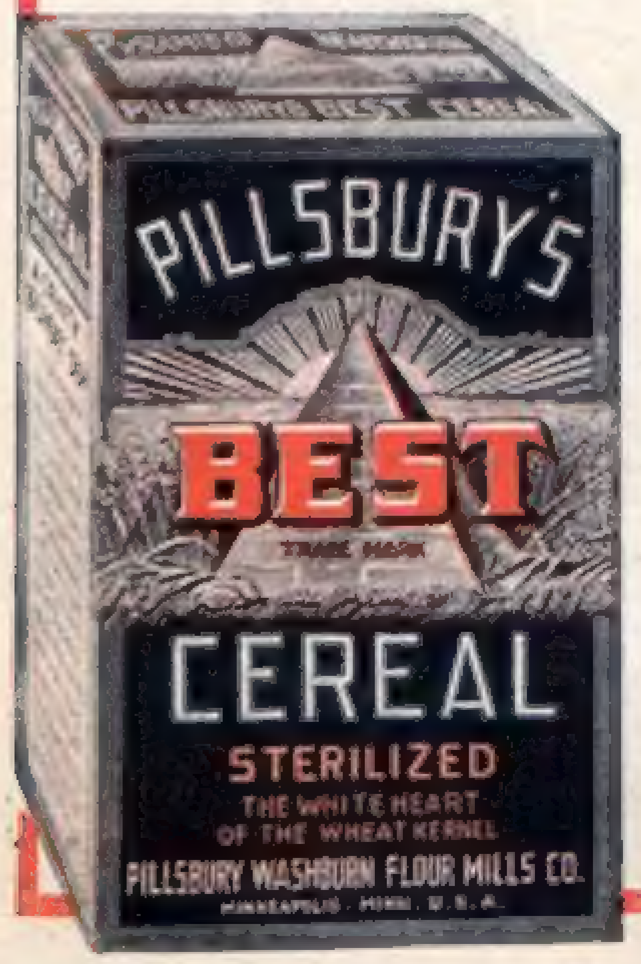
For nearly half a century Pillsbury's Best Flour has been the standard in the Flour business the world over. Our new breakfast food is made with the same care, from the same selected wheat, in the same great mills at Minneapolis.

Each package makes 12 lbs. of delicious, creamy white food.

Look for the name PILLSBURY on your flour sack and cereal package.

ASK YOUR GROCER

The Breakfast Food


PILLSBURY'S
BEST
TRADE MARK
CEREAL
STERILIZED
THE WHITE HEART OF THE WHEAT KERNEL
PILLSBURY WASHBURN FLOUR MILLS CO.
MINNEAPOLIS · MINN. · U. S. A.

The following

Special Recipe for Children

Takes a little more time and trouble than to prepare in the ordinary way. But it has been discovered that this makes the ideal food for little folks.

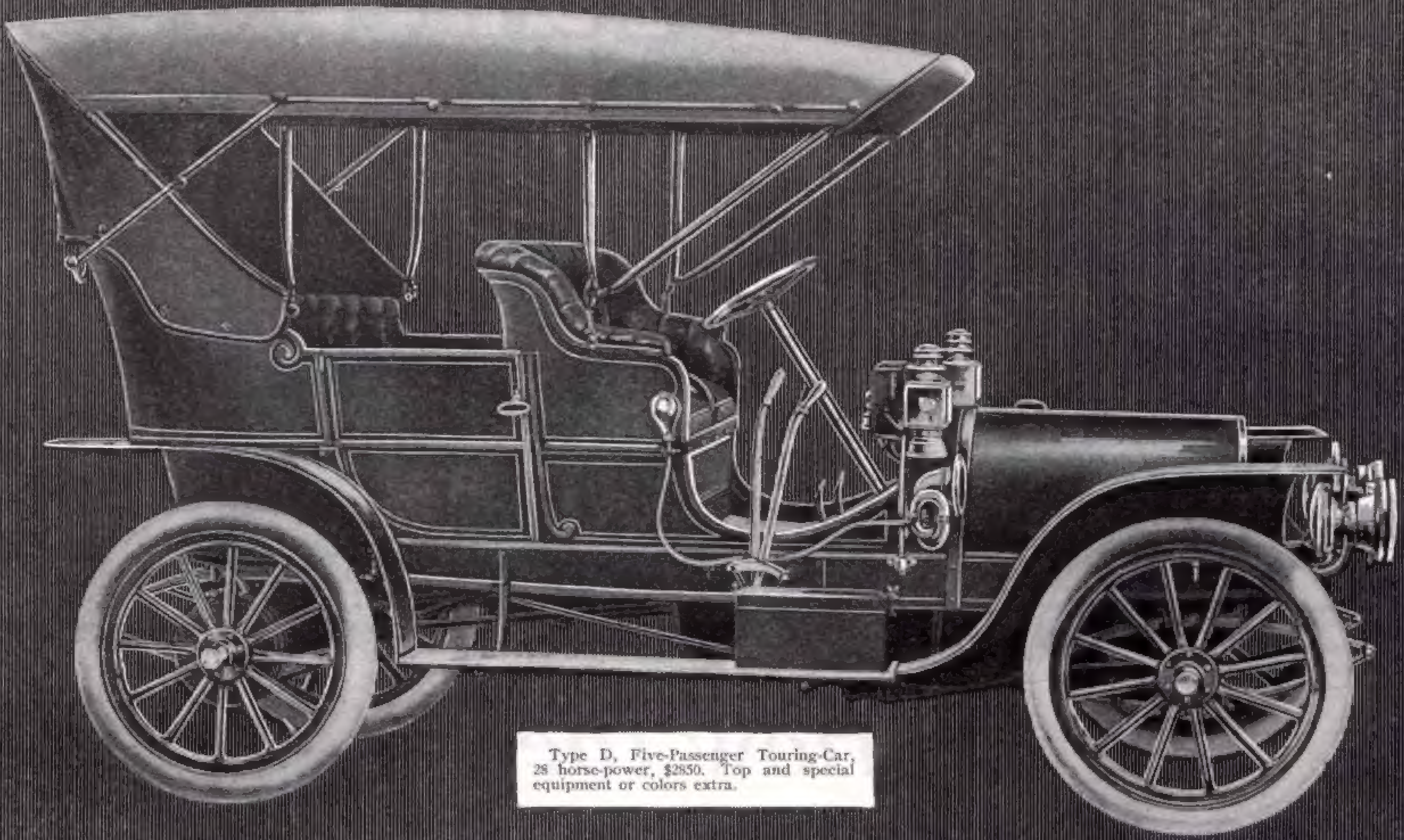
Pour one quart of boiling water into a cold pan, add one-half teaspoonful of salt, and then stir in slowly one cup (one-half pint) of Pillsbury's Best Cereal. Cook thirty minutes, or longer, in the covered pan set in boiling water.

Cooking three-quarters of an hour will not injure, but rather add to its delicacy. In such instances, however, it is often necessary to stir in a little boiling water to keep it from becoming too thick. Serve hot with cream and sugar.

The Flour

Pillsbury's
BEST
XXXX
Minneapolis, Minn.
PILLSBURY'S
PILLSBURY'S
PILLSBURY'S
BEST

1908 Franklins



Type D, Five-Passenger Touring-Car, 28 horse-power, $2850. Top and special equipment or colors extra.

Forty per cent more power without more weight.

The greatest advance since automobiling began.

16 h. p. Touring-car	$1850
16 h. p. Runabout	$1750
28 h. p. Touring-car or Runabout	$2850
42 h. p. Touring-car or Runabout	$4000

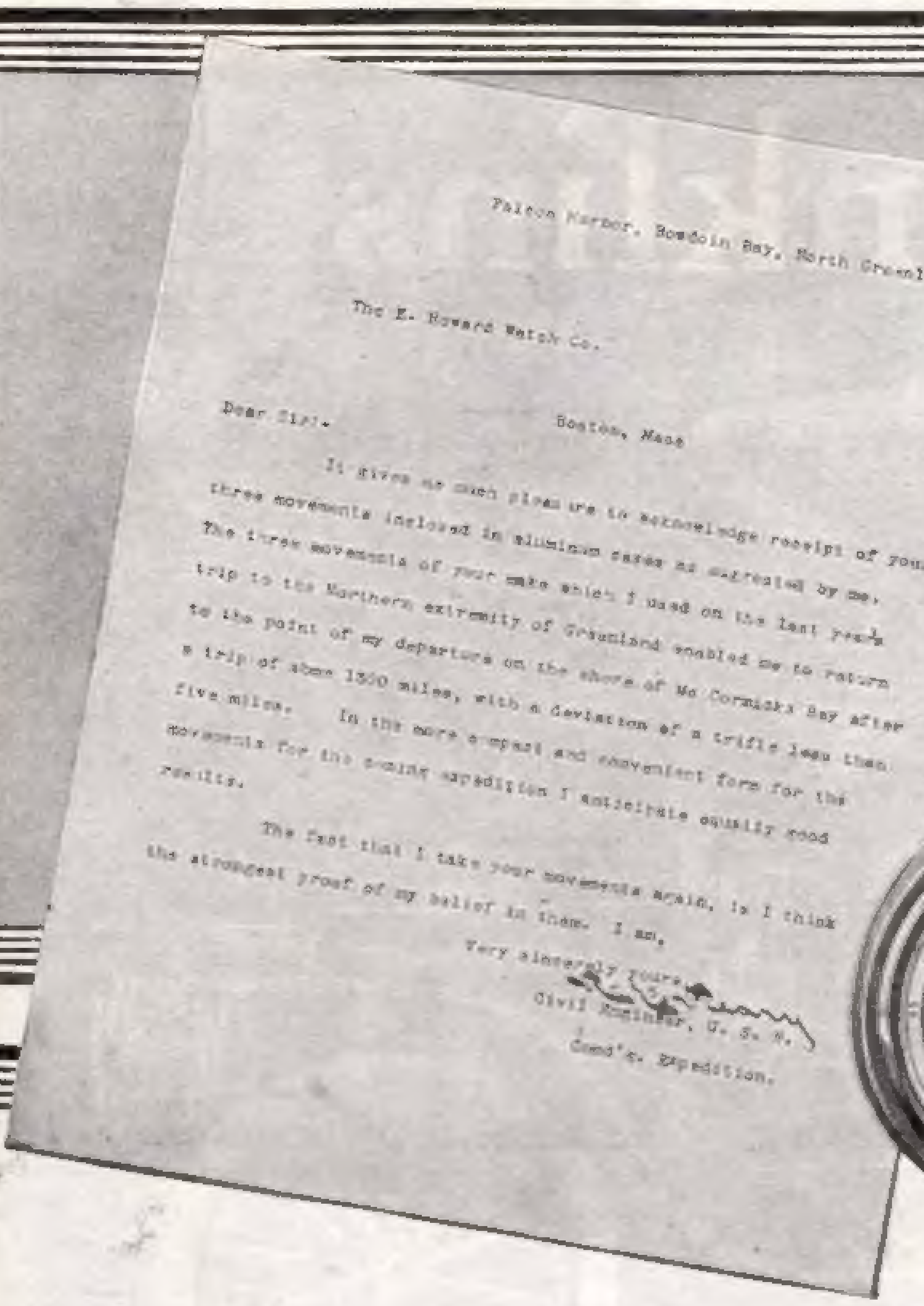
Landaulets and Limousines.

Prices f. o. b. Syracuse

Send for book of Advance News.

H H FRANKLIN MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.



Falcon Harbor, Bowdoin Bay, North Greenland.

The E. Howard Watch Co.
Boston, Mass

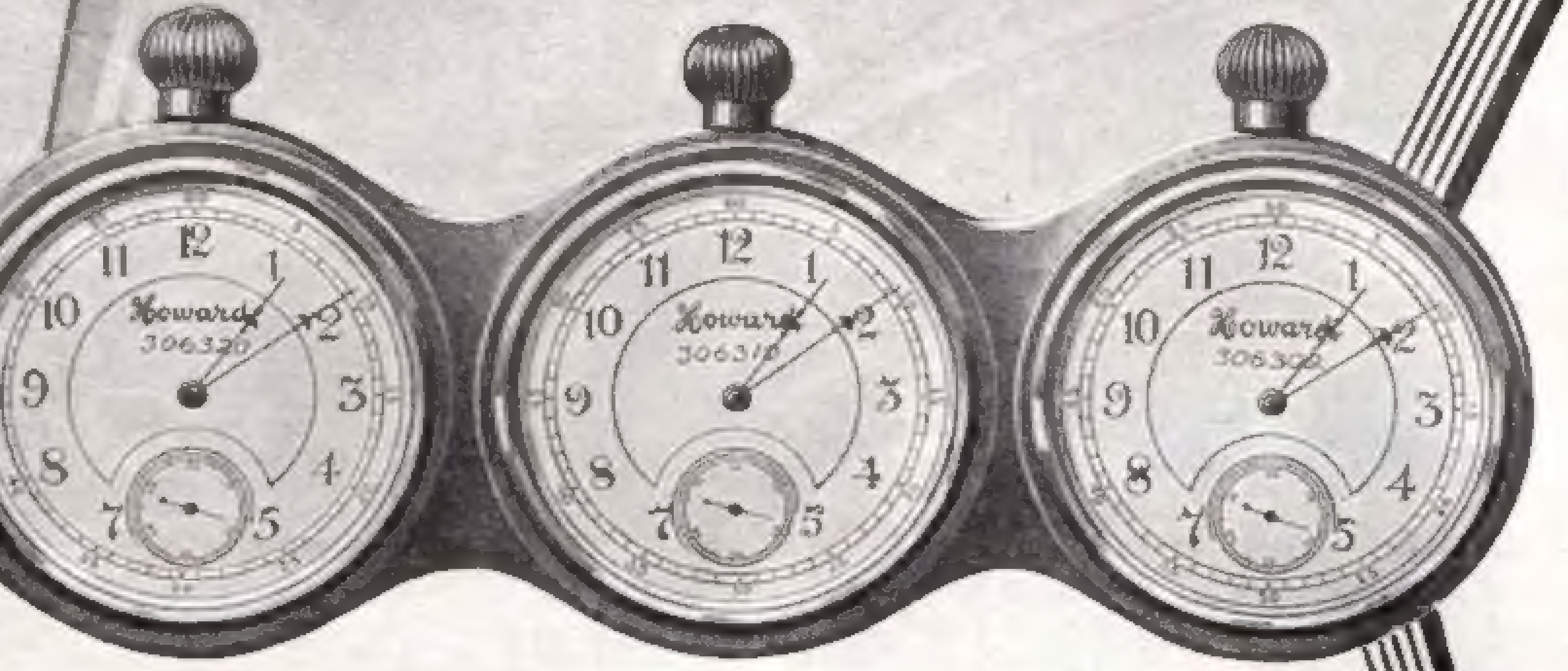
Dear Sir:-

It gives me much pleasure to acknowledge receipt of your three movements inclosed in aluminum cases as suggested by me. The three movements of your make which I used on the last year's trip to the Northern extremity of Greenland enabled me to return to the point of my departure on the shore of Mc Cormicks Bay after a trip of about 1500 miles, with a deviation of a trifle less than five miles. In the more compact and convenient form for the movements for the coming expedition I anticipate equally good results.

The fact that I take your movements again, is I think the strongest proof of my belief in them. I am,

Very sincerely yours,
Civil Engineer, U. S. N.
Comd'g. Expedition.

Farthest North



How the HOWARD WATCH Guided Commander PEARY

Arctic Explorer Peary carried HOWARD Watches on his Polar Expeditions.

The watches pictured above were worn strapped around his body under the outer clothing in this special aluminum case made for this purpose—three being carried in the event of one becoming damaged or broken.

Commander Peary places himself on record thus: "Alone in the frozen North, with not a human landmark to guide the way, the night six months long, the air, the earth, the sky, one dense, dull gray, a HOWARD Watch was my solace, my *unfailing* friend."

It is such reliability as this that has made the HOWARD celebrated as the Standard of Accuracy since 1842.

HOWARD Watches are sold in men's sizes only.
Prices range from $35 to $150, the difference being not in grade of materials or workmanship, but in the quality of case, number of jewels, and the adjustments.

E. HOWARD WATCH COMPANY,
Charles St., Waltham, Mass., U. S. A.

FREE
"Watch Wisdom"
A Watch Book
By
Elbert Hubbard

Every page is full of interest—not a dull line in the whole book. Tells you more about time than you ever knew before. Contains unique anecdotes of famous men. Tells the difference between Legal and Standard Time. Shows clearly why the Howard Watch is the most accurate watch in the world. It's yours for the asking.

Write for a complimentary copy TO-DAY.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Copyright, 1907, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.
Founded A^D^ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin
Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.
Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 180 PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 28, 1907 Number 13

OUR EXPATRIATES

BY ONE OF THEM

We have long been interested in the psychology of the Expatriate, but, until we ran across the author of the present article, we had never been able to find one who would talk freely. We present this paper as an interesting study of a curious type. Any one who has traveled abroad and rubbed shoulders for any length of time with Europeans hardly needs to be told that fondness for money and vulgar ways of spending it are not peculiarly American traits. And no one can read the article through without feeling that this country is exceptionally fortunate in losing citizens who think as our Expatriate does. It seems to us, however, that there is sufficient interest in following the workings of this type of mind to warrant us in presenting this paper, with all its queer perversions of truth and its distorted vision of things American. —THE EDITORS.

WHOEVER gave us that expressive word, "Expatriates," invented a title that fits our case to perfection. We are a distinct species of the *genus homo*, and in the course of time that appellation will have no other meaning in the dictionaries than to denote those citizens of the United States who went abroad and stayed there, because they liked Europe better. We have nothing, perhaps, in common with the classic exile of history, who is supposed to have longed his long life through to return to his native land, and died of a broken heart because he could not. Nor are we like the class who have come to be styled "*les sans-patries*" in France, for that phrase is applied to a little political subdivision that is alleged to be dominated by the desire to belong to any other race than their own. We Expatriates differ from both these groups. Though, in general, we are perfectly satisfied to live and die Americans in name, our chief desire in existence is to pass as much as possible of it away from America. I never knew of any of our number threatening to die of a broken heart, except at the thought of having to go back to the United States to reside.

We are Expatriates because we have expatriated ourselves—not under stress of uncontrollable circumstances, but of our own volition. It does not affect the question one iota whether or not we first left our native shores with regret. The main point is that we have grown away from life as it is lived in America, and could not, without the keenest pangs, face the necessity of returning there to stay.

The citizen of the United States who happens to spend the bigger part of his life in Asia, Africa or South America, is not, strictly speaking, an Expatriate at all. He is almost invariably where he is either because of business or because he does not care to raise an issue with the police authorities in the land of his nativity. Nine times out of ten he is anxious to get back home again. Nor is the word applicable to the citizen or subject of any other country whose life is spent in foreign lands. The millions of Europeans in the United States, for instance, glory in quite another appellation. No man would ever dare call one of them an Expatriate. The ex-foreigner would instantly invoke the law against his defamer, and edify the court by his grandiloquent proclamation that he is now an American citizen.

An Expatriate, and Actually Proud of It

THE enormous numbers of Germans who reside in London, Paris and Spanish America, and the great throngs of Englishmen who spend so many years of their lives in foreign lands, belong to a classification that is entirely apart from our American group. Those men are simply temporary absentees, who have always the cheerful thought ahead of them of the time when they can return home.

With us the conditions are essentially different. We may shift our foreign habitat whenever and wherever we please, and enjoy one place as well as another; but the cheerful thought we keep always ahead of is that, perhaps, we may never be obliged to return home at all.

We know that the word "Expatriates" has come to signify us, and us alone. We know that it is applied to us tauntingly, when not contemptuously, by our stay-at-home compatriots; but only our newest recruits ever feel supersensitive about it any more. Most of us are quite willing to admit our predilections when the word is bandied in our presence, and certain of the more hardened of us take a particular pride in the fact that we are Expatriates. We may be Americans by accident, but being Expatriates, we are so by choice.

I am one of this latter coterie, and if I rejoice in being so, you may believe me, I am well grounded in my reasons for the faith that is in me. If I had been born an Englishman, a Frenchman or an Italian I should gladly have remained just what destiny made me—for the countries of all these races are agreeable places to live in. Being born an American, I do not renounce my nationality, for that entails a lot of bother; but no law or moral obligation compels me to live in the United States. I vastly prefer Europe; so that is why I am an Expatriate.

Speaking for thousands of my associates in this happy clan, I am going to tell you Americans

why we find America a splendid place to stay away from, to the end that hereafter the prejudice with which you regard us may have a more concrete ground than its present intangibility. This is fairer to you and to us than to let you continue thinking of us as addle-pated snobs and renegades, influenced by a caprice, rather than swayed by reason. We have reasons enough, as I shall try to show you.

The basic principle of every Expatriate's creed is this: the more we see of Europe, the less we like America. We think this is tantamount to the axiom that the higher a normal man is civilized the more unwilling he is to fall back to the level he has been lifted from. Europe civilizes; America demoralizes. The latter is a sort of foundling asylum, populated by human bundles left on the Nation's doorstep. You run them in, let them grow, and trust to luck. As the castaways mature, their instincts betray their antecedents. If of lowest origin, they show low tastes. Their precocities are vulgar, their language is coarse slang, and when they get old enough to leave the institution you cannot drive them away with a club. The asylum is to them the only world they know, or want to know. When they are full-grown, they think and call themselves Patriots.

If, among the little lost ones, there be some of gentler blood it manifests itself all the way from infancy to manhood. They dream dreams of better things, and these dreams develop aspirations. When they are able to get away from the foundling asylum, they leave it with a rush and start on a quest for the elements that refine life. This takes them, naturally, to Europe. Under the influence of their improved surroundings, their intelligence widens; they gradually acquire the ways of enlightened humanity, and they strive to forget the humiliating peculiarities of former days. Thus they become Expatriates.

The Discovery of America a Calamity

BEFORE you can become a regularly accredited Expatriate—admitting you have the temperamental qualifications—you must live at least one year continuously in Europe. After you have been there that long there is never any danger of your backsliding. If you protract your stay to two years and are then obliged to return to your old home in America, to remain there, Heaven help you! You would be capable of any desperate deed, for at heart you would be as much of an Expatriate as any of us.

Neither the English language nor any other tongue has enough words in it to draw an adequate contrast between conditions of existence in Europe and America. When a big part of your life has been spent in this country, before a lesser part of it is well under way in Europe, the fascinations of your later existence take such a clamp on your soul that you feel like quarreling with Fate for having started you wrong and allowed you to waste all those years. I have seen lots of my fellow-Expatriates flush with fury at the bare mention of the name of Christopher Columbus, and I often find myself regretting that the illustrious explorer had not postponed his discoveries until after my death. Yet, on soberer thought, I realize that few of us Expatriates would be so madly enamored of life in Europe, if we had not had the chance to compare it with life in America.

If you were to ask some of us Europeanized Americans to analyze or specialize the peculiar fascinations the Old Country possesses, I fancy every one of a dozen of us would answer in a different way. Nay, you are wrong: the variety of our views would not by any means imply that we could not cite one single, well-established superiority. As with a dozen, so with a hundred, or even a thousand of us. If you got that many separate and distinct replies, it would simply mean that there are quite that many reasons why Europe is a more desirable place of residence than the United States.

There are very few Expatriates who have lived so many continuous years abroad as I have; and there is none who is more completely estranged from the American mode of life and more devoted to the European. And, perhaps, there is no one among all our legion who is more fearlessly frank than I am in avowing his preferences, or more fixed in the convictions upon which those preferences are based. Therefore I have no hesitancy in making myself the spokesman for that vast army of our countrymen and countrywomen whose home is on the other side of the Atlantic.

That you may understand the genesis of an Expatriate, it is well to begin at the beginning. Few, if any, of us ever left our native land, originally, with the fixed expectation of finding a more congenial permanent abode elsewhere. The first visit of most of us to Europe was in the rôle of tourist. Perhaps it was not until after several subsequent visits that we decided, or chanced, to settle down over there for a protracted stay. Certain of our number happened to make their home originally in Europe for reasons of economy, life there being notoriously cheaper than in this country. Others may have been sent abroad to some famous health resort, or to consult some eminent physician, and thus became anchored for a longer sojourn than was dreamt of. Still others first went for a stay of a year or so, to educate their children in foreign languages.

The American's Morbid Love of Work

A CERTAIN proportion of our citizens in the American colonies of many of the European capitals went there, in the first place, to study art, and so fell into the habit of being there that they stayed on indefinitely. Others grew accustomed to the European ways during the years they spent in various countries in the diplomatic or consular service of the United States. Many men went for business reasons, with the thought of not being absent for more than a year at the most. Many of our charming women started Europeward to be gone only for the season. Numbers of others went there as young girls with their parents, and after a year or so in school (a period of intense home-sickness for America) got a peep of European society, and next, married foreign husbands. A big coterie of Southerners went there after the war, ruined in fortune and sad of heart, and, becoming little by little entirely Europeanized, raised families that were no longer American in anything but origin.

These are only a few of an infinitude of reasons for which Americans who are now Expatriates originally went to Europe. Thus, it was by accident rather than intent that many of them chanced to stay away long enough to drift entirely out of the channel of American habits and ideas. I will venture to say that there was hardly one of them who did not at first exult in the thought that he or she was an American, and that, sooner or later, he or she would go back to America to live. But this was only at first. Those of them who are still alive are still in Europe, and happy to be there; or else moping away their lives in some corner of their native land because they cannot leave it forever and return to Europe. Wherever they are, you may be absolutely sure that they realize how dismal a place is America to live in, for any one who has had his home in that better land across the sea.

This is no reckless asseveration of a supposition. It is the statement of a fact. If you have any doubt about it, hunt up any one you know who has lived for twelve consecutive months in Europe, and try to get him to tell you in confidence which land he prefers as his residence.

What makes life in Europe so much more agreeable than in America to the average human being, is that it is so many-sided. Americans are essentially a business people and a busy people, and everything in life is subordinated to their exacting daily occupations. If the majority of mankind loved work for itself as you Americans do, and for the actual joy of being engaged in it, you would soon absorb a big part of the world's population within your borders—for civilized Europe would not tolerate any such theory as that. Happily, however, the man with those ideas is a very small unit in the universe. And, so far as I can make out, all of these freak specimens are in your big American cage. The man who loves to work is an abnormality. He has something askew in his brain. He is opposed to the whole scheme of Nature, and is unique in the animal kingdom.

The Absurdity of Unnecessary Work

THE normal man works because he is obliged to, or, if he is not obliged to, because work is a prelude to rest and pleasure. He gets his work finished as soon as possible, and then he takes the pleasure, which is Nature's reward for labor. Being properly constituted, he can work when he has to, and can amuse himself when he has the right to. He is a man of two functional capacities, and is doubly more natural and intelligent than the man who toils, not alone because he has to, but because he likes it, not being capable of liking Nature's sweet alternative.

There you have the chief difference between the European and the average American. The former has acquired the divine gift of knowing how to appreciate a divine gift to its full, and, in acquiring it, has learned the thousand refined accomplishments that differentiate civilized human beings from the lower animals and the Americans. The citizen of the United States knows nothing, and wants to know nothing, except to work and earn his wages; and he looks scornfully upon the man who knows how to do anything else in life. The country of the one is a place where people of the broadest intelligence commingle in pleasant pursuits that develop the highest culture of the race; the country of the other is a noisy, pushing, scrambling land,

where every man's thought is centred in earning more of the hire of labor than his neighbor; where courtesy is quarantined as a pestilence, and Art is so little known that it is scheduled in the customs tariff with manufactured commodities.

If an Expatriate is obliged to return occasionally to the United States each successive visit accentuates more sharply his distaste for this country. Out of pity he is forced to regret that you never stand still, for that would be less sad than your perpetual retrogression. He finds that your entire life-level is steadily receding further from that of the high civilization that prevails in Europe. He discovers that his countrymen are ever growing leaner of face and form, more nervous in all their movements, and that the chronic brain-storm of the race is beginning to write its unerring symptoms in the flinty glitter of their restless eyes. He notices that the nation has at last lost its last vestige of reposeful dignity, and that men start upon their daily avocations with a look of desperate determination on their countenances, such as one would only expect to see in two gladiators entering the arena for a battle unto death.

Even the Rich Soiled by Work

THE visitor searches in vain for the softer, gentler aspects of home life he has grown accustomed to in Europe, and finds instead all the glaring, vulgar evidences of the rivalry of wealth. He ascertains that wealth itself is not prized for the opportunities it gives to purchase refined luxuries, but because it serves as a shouting-megaphone to tell the public that its owner had been able in his time to do an enormous amount of money-making work. Work! Work! Everything is work, and it is glorified as the most precious treasure bestowed on man by his Maker—instead of being hidden from sight as a form of necessary evil.

Over and over again, since I have been here this time, I have read or heard that this man or that had raised himself to his present proud position of millionaire by working with his own hands. Only yesterday I saw again in the newspapers that the son of one of the great New York plutocrats was learning the trade of machinist in a big railroad shop. Through some fantastic fancy or plebeian instinct of the Americans manual labor has grown to be regarded as the supreme process for ennobling humanity. Is this because the race has more confidence in its muscular stamina than its brain capacity?

Inversely, I have had it forced constantly upon me that another stamp of man was necessarily base because he had never done a stroke of work in his life. And not only that—I have observed that the man who has committed the crime of inheriting money from his parents, and who has dared to spend it, instead of pitching in, as his father had done, to make more, is usually denounced as a degenerate.

I cannot close my eyes to the fact that your most conspicuous private citizens in this country are several aged men who would be locked up as lunatics in Europe, for they keep right on working as hard as they did in their youth, with the sole purpose of multiplying their fortunes, already too colossal to be of use to them, here or hereafter.

It is this incessant turmoil of toil that gets on the nerves of us Expatriates when we happen to make a flying trip to the land of our birth. Among you we are like fish out of water. The element that is life to you is destruction to us. We are not without sympathy for labor—that is, for the poor who are obliged to work. But when we see men who work all the time from preference, and who boast about it as if it were a virtue, we feel the same pity for them that we do for other human creatures who are not in possession of all their mental faculties. It is plain to us Europeanized Americans that you go on working, and go on shouting about your doing so, simply because you are shy on one of the senses that saner men possess: the sense of getting restful, rational enjoyment out of life. The sight of you reminds us of one of the aphorisms we learned in the nursery: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." To our judgment, America is populated with dull Jacks, and it bores us to stay among you a day longer than we are obliged to.

When Satan Does Not Find Mischief

IN EUROPE men can work or play, whichever they please and whichever they can best afford. And nobody interferes with or criticises them; for Europe is a land where people mind their own business, and not everybody else's. All the men who play do not necessarily work sometimes; but every man who works invariably plays at off times. Consequently, Europeans are intelligent with a general intelligence that has some other aims in life besides work and money-making.

Whether it is an instinctive or an acquired accomplishment, the European knows how to make life refreshingly agreeable for himself, and usually helps to make it so for others. In the philosopher's pharmacopœia, over there, there is a drug, styled Idleness, which is not classified among the deadly poisons, as in the United States. Its uses are recognized everywhere. It is constantly employed, now and then as a sedative among some classes, while for others it is prescribed as a necessary and frequent part of every day's régime. In that climate, far from impairing physical or moral strength, it seems to prove a universal health-giver when administered with wisdom,

(Continued on Page 54)

ALL IN THE PLAY

Spriggs Makes His Bow to the Best Society

BY RICHARD WALTON TULLY

WE THOUGHT of having amateur theatricals because of Dolly Appleton's Mrs. Maguire. She needed clothes and things for the winter. Dolly? The idea of Dolly needing anything—with her allowance! No, it was Mrs. Maguire—coal and everything like that; and we thought it would be splendid to give an entertainment and get them for her with the profits.

So Dolly had some of the dearest tickets made, all frosted with artificial snow—because we decided to have it New Year's Eve. Oh, Dolly's executive—she gets that from her blood. You know she's the youngest vice-president the Daughters of the Ancient Dames ever had. So she went ahead with the arrangements. George Rockwell helped her, and they asked the rest of us to take part.

But the trouble was we didn't have anything to play, and we met several times and couldn't decide. Abigail Havens (she's from Pittsfield) suggested Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works, and Billy Fillston wanted something with a musical sextette and coon songs in it. But Dolly wanted a play with a love story (because, of course, she and George were to play leading parts). So everybody argued and argued, and all the time the date was getting nearer and nearer, and all the tickets sold, too!

Finally George hit on a splendid plan. He knew of a person, he said, that could give us just what we wanted. His name was Spriggs, and George had known him at college. It seems that he was in New York trying to sell a play he had written and George had met him accidentally on the street. So we decided to have him let us use it.

It was our fourth meeting when Spriggs came, and he was *such* a curious-looking fellow. He was tall and thin, and wore spectacles. His hair was brown and came down over his coat collar. His eyes were brown, too, and rather attractive, I thought. But his coat—you should have seen it! It was one of those short cutaways that had faded to a sickly green. And when he was shown in he stopped, awfully confused. I don't know whether it was because we were in evening dress or because Billy Fillston was being an Indian idol on top of the piano. But, anyway, we soon saw that he wasn't going to let us have the play.

He had it in his hand and held it close (just as if the old thing was precious), and began by saying he knew it was an honor we had bestowed, but that he didn't think his play would suit us.

"Can I wear white in my part?" asked Dolly.

He looked rather puzzled. "I suppose you can."

"Then it'll be all right," she said.

That seemed to bewilder him a little more, and he blurted out that really he wasn't sure that he wanted his play—what did he call it—oh, yes, "produced" by amateurs.

Of course that disappointed us dreadfully, but you don't discourage Dolly easily. She got up and walked over to the Spriggs person. He looked as if he wanted to run, but he didn't, and when she got real close she looked at him with those eyes of hers and she trembled her mouth (I mean it that way: Dolly can tremble or dimple just when she wants to)—she trembled her mouth and looked at him, oh, so pitifully.

"You won't let us have it?" she said. "Really?" And there was the biggest kind of a tear in her voice.

Well, that rather floored him, and he looked perfectly helpless. Then he stammered, "I—I—I didn't know it mattered much."

"Matter?" said Dolly, coming all the closer to him (George had gone outside just then to give the butler an order): "Mrs. Maguire's *life* depends upon it." And she told it so beautifully we all came very near crying, and I saw Spriggs swallow twice.

"Oh," said Mr. Spriggs, "in that case you can have it." And just then Billy Fillston almost spoiled everything by pretending he was overcome and falling off the piano.

But Dolly clapped her hands and fairly danced, she was so happy. Then George came in, and they dragged Spriggs into a chair and made him read the play.

Really, I don't know yet what the whole thing was about—oh, yes, it was something about a poor inventor who was swindled out of his thingumajig by somebody he called "a bloated predatory plutocrat," whatever that means—I'm sure I hadn't the least idea. Anyway, Spriggs chose Ezra Tubble for that part, because he is fat; and Harry (who knew something of what Spriggs meant) said all Ezra had to do was to look mean and prosperous. And the rest of the play? Well, Dolly loved George, and Tubble was against her marrying him because George was poor.

But George isn't, you know, and Ezra doesn't object, really. It was only all in the play—while Ezra was the plutocrat thing. Well, anyway, some of it was extremely serious—because Spriggs said so when Harry kept laughing at what he thought was a joke. It was something about, "*I only ask a fair valuation of my property from you*"—*you* was the plutocrat. And Harry said he *knew* it was a joke, because his father (who is "Old Worthing," you know) "made a combination and bought out all the other soap fellows when they couldn't stand the competition." Perhaps you understand that. I don't. It's something about business. But Spriggs said "fair valuation" was serious, and so Harry kept a straight face. Dolly ordered him to.

When he was finished, Grace Emmonds wanted to drop out because she had to wear a rag dress in the second act.

and tried to get Spriggs to make it at least tusser. He said that would spoil everything. "Whoever saw tusser in a poor workman's home?"

"Sure thing," chimed in Billy. "Remember, girls, the last time we went down to Mrs. Maguire's—her taffeta silk, and little Mag eating fried oysters for breakfast?"

This seemed to excite the Spriggs person. "I know," he said, "there is frequent improvidence among the poor, but that is the result of their having been ground down and denied the education that is their right." And, do you know, he really looked not frightened any longer—more like he wanted to hit Billy.

But Dolly broke in: "Is that in the play?" she asked sweetly. Spriggs stopped abruptly and looked at her. Dolly drooped her eyelids a couple of times.

"No," he said.

"Well, then, go right on," she commanded, and he did—just as meek as could be.

And, then, it was such fun. Of course, Gladys Weller made trouble when she saw that she had only two pages to say. But when she found Gid Van Styne's part was about the same and they would have lots of idle time together she hadn't another word of objection. But it was *such* fun. The Spriggs chap was so worried about it all.

Of course, it was Dolly who saved the whole matter, for she straightened out everything. Once I had told Spriggs that I didn't understand—it was something about "idle rich" and "their duties."

"Of course you don't," he said, turning on me fiercely.

"Why 'of course'?" I asked. I wasn't going to let any person in a green cutaway talk to *me* that way.

"Because you are the idle rich yourselves," he answered.

Actually!—now what do you think of that! If he could see us and the things we have to do—the Kennel Club, the Horse Show, dinners and dances and—oh, dear me! the no end of things that simply wear us out.

But before I could give him a piece of my mind it came out all right, because Billy Fillston pretended it was a song, and sang it while he danced a cake-walk with Mrs. Appleton's monkey:

"We are the idle rich,
We are the idle rich,
Old Monkey-doo and I!"

And Dolly smoothed it over.

When he went that night we got the old play away from him and had the parts copied and they were ready the next time he came. That was for the first rehearsal, and, do you know, there was such a change in him—his shoes were polished, he had a clean collar, his long hair was brushed almost smooth—except where part of his hair stuck up behind. (Billy Fillston pretended he was a quail, when he wasn't looking.)

I soon found out why he was different. Don't you see? Dolly had had him up one evening and "Dolly-ized" him. I don't know what that is, but George says it's calculated to make any man jump through hoops the rest of his life whenever she cracks the whip; and he ought to know. He's been doing it the last two years.

Anyway, there was a different look in Spriggs' eyes whenever he looked at Dolly that night. I guess he had never met one of those bubbly-fluffy girls like Dolly in all his life, and I suppose, too, that she didn't tell him why she wanted to play opposite to George.

Well, the rehearsals went fine, except that Spriggs nearly fainted when we just mentioned that perhaps we could put a topical song in the "big strike scene," as he called it. Spriggs was all red in an instant.

"If that's the way you take it," he said, "we'd better stop right now."

"What?" said Dolly; "with all my tickets sold—and Mrs. Maguire, and everything!"

"Yes," said Spriggs, getting quite white around the mouth.

"I'm sorry," said Dolly, "because—because—I—I asked mamma yesterday to have Mr. Constein come to see the play, and he is the big opera-house manager, you know."

Spriggs got red again. He walked over close to her and looked at her in amazement.

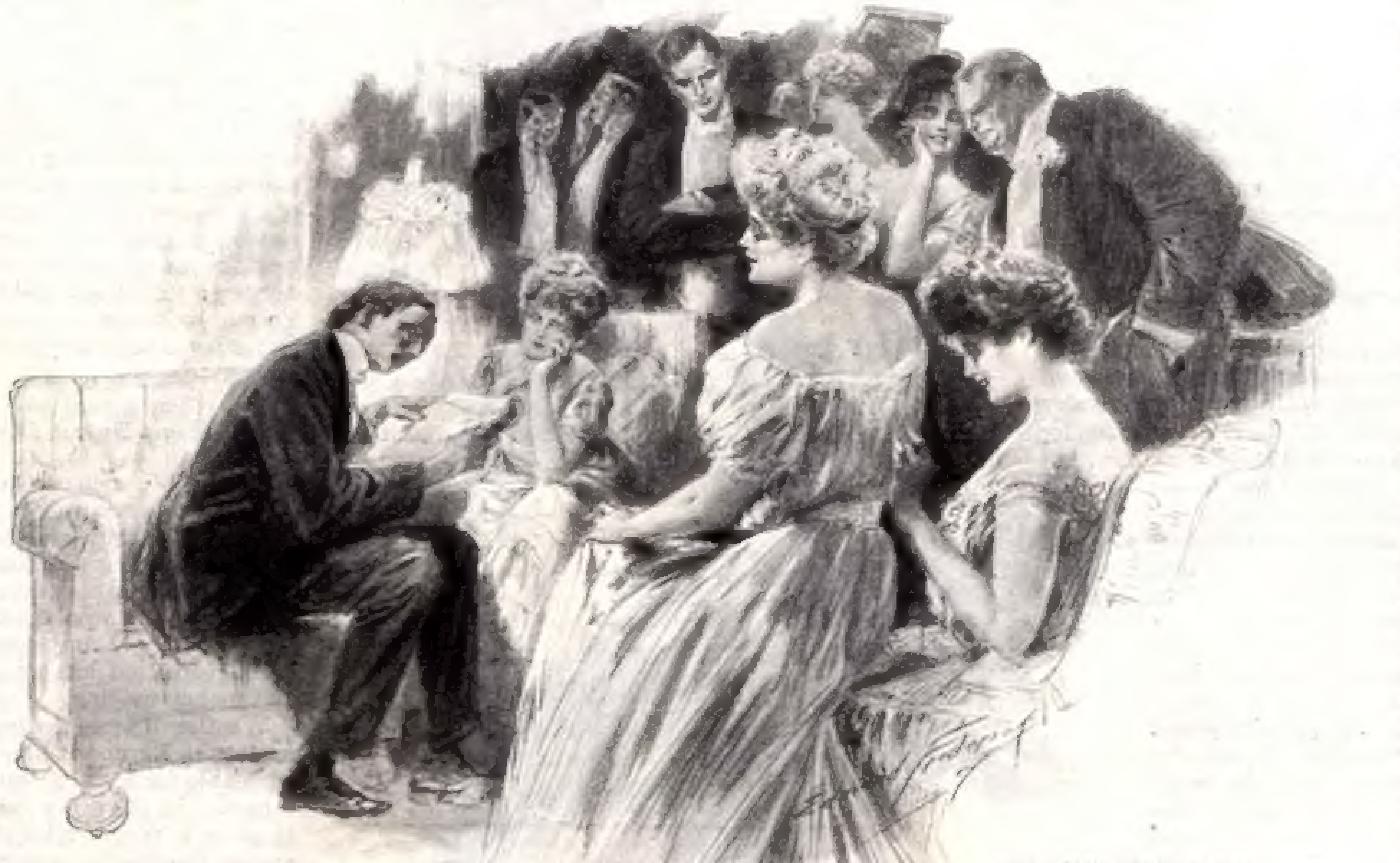
"You did that," he almost gasped, "for *me?*"

"Why, yes," said Dolly; "mamma's one of the biggest subscribers, you know, and perhaps we can get our scenery from him, too."

"Scenery from the opera house!" gasped Spriggs.

"Yes, if they can cut it down to fit the drawing-room," said Dolly.

Spriggs' face fell. "Oh, impossible," he said. And it didn't cheer him up any when Billy Fillston suggested that perhaps Rose Douglas, the miniature painter, could get something up. He didn't like Billy, anyway.



DRAWN BY EDMUND FREDERICK

"Can I Wear White in My Part?" asked Dolly

At any rate, the effect seemed good, because he didn't get mad any more if we were missing just when we ought to have come in on the stage. No, not even when he found Gid and Gladys snuggled up in a seat under the steps in the hall. (Once before he had fussed so that Mrs. Comstock, the chaperon, just *had* to take notice, though goodness knows where *she* was most of the time.) Yes, after that stroke of Dolly's about the opera-house manager things moved right along, though it did disappoint him dreadfully that we preferred bridge to rehearsing two different nights. Wasn't he funny?

And once I caught Dolly reading a piece of paper that had some poetry on it. I know he wrote it, but, of course, she said it was the prescription for a new skin food.

"Look here, Dolls, old girl," I said, "this long-haired specimen won't match with the others in your collection. Look out!"

"The idea!" said Dolly. "I have to be nice to him because of poor Mrs. Maguire. If you want things to fall through now just say so, Jenny Milbank. Let her starve—I'm willing. Poor thing!" And she began trembling her lips.

Well, who could answer anything like that—especially Dolly like that. I simply hummed What's the Matter With the Moon To-night? and dropped it.

That was not all our troubles. Gid Van Styne kept forgetting his part and would make up long speeches that he thought ought to fit, and that just paralyzed Spriggs.

"No, no," he said, "don't you see? You say it like this"—and, oh, he looked terrible—"*I am fighting for my home, my little ones and the bread for their mouths,*" and Gid had only said *biscuits.*

Billy Fillston suggested why not champagne, too, but Spriggs ignored him, so Billy wandered out to drown his disappointment, he said.

Gid asked how he could remember every little word, and Spriggs said that he hoped Gid would learn the meaning of that speech some day by—what was it? Oh, yes—"By the sweat of his brow and the toil of his hands." (Gid Van Styne has such nice white hands.)

"Right O," said Gid. "I'll join the Golf Club next week." But that didn't seem to please Spriggs any better, and he acted most ungentlemanly, telling Gid to say it like he meant it, anyway, not as though he was asking the price of a monocle.

But when it got to George and Dolly's scene it was a picture to see Spriggs watch her. He just forgot to follow them by reading from the play and moved his lips silently, mocking every word they said and making such queer faces. When George kissed her at the end, that seemed to disturb him some. He said it wasn't really necessary to do it before the last performance.

Well, that seemed to please—who? Dolly? No. Abigail Havens, you know, from Pittsfield. She's a stiff little thing. Puritan blood, and all that. She had threatened all along to quit if Billy Fillston really *did*, you know. So she was glad she didn't have to. But Dolly got dreadfully serious and said he certainly was right, but this was the best part of his play and she didn't want to spoil it, so she thought George might kiss her if it helped. And that satisfied Spriggs.

It was plain to see that he had not seen her and George when they were not acting and in the library—but that was none of my business.

I was all the time trying to remember my part. It was the funniest thing: before I got up I knew every word, but just the minute I opened my mouth everything seemed to leave me. And when Billy Fillston commenced looking into the piano and everywhere for my brains that didn't help any. But Spriggs was just as nice as he could be. He said at the crucial moment I would remember—and strangely enough, I did. But that is getting ahead, isn't it?

It was just one week before New Year's—the day after Christmas. That's so—only five days. Well, we had gotten everything up fine. None of us knew our parts, but the dressmakers had turned out perfect *dreams*, and the scene-man and the carpenters had built the nicest little stage in the drawing-room. It was simply dear, and Dolly had artificial flowers put all over the front to make it harmonize, she said. They cost an awful lot, and so did the furniture. Spriggs wanted us to use just plain boards in that second act, but Dolly simply gave him one look, and he thought that, after all, we could use Mission furniture. Because a poor workman *might* have some, you know.

By this time I began to wonder whether it was the play or the coming to rehearsals Spriggs cared most for. Come to think of it, that play was the same idea, rather—a poor inventor falling in love with Tubble's—I mean the plutocrat's daughter. (Though, of course, Dolly's father, with his few millions, couldn't be called that.)

Well, the time drifted along, and at the rehearsal that occurred the night before the performance, George hurried away early. I didn't know why then, but it turned out it was a bachelor dinner that he gave that night because his engagement to Dolly was going to be announced at the supper the following night.

Oh, I forgot to tell you about that. Dolly thought it would be unique. Yes, he left and we all stayed until nearly one o'clock working. Harry and I didn't hurry, and I do believe Dolly thought we had gone, because I heard her saying good-night to Mr. Spriggs. He was holding her hand.

"You don't know how I thank you," he said, "for promising to have that manager come, and for—for being so good to me," and he looked tremendously hard at her.

"Oh, nonsense, you have been good to *me*, and I appreciate your letting us have the play."

"Do you?" he said. But we came around the corner just then and he went out.

"Dolly!" said I, shaking my finger.

She put up her nose defiantly.

"Well, he *has* done lots," she said. "Think of what a triumph—if it all goes well. Patricia Boardman's charades will look like one of her last year's frocks."

Wasn't that Dolly, thinking about outdoing somebody else!

Well, the next night the drawing-room was jammed. Most of those who had bought tickets came. Of course not all *The* ones. There are a lot who always rush to pay to see the inside of the Appletons' house. You see, afterward they can commence a conversation with their friends this way: "When I dropped in on dear Mrs. Appleton, the other day . . ." And if that doesn't impress them they add, "Mrs. *Oliver* Appleton, you know."

They were all there. But Dolly said she didn't have to ask them to supper or recognize them afterward or call on them; and she could always be out. Besides, they were handy to sell things to, and you couldn't possibly offend them—they were always ready to pay next time.

Yes, the drawing-room was full, and then the funniest thing happened.

George didn't come!

"Where is he?" we all asked. And Spriggs went running around with his face as white as my feather boa.

Billy Fillston said that the last he had seen of him, George was trying to make a cabman drive his horse up the side of the Flat Iron Building. George insisted that the horse was "The Human Fly." Though a horse isn't human, is he?

"That bachelor dinner!" said Dolly. "I knew it! Of all nights to choose the one before the play!"

"But I," said Billy, "did I lose my chance to imprint upon the chaste lips of Miss Abigail, the Puritan, one rapturous kiss? Nay, nay, far be it from me, Pauline!"

Of course, he was only joking, because Billy could drink a cellar dry and then walk a telegraph wire. They call him "The Bonded Warehouse," whatever that means. It was only that he had gotten over it, but George—well, he simply didn't come, that's all, and there we were, and the orchestra playing!

Oh, I forgot to tell you that Dolly got the orchestra. It cost, but Dolly was going to have the best. It was the best, and playing its best, and the little professional man we got from the Comedy Theatre was swearing dreadfully, and what do you think!

Spriggs stepped up. "I'll play it," he said.

"You know it?" asked Dolly, anxiously.

Spriggs answered, in the strangest way: "Too well!"

Now what do you suppose he meant? "Too well!" And the queerest look came into his eyes.

"Just the thing," said Dolly.

You see, she was remembering Patricia Boardman's charades.

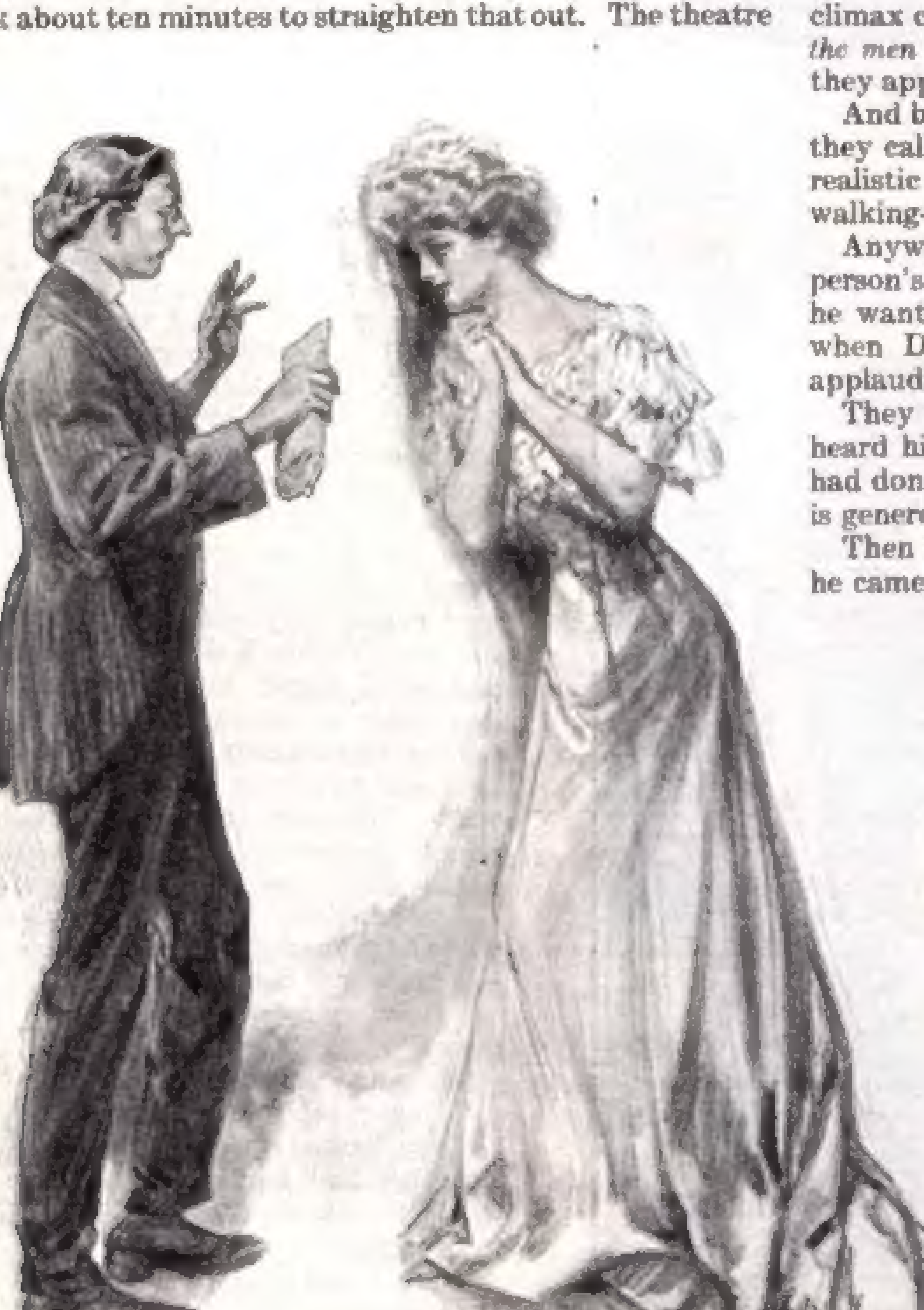
And then she stopped and looked at Spriggs, and I suppose it must have crossed her mind how badly he would appear as the handsome young hero. But her face lighted up again.

"You could wear George's costumes," she said. "They are all here."

Spriggs looked down over his own clothes, and his face got very red. But before they could say another word Dolly hurried him up to the room where the men were to dress and pushed him inside.

Then there was a tremendous bustling.

Abigail just wouldn't have paint on her cheeks, and the Comedy Theatre man said it was necessary. Then, when they were arguing about it, he called her "My dear," which made her declare she wasn't going to play at all. It took about ten minutes to straighten that out. The theatre man called in Billy Fillston to prove that "My dear" was a regular professional term, meaning "Young lady." But Abigail wouldn't take his word for it, because Billy only knew show-girls, and, of course, *they* . . . . !



Dolly Can Tremble or Dimple Just When She Wants To

But the audience was applauding and applauding, and it was dreadful, and the Comedy Theatre man was frantic, but Dolly settled it by putting on the demurest expression and telling Abigail she quite agreed with her. And, when she had finished with the theatre man, he was calling *her* "My dear," and had agreed to apologize to Abigail and let her not wear paint if she didn't want to.

Then Harry Worthing had a fit because he thought he was poisoned or burnt or something. It was the stuff they used to stick his whiskers on with, and it smelled terribly. How did I know? I think you're *real mean.*

Well, at last we were ready, all except Spriggs, and then *he* came out. Really, you wouldn't have known the man! He had his hair cut, anyway, that day, and with all of George's things on, and without his spectacles, I had to be told who he was.

And Dolly—Dolly simply clasped her hands and said, "Oh, Mr. Spriggs, how nice you look!"

Do you know, really, if his face had shown the effects of breeding, he would have been handsomer than George? Effects of breeding? Why, *you* know—round, full and flushed face, and an air as though one doesn't care a pin what anybody thinks about anything.

No, Spriggs was too much eyes, his face was too thin, and his chin was too square and prominent.

And what do you suppose he answered Dolly? He said: "I am glad you like the clothes."

There was some hidden meaning in that, I'm sure, but I didn't stop to think it out, because just then the orchestra started again, and the theatre man ordered us off the stage and the curtain went up.

Well, that first act went splendidly. Everybody knew their parts, said them just right, and there was only one little wait of about five minutes while we found Gid Van Styne in the billiard-room and told him it was time for him to go on. But the audience didn't seem to mind a bit, because they had a lot of fun laughing at Abigail, who had reached the end of what she had to say and couldn't make up anything more. And, oh, yes, I forgot Ezra Tubble dropped his wig on the floor when he tipped his head. But that didn't matter, because they all knew that it was not his own hair, anyway And when the climax came, and Spriggs said his words about "*This night the men will strike, and we will fight you to the last ditch,*" they applauded more than ever.

And between acts Mr. Bridger, "Amalgamated Bridger" they call him (he is Gladys' uncle), said that it was so realistic that he had to go out in the hall to wait for the walking-delegate to come for his check.

Anyway, things were going splendidly, and that Spriggs person's face was the funniest study. He looked as though he wanted to laugh or cry and didn't know which, and when Dolly told him that she saw Manager Constein applauding too, he almost fainted.

They had stepped just a minute into the hall. And I heard him say something about never forgetting this she had done for him. She said that was all right. Oh, Dolly is generous. She shook his hand, too.

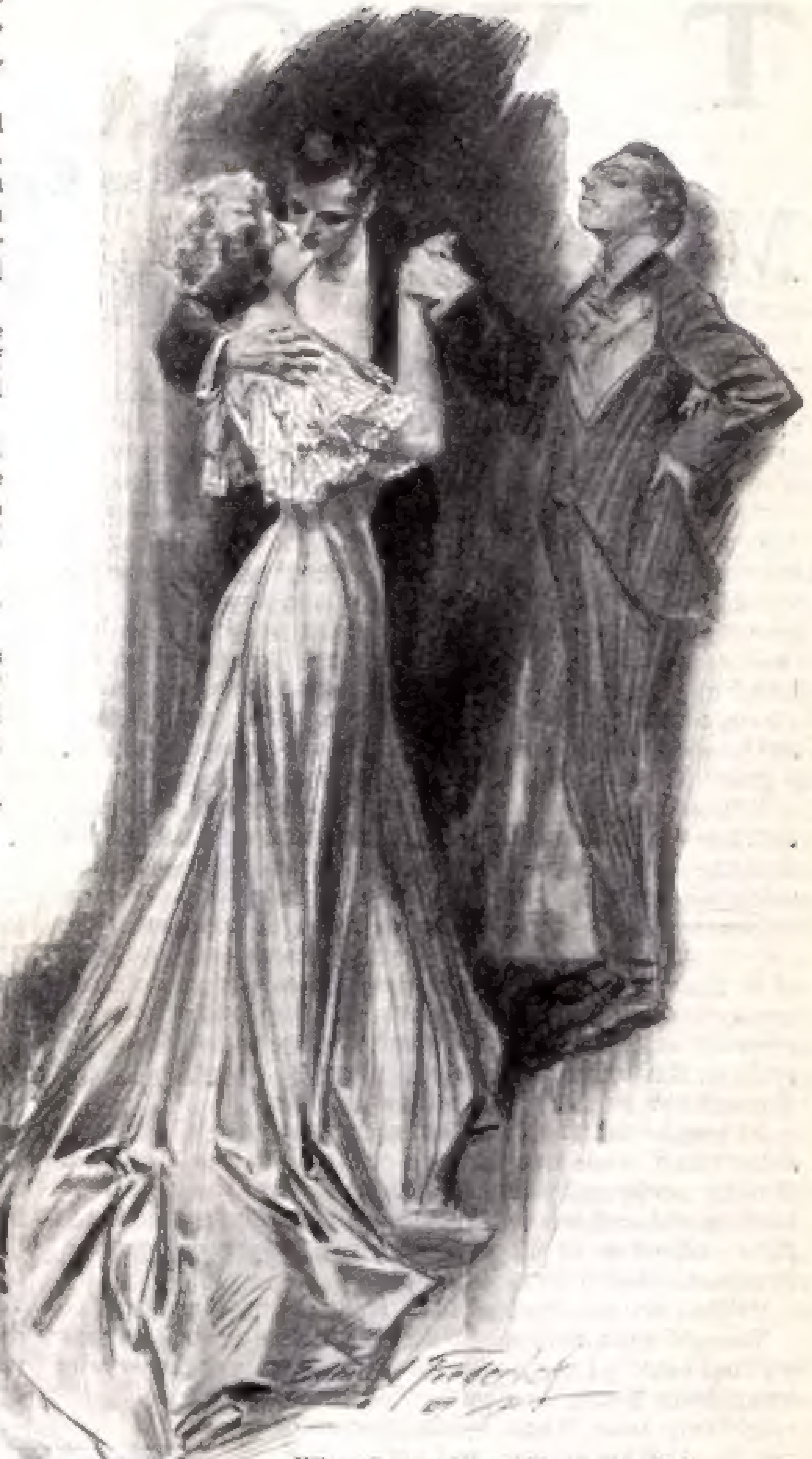
Then the second act came. Billy Fillston stumbled as he came in once and ran his hand through the wall of the room—the scenery wall, of course. That was rather bad, but it put them in a good humor just the same, and they laughed at every little thing after that.

This seemed to worry Spriggs, rather. He clenched his fists and muttered something about they shouldn't have laughed there.

But I didn't see why he should object. They were all having a *lovely* time, and, after all, that was what they paid for. But Spriggs seemed mighty serious about it, and so savage when he told the rich man at the end of the act that he would take his daughter away from him, "*by showing her the emptiness of the giddy life she was leading, the uselessness, and by teaching her to sympathize with the poverty of those who had not been born so fortunately.*"

He said that so earnestly that they didn't laugh, and that seemed to please him; but they didn't applaud, and that didn't please him much, either.

And then came the third act—the last. I'll never forget it.



When George Kissed Her at the End, That Seemed to Disturb Him Some

It was Billy Fillston who made it such a success. You see, he had decided long before that the play was too slow in this act, and so he fixed it up with Gid to liven things up. So when it came time for Gid's speech about "*bread for my children's mouths,*" he said "afternoon tea-biscuits," and the audience laughed themselves sick.

Then he filled in a lot about having no champagne, and not even an automobile, and then, when all of us were on the stage, and Spriggs was talking something about what "*his fellow-workers deserved,*" and Tubble answered him by asking him "*What do you want?*" Billy Fillston, instead of saying his speech, which was: "*We want justice for ourselves and our little ones*"—instead of that, Billy turned to the orchestra leader and said, "I want the key of G," and—do you know?—the orchestra started right up (Billy had given the leader an extra twenty beforehand), and he sang three verses and seven encores of Give My Regards to the Great White Way.

Well, that was the hit.

In the middle of it stood Spriggs, slowly buttoning and unbuttoning his coat. I do believe he had tears in his eyes, but maybe it was the paint. I suppose that was it, because, when we left him and Dolly on the stage together, all alone, he seemed to forget everything but the piece he had to say.

Let me see if I can remember it. It was something about "*I come here to tell you of another world. Not this one of luxury, folly and untruth, fashion, foibles and sin. I want to tell you of need, of misery, but of people who pay you back with truth, gratitude and sincerity if you go to them in the right spirit.*"

"*Why do you say this to me?*" said Dolly. (That was her part.)

"*Because you are sincere at heart,*" he said; "*I know you are. Though your father is rich and you belong to another world, I dare say this to you because I love you. You understand? I love you!*"

And Dolly turned, just as she ought to—"*You love me?*"

He came closer to her, as George had always rehearsed it. "*Yes, I love you,*" he said. "*Come with me. Leave this fetid atmosphere and come with me into the clear sunlight of to-morrow. Will you? Will you?*"

And Dolly turned to him and said: "*Yes, I hate it all, I hate them all, and I'll go with you—because—because I love you, too.*" And she reached out her arms to him.

(Concluded on Page 35)

TWO MASTERS

Class Conscience and Extra-Class Gratitude

By WILLIAM HARD

McDOUGALL'S old, watery eyes were puckered to two streaming pin-points of reflected redness as he peered into the long, narrow lower grate of his down-draft furnace.

"I've been thinkin' it over, boys," he shouted to the younger men at the other furnaces. "When ye call the sthrike I'm a-goin' out with ye."

As McDougall spoke he turned querulously toward Young Murphy. "And let me tell ye, Tim——" he began.

Young Murphy looked at him inquiringly and respectfully and turned the hose on a pile of hot cinders that lay between them. The old man tried in vain to raise his voice above the ensuing thousand-snake-power hiss. His lower jaw hung shaking at the point at which he had realized that his efforts were hopeless. Together with the hiss from the cinders there had come an equal volume of steam, and through this steam McDougall could discern, in the spot which Murphy's face had previously occupied, a grin. He shook his fist at it and turned back.

With a long iron rod he spread the white-hot coals in a thin layer evenly over their bed. So white were these coals that the spurred eye jumped to find relief in large floating splotches of black. Yet this black delusion of the eye was interwoven with an opposite delusion of redness. The vapors which rose slantingly toward the upper grate were of so ghastly a pallor that beneath them the white coals resumed a natural glow of warmth. McDougall scowled sweatily at these vibrant vapors as they parted from the coals in fluttering millions and scurried away backward through the stack to the cold outside air.

At last he slammed the door shut, and, with a big hand, substituted coal-dust for perspiration on his forehead. Having performed this act with great care, he leaned on his iron rod and seemed to become benignly reminiscent. All recollection of Young Murphy's impertinence had apparently faded from his mind.

"What are ye thinkin' of?" said Young Murphy.

The old man smiled. He had got the nibble he was waiting for. "I'm mindin' the time when yer father was away from home," he said in an easy, neighborly tone, "and I dhropped into yer yard afther supper, and yer mother come out of the house with you a-squirmin' in her arms. Do ye mind that, Tim? Ye was a fine sight. There was the wrong side of ye on top that day and if ye was grinnin' it didn't show. 'Smack him one or two,' says yer mother. 'His father ain't come back from work, and I can't hold him and smack him right.' Ye was mighty pink that day, Tim, though I'm not a-sayin' but what ye presented as good a side of ye as ye ever have since. My hand was not weak back there. When I got through with ye, ye was just like a rose. And when yer mother left ye go, ye ran down the street like a rabbit with all the other boys in the block a-runnin' afther ye, and one of them in the lead a-shoutin': 'Here's yer pants, Tim,' and then——"

Young Murphy's creased and spacious grin had by this time assumed the mirthless appearance of an extinct volcano.

"What's that got to do with the sthrike?" asked young Murphy sullenly.

"It's got a lot to do with it," screamed the old man, "when the likes of you thinks to stop me from goin' out!"

Hans Strassheim stepped across from the opposite row of furnaces. His placid pale-blue eye and his ferocious Prussian-grenadier mustache seemed to make his countenance the scene of a perpetual dispute. Almost always the eye was victorious.

Strassheim put his arm about McDougall's shoulders. "It is Murphy who is in the right," he said. "We can do the strike. We are young. But you have been with this firm working for many years; and your wife, she is old, also. It is not right for you to lose your job."

McDougall shook himself loose from the young German.

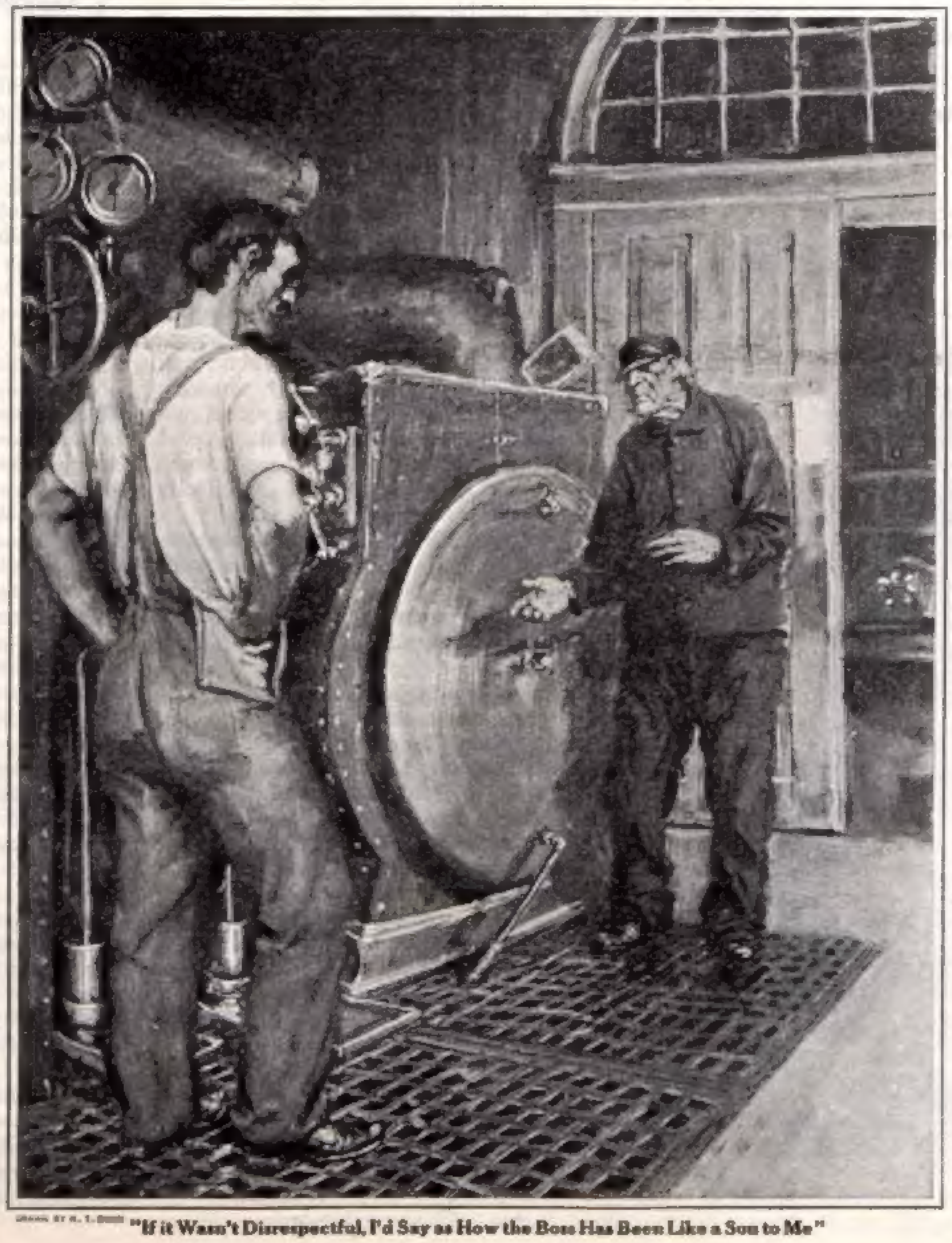
"There is only one way to win the sthrike," he muttered, "and that is for every man to quit. Any man that stays on the job will be a-helpin' to break the sthrike. Ye know that. So what's the use of talkin'?"

The old man looked around the room. His gaze was defiant. Yet he seemed to entertain the sneaking hope that some one would be able to overturn his argument. No one made the attempt. So the old man verged toward it himself.

"The firm's been good to me, all right," he said. "If it wasn't disrespectful, I'd say as how the Boss has been like a son to me. I used to take him around this plant when he was seven years old. That's a fact. When his father would speak rough to him, he would come out here in the boiler-room and shtand next to me where I was workin'. 'Will all these furnaces be mine when I am big?' says he one day. 'Yes,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'when that time comes I won't let my father work here.'

"Mhh! He was a proud boy with a reinforced concrete neck that got set harder as it was dhryin' out every year. But he was ashamed of that there speech of his aftherwards, for him and his father come to be good friends when the young fellow quit college in the middle of his time and made a fire out of his books on the lawn and shtarted in at the plant.

"That fire was the only time I ever saw the old man shmile up. He shtood and grinned at the books as they was burnin', like it was the Fourth of July, and then he turns and goes into the house and comes out again pretty soon with a tennis-bat in his hands and tosses it into the fire on top of the books, and, when the young man thries hard to look happy, he hits him on the back and says: 'When you want exercise, Fred, try poker.' That's a fact. The old man would write a check for a thousand dollars for poker, and just look as if he was goin' to look kind o' pleased, but when a lot of young fellows began runnin' around on a bunch of grass it made him nervous.



DRAWN BY H. T. DUNN "If it Wasn't Disrespectful, I'd Say as How the Boss Has Been Like a Son to Me"

"I've been out at the new house that the Boss has got since that time. It's a funny house. Just one shtory, and about half a mile long. It's near a river. And the Boss has got four kinds of boats fer goin' out on the river, dependin' on the weather. There's one kind that goes out when the river's froze over. That's a fact.

"I dhrank a cup of tea with the Boss' mother on the porch and she talked to me about the old man that's been dead now fer ten years. She's a fine lady. She's English, but she's got a book to say her prayers out of, just like the Old Church.

"'Sit down, Terry,' says she, and so I sits down on the shteps of the porch, puttin' my hat on the chair that she wasn't a-usin'. She shmiles and says: 'Terry,' she says, 'will you pass me the cold water?' That was a shtrange place to me. I looks around the porch and I sees nothin' but a vase, shtandin' on a little table. 'That's it,' says she. And so I brought it to her. She called it a water-bottle: that's a fact—no pitcher at all; just a vase: a glass vase.

"But she was a kind old lady. 'Your master thought a good deal of you when he was here,' says she."

McDougall stood now with his shovel in the pile of cinders, staring. Suddenly he broke his reverie with a convulsive movement of his head and of his arms.

"I will talk about it to Mary," he said.

. . . .

When he started to talk about it to Mary they were sitting on the front porch after supper, looking at the trains and the ships.

A broad ribbon of railroad tracks had been unrolled between their cottage and the river in which McDougall had often gone swimming and fishing when he was a boy. There was no fishing in that river now and there was little swimming. There were only big ore steamers from northern Michigan, attended by the little, petulant tugboats which nudged and scolded them up to their moorings. On the other side of the river, just as on McDougall's side, there were railroad tracks. Where the rushes used to be there were docks. A few stray shoots of yellowish grass rose wanly between the planks of the docks like discontented ghosts.

"And I don't see fer sure where the childer can play nowadays," said Mrs. McDougall. "The prairies in the bend of the river here is all filled up with houses. There's a house in the front part of each lot, and there's a house in the back part, and they're so thick they look just like a big herd of cattle a-comin' down to the river to dhrink. And the river's all filled up with boats and thracks. There's nothin' green anywhere any more, except some of the dago's fruit in the stand at the corner."

"Well, the childer is goin' fer that, to make up," said McDougall, as four or five little boys with bananas in their hands came running down the street pursued by a determined Italian.

The boys ran by McDougall's cottage with a good lead over the owner of the bananas, but just as they reached the next corner they had the misfortune to run into Father Kelly. They stopped and stood about him, apparently endeavoring to divert his suspicions by burrowing aimlessly with their bare toes between the planks of the wooden sidewalk. Giuseppe came panting up and joined the group. They all awaited in silence the decision of the umpire.

Father Kelly stood equally silent while he prepared to give judgment. At last his words came:

"How many bananas have you, boys?"

They had a dozen.

"How much money have you?"

They looked through their pockets. Together they had nine cents.

"Will you take it?" said Father Kelly to Giuseppe.

"Yes," said Giuseppe.

"Give it to him, boys," said Father Kelly.

The boys hesitated.

"Give it to him," said Father Kelly.

The boys handed the money over.

"Now, eat those bananas," said Father Kelly, "and remember that you've paid for them. And never eat anything that you haven't paid for, or that somebody hasn't bought for you. Get that? Nothing without paying for it. Remember that. How would you like me to take your baseball without paying for it, eh? Or pull your ear, eh? Well, I did pull your ear. Here's a nickel for you. That's just about as much as it's worth, you little—you little—'Of such is the kingdom of Heaven!' Now, run along."

The boys darted away like smartly released arrows, and Father Kelly came sadly up to McDougall's cottage.

"Some day, Terry," he said, "when the strike is won and there's more wages here in the Bend, I'm going to take up a collection and build a playground for these youngsters next to the church. If we don't do it pretty soon they'll be tearing the shingles off the houses."

"Sit down, Father," said McDougall. "I was just a-goin' to talk to Mary about that sthrike."

"Well, what does Mrs. McDougall think about it?" said Father Kelly.

"Sure and I'd like to hear what you think, Father," said Mrs. McDougall.

"I don't want to advise anybody to do anything," said Father Kelly, "but I'd like to see the boys get the raise. Twenty-six cents an hour isn't too much nowadays. We have to do more for the children now than we used to when it was country all round here and everybody could keep a cow and have milk for the children and let them run loose on the prairie. But you know best. You've always been good friends with the Boss. And the Boss has done a lot for you, Terry. I don't feel like telling you what to do."

"I know what I think," said Mrs. McDougall, the very instant that Father Kelly had finished. The honor which she had intended to give the Father's advice was evidently merely one of priority of presentation. "I know what I think," she said rapidly and intensely. "Stick to yer own people. Stick to yer own people every time. That's what I say."

"Well, I suppose I have a kind of selfish motive in wanting the boys to be better off," said Father Kelly. "I'd like to have that playground and I'd like to have some more books for the school library, too. What you were saying, Mrs. McDougall, reminded me of a book I saw downtown to-day about the time when the English first came to Ireland, and about that black traitor MacMurragh."

"I never heard of him, Father," said McDougall.

"He was King of Leinster," said Father Kelly, "and he had a great many friends among the English. He used to go over to see them and they used to come over and see him. They were richer than he was and had better castles. They had more servants, too. When they came to visit him there was always a herald that rode in front of them in an embroidered satin coat and with a trumpet to tell who they were. And when he went to visit them they had the most beautiful falcons that he had ever seen, and they would go out in the forests with these birds on their wrists and let them fly at other birds and bring them down. So, finally, MacMurragh even married his daughter to an English earl."

"I warrant no good came of that," said Mrs. McDougall.

"Well," continued Father Kelly, "when MacMurragh had married his daughter to the English earl there was an army of English that came over into Ireland to fight. And what did MacMurragh do?"

Father Kelly rose up out of his chair.

"And what did MacMurragh do?" he cried. "He did not fight the English. He joined with them. He joined with them, because they had been kind to him. And he fought against his own countrymen. And it was from that time that the English began to fight in Ireland every year. That was the beginning. That was the first start. MacMurragh helped them. That is the page that I would like to tear out of the book. MacMurragh was the first traitor. Thank Heaven, there have not been many since among the real Irish! But, as many as there are, Dermod MacMurragh leads them all. And, as long as the books are written, Dermod MacMurragh will still be leading them with his black face and his black heart."

Father Kelly sank down into his chair.

"And to think of me talking like that," he said in a moment. "Well"—and he smiled—"I will do penance by writing a sermon on forgiveness, and you, for not reproving me, will do penance by listening to it. Good-night, Mrs. McDougall. Good-night, Terry."

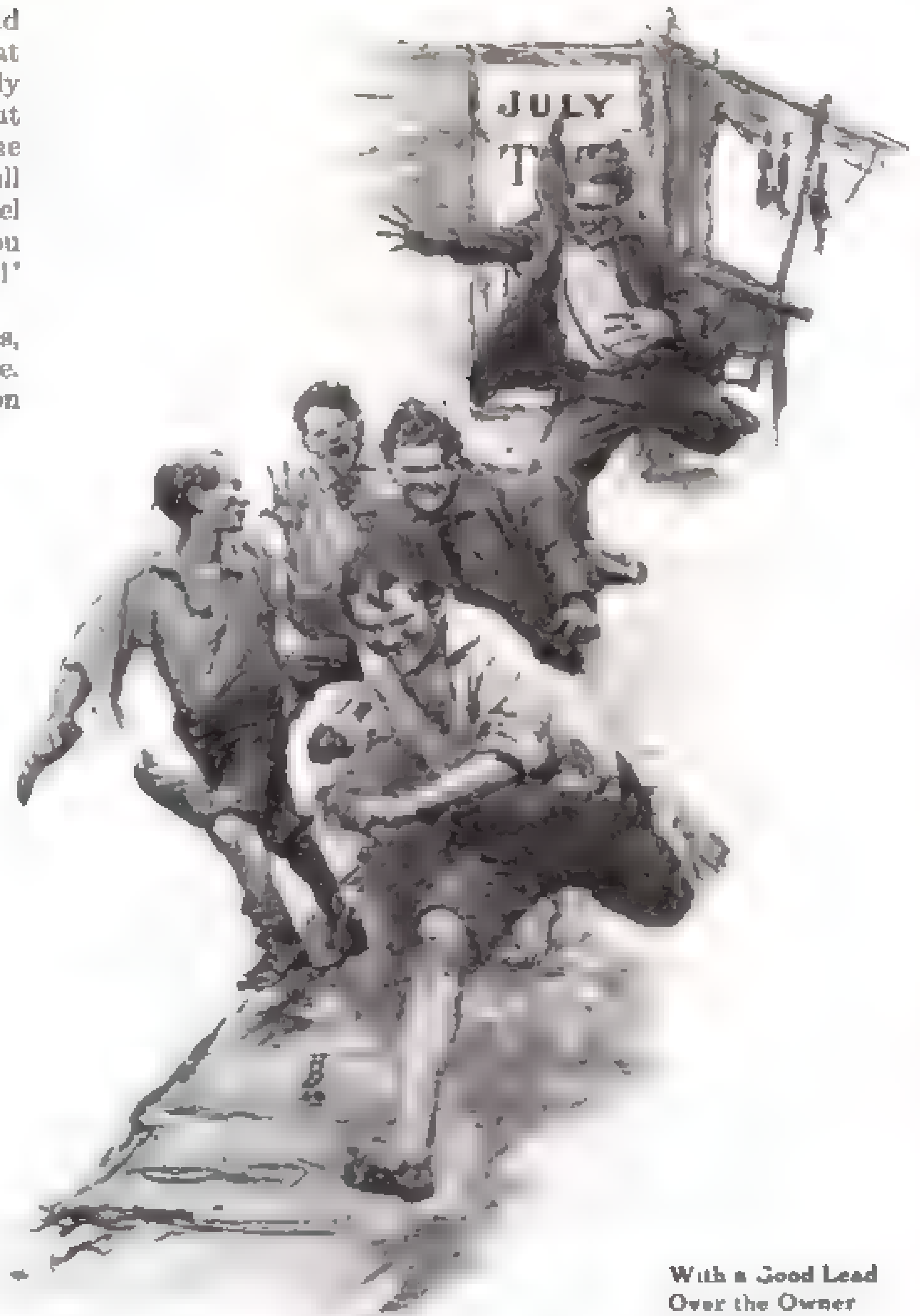
* * *

In the boiler-room at half-past seven the next morning, when the day's work had just got under way, Young Murphy sang out: "It's time to quit, boys!"

McDougall's shovel was the first on the floor. The hose lay beside it. Half a dozen men ran up to him at once, lifted the hose and thrust it into his hands.

"You're not in this," whispered Young Murphy. "We can get jobs somewhere else if we have to. You stick here."

(Continued on Page 36)



With a Good Lead Over the Owner of the Bananas

The Bashful Sheriff and the Little Widow

The Hares, a Tortoise and a Celestial Manifestation

BY ELEANOR GATES

Author of The Plow-Woman, The Biography of a Prairie Girl, etc.

SAY, oncet in a while, you got to *ad*mit that somethin' better'n just ord'nary fool luck gits in a whack. Mebbe it'll be the case of a feller that ain't acted square; first thing you know, *his* hash is settled. Next time, it's exac'ly the *other* way 'round, and some nice lady 'r gent finds theyselves landed not a' inch from where they wanted to be. But neither case kain't be called *luck; no*, ma'am. Fer the reason that the contrary facts is plumb shoved in you' face.

Now, take what happened to Burt Slade. Burt had a lot of potatoes ready to plant—oh, 'bout six sacks of 'em, I reckon. The ground was ready, and the sacks was in the field. Wal, that night a blamed ornery thief come 'long and stole all them potatoes. (This was in Nebrasky, mind y'.) Took 'em fifty mile north and planted 'em clost to his house. So far, you might call it just bad luck. *But*—a wind come up—a *turrible* wind, and blowed all the dirt offen them potatoes; next, it lifted 'em and sent 'em a-kitin' through the windas of that thief's house—yas, ma'am, it took 'em in at the one side, and outen the other, breakin' ev'ry blamed pane of glass; then—I'm another if it ain't so!—it sailed 'em all that fifty mile back to Slade's and druv 'em into the ground that he'd fixed fer 'em. And when they sprouted, a little bit later that spring, Slade seen *they'd been planted in rows!*

Now, they ain't no doubt 'bout this story bein' *true*. In the first place, Slade ain't a man that'd lie; in the second place, ev'rybody knows his potatoes was *stole*, and ev'rybody knows that, just the same, he had a powerful big crop that year; and then, Slade can show you his field any time you happen to be in that part of Nebrasky. And *no* man wants any better proof 'n *that*.

Wal, if that potato transaction was wonderful (and it shore *was*), how 'bout the happenstance right here below town? If it hadn't 'a' been fer that, where 'd Sheriff Bergin 'a' come off at? And how 'bout that pore little widda—pigs 'r *no* pigs? Wal, the more I think of it, the more I'm dead certain that the hull business was *accidentally a-purpose.*

It begun just after Bergin was re'lected sheriff fer the 'leventh time. (I disremember the day, but *that* don't matter.) I was crossin' by the deepot when I ketched sight of him a-settin' on the end of a truck—all by hisself. Now, that was funny, 'cause they wasn't a man in Briggs City but liked George Bergin and would 'a' hoofed it a mile to talk to him. "What's skew-gee?" I says to myself, and looked at him clost; then—"Cæsar Augustus Philabustus Hennery Jinks!" I kinda gasped, and brung up so suddent that I bit my cigareet clean in two and come nigh turnin' a somerset over back'ards.

White as that paper he was, and nervous, and so all-fired shaky and caved-in that they couldn't be no question what was the matter. *The sheriff was scairt.*

First off, I wasn't hardly able to believe what I seen with my own *eyes*. Next, I begun to think 'round fer the cause why. Didn't have to think much. Knowed they wasn't a *pinch* of 'fraid-cat in Bergin no crazy-drunk greaser 'r no passel of bad men, *red* 'r white, could put *him* in a sweat; *no*, ma'am. They was just *one* thing on earth could stampede the sheriff. I kinda tiptoed over to him. "Bergin," I says. "*Who is she?*"

He looked up—slow. He's a six-footer, and 'bout as heavy set as the bouncer over to the eatin'-house. Wal, sir, ev'ry square inch of him was tremblin', and his teeth was chatterin' so hard I looked to see 'em fall out—that's straight. Them big, blue eyes of hisn was sunk 'way back in his haid, too, and the rest of his face looked like it'd got in the way of the hose. "Alec," he whispered, "you've struck it! Here—read this."

It was a telegram. Say, you know I ain't got *no* use fer telegrams. The blamed things *allus* give y' a dickens of a start, and, nine times outen ten, they've got somethin' to say that no man wants to hear. But I opened it up.

"sheriff george bergin——" it read, all little letters, y' savvy. (Say! what's the matter that they kain't send no capitals over the wire?) "—briggs city oklahomy meet mrs bridger number ten friday phillips."

"Oh," I says, "Mrs. Bridger. Wal, Sheriff, who's this Mrs. Bridger?"

Pore Bergin just wagged his haid. "You'll have to give me a goose-aig on that one," he answers.

"Wal, who's Phillips, then?" I *con*tinued.

"The Sante Fee deepot-master at Chicago."

"Which means you needn't to worry. Mrs. Bridger is likely comin' on to work at the eatin'-house."

"If that's so, what'd he telegraph to *me* fer?"

"Don't know. Buck up, anyhow. I'll bet she's gone 'way past the poll-tax age, and has got a face like a calf with a blab on its nose."

"Alec," says the sheriff, standin' up, "thank y'. I feel better. Was worried 'cause I've had bad luck lately, and bad luck most allus runs in threes. Last week, my dawg died—remember that one with a buck tooth? I was turrible fond of that dawg. And yesterday ——"

He stopped then, and a new crop of drops come out on to his face. "Look," he says, hoarse-like, and pointed.

'Way off to the north was a little dark puffy cloud. It was a-travelin' our direction. Number 10!

"Gosh!" says the sheriff, and sunk down on to the truck again.

I didn't leave him. I recollected what happened that time he captured "Cud" and Andy Foster and brung 'em into town, his hat shot off and his left arm hangin' floppy agin his laig. Y' see, next day, a bunch of ladies—*ole* ladies, they was, too—tried to find him and give him a vote of thanks. But when he seen 'em comin' he swore in a deputy—quick—and vamosed. Day 'r two afterwards, here he come outen that cellar back of Dutchy's thirst parlor, his left arm in a red bandaner, a rockin'-chair and a pilla under his right one, and a lantern in his teeth!

This time, he wasn't a-goin' to have no deputy. I made up my mind to stay right byside him till he'd did his duty.

"Alec," he begun again, reachin' fer my fist—"Alec, when it comes to feemales ——"

Too-oo-oot! too-oo-oot! Couldn't make him hear, so I just slapped him on the shoulder. Then I hauled him up, and we went along the platform to where the crowd was.

When the train slowed down, the first thing I seen was the *con*ductor with a kid in his arms—a pretty kid, 'bout four, I reckon—a boy. Then the cars stopped, and I seen a woman standin' just behind them. Next, they was all out on to the platform, and the woman was holdin' the kid by one hand.

The woman was pretty, too. Gee *whiz!* but she was pretty! Mebbe thirty, mebbe less, with brown hair that was kinda all curly over the ears, cheeks so pink they looked as if the blood'd pop right outen 'em any minit, big brownish eyes with long, black, sassy winkers, and the cutest mouth a feller most ever seen. Blabbed *calf?* Say! this was *awful!*

"Ber-r-gin!" hollers the conductor.

"Bergin," I repeats, encouragin'. (Hope I never see a man look *worse*. He was all blue and green and yalla!)

Bergin, he just kinda staggered up. He'd had *one* look, y' savvy. Wal, he didn't look no more. Pulled off his Stetson, though. Then he smoothed the cowlick over his one eye, and sorta studied the kid.

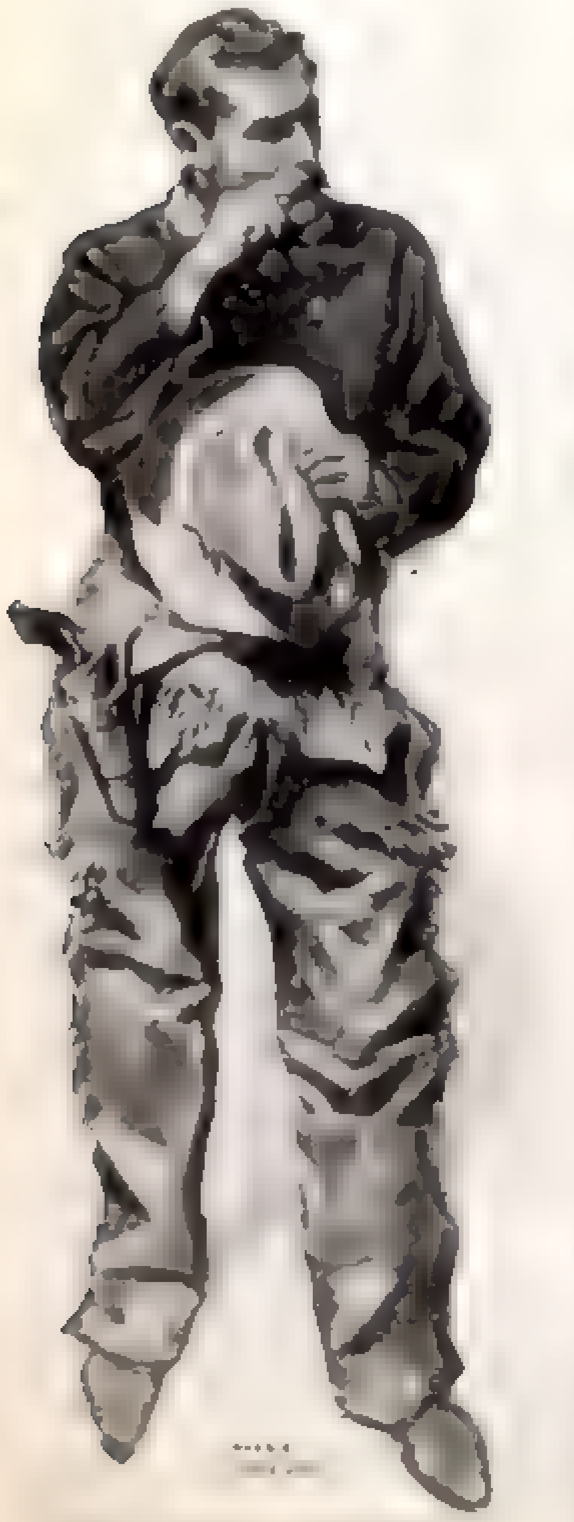
"Sheriff," goes on the conductor, "here's a lady that has been *con*signed to you' care. Good-by, ma'am; it's been a pleasure to look out fer you. Good-by, little feller." (This to the kid.) "Aw-aw-awll aboard!"

As Number 10 pulled out, you can bet you' little Alec helt on to that sheriff! "Bergin," I says, under my breath, "fer Heaven's sake, remember you' oath of office. And, *boys*" (they was 'bout a dozen cowpunchers behind us, a-smilin' at Mrs. Bridger so hard that they plumb laid they faces open), "you'll have us all shoved on to the tracks in a minit!"

It was the kid that helped out. He'd been lookin' up at Bergin ever since he hit the station. Now, all to oncet, he reached towards the sheriff with both his little hands—as friendly as if he'd knowed him all his life.

Y' know, Bergin's heart's as big as a' ox. He's tender, and *awful* kind, and kids like him straight off. He likes kids. So, 'fore you could say Jack Robinson, that Bridger young un was h'isted up. I nodded to his maw, and the four of us went into the eatin'-house, where we all had some dinner t'gether. Leastways, me and the kid and Mrs. Bridger et. The sheriff, he just set, not sayin' a word, but pullin' at that cowlick of hisn and orderin' things fer the baby. And whilst we grubbed Mrs. Bridger tole us 'bout herself, and how she'd happened to come out Oklahomy way.

Seems she'd been livin' in Buffalo, where her husband was the boss of a lumber-yard. Wal, when the kid was three years old, Bridger up and died, not leavin' much in the way of cash fer the widda. Then she had to begin plannin' how to git along, a-course. Chicken-ranchin' got into her haid. Somebody said Oklahomy was a good place. She got the name of a land-owner in Briggs City and writ him. He tole her he had a nice forty acres fer sale—hunderd down, the balance later on. She bit—and here she was.



He'd Stand on the Sill fer Hours

"Who's the man?" I ast.

The widda pulled a piece of paper outen her satchel. "Frank Curry," she says.

Bergin give a jump that come nigh tippin' the table over. (Ole Skinflint Curry was the reason.)

"And where's the ranch?" I ast again.

"This is where." She handed me the paper.

I read. "Why, Bergin," I says, "it's that place right here below town, back of the section-house—the Starvation Gap Ranch."

The sheriff throwed me a quick look, but said nothin'.

"I hope," begun the widda, leanin' towards him—"I hope they's nothin' *agin* the property."

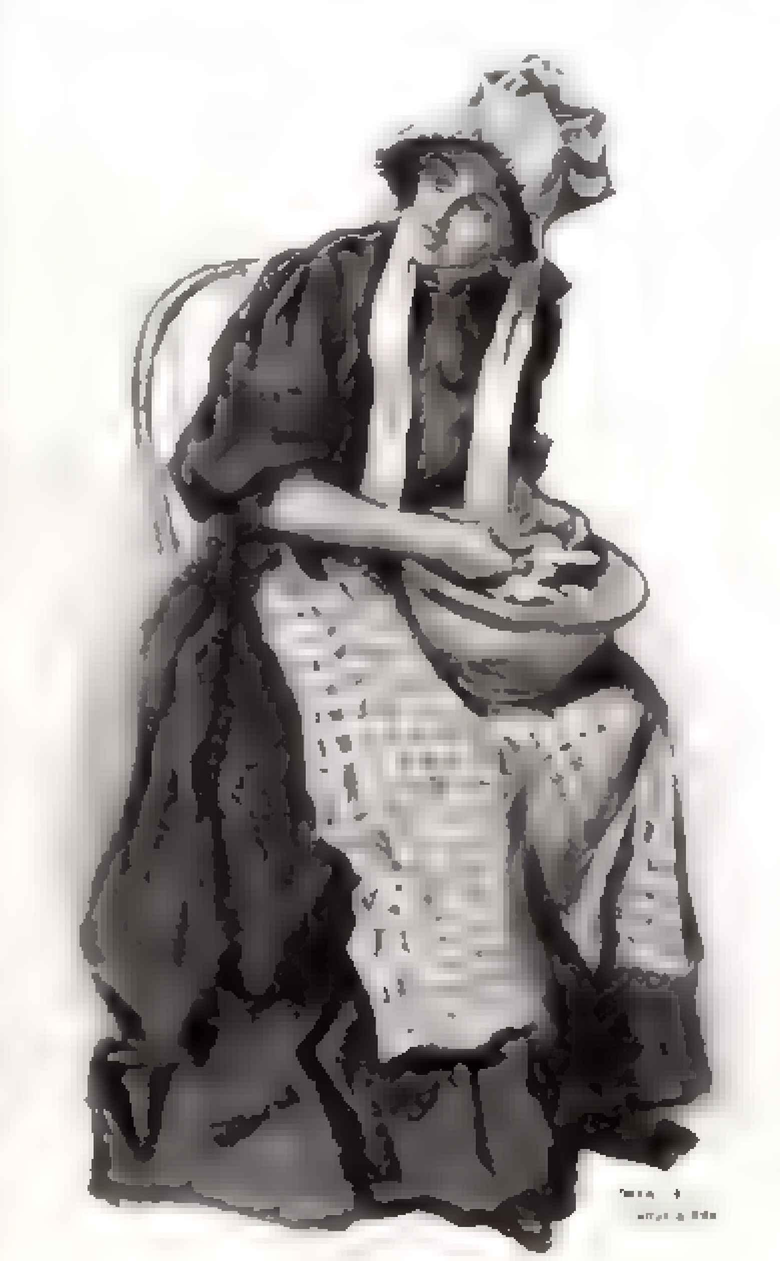
Fer as much as half a minit neither of us said nothin'. The sheriff, a-course, was turrible flustered 'cause she'd spoke direct to him, and he just jiggled his knee. *I* was kinda bothered, too, and got some coffee down my Sunday throat.

"Oh, as a *chicken*-ranch," I puts in fin'lly, "it's O. K.—shore *thing*. On both sides of the house—see? like this" (I took a fork and begun drawin' on the tablecloth)—"is a stretch of low ground—a swale, like, that keeps green fer a week 'r so ev'ry year. You git the tie-houses of the section-gang plank in front—here. But behind, you' *possessions* rise straight up into the air like the side of a house. Roger's Butte, they call it. See it, out there? A person almost has to use a ladder to climb it. On top, it's all piled with big rocks. Of a mornin' the hens can take a trot up it fer exercise. The fine view'll encourage 'em to lay."

"I'm *so* glad," says the widda, kinda clappin' her hands. "I can make 'nough to support Willie and me easy. And it'll seem awful fine to have a little home all my own. I ain't never lived in the country afore, but I know it'll be lovely to raise chickens. In pictures, the little bits of ones is allus so cute."

Wal, I didn't answer her. What could I 'a' *said?* And Bergin?—he come nigh pullin' his cowlick clean out.

By this time that little kid had his bread-basket full. So he clumb down outen his chair and come round to the sheriff. Bergin took him on his lap. The kid lay back and shut his eyes. His maw smiled over at Bergin. Bergin smiled down at the kid.



She Thought I was Trying to Spark Her

"Wal, folks," I begun, gittin' up, "I'm turrible sorry, but I got to tear myself away. Promised to help the Bar Y boys work a herd."

"*Alec* ——" It was the sheriff—voice kinda croaky.

"Good-by fer just now, Mrs. Bridger" (I pretended not t' hear *him*). "So long, Bergin." And I skedaddled.

Ten minits afterwards here they come outen the eatin'-house, the widda totin' a basket and the sheriff totin' the kid. I watched 'em through the crack of Silverstein's front door, and I hummed that good ole song.

"He never cares to wander from his own fireside;
He never cares to ramble 'r to roam.
With his baby on his knee,
He's as happy as can be
'Cause they's no-o-o place like home, sweet home."

It was suppertime 'fore I seen the sheriff again. He was just where I'd found him that mornin'. But, say! *He was a changed man!* No shakin', no caved-in look—*nothin'* of that kind. He was gazin' thoughtful at a knot in the deepot platform, his mouth was partway open, and they was a sorta sickly grin spread all over them features of hisn.

I stopped byside him. "Wal, Sheriff?" I says, inquirin'.

He sit up. "Oh, is that you, Alec?" he answers. (I reckon I know a guilty son-of-a-gun when I see one!)

I sit down on the other end of the truck. "Did Mrs. Bridger git settled all right?" I ast.

"Yas," he answers; "I pulled the rags outen the windas, and put some panes of glass in ——"

"*Good* fer you, Bergin! But, say! the idear of her thinkin' she can raise chickens fer a livin' 'way out here. Why, a grasshopper-ranch ain't *no* place fer that little woman." And I watched sideways to see how he'd take it.

"You're right, Alec," he says. Then, after swallerin' hard, "Did you happen t' notice how soft and kinda pinky her hands is?"

Was that the *sheriff* talkin'? Wal, you could 'a' knocked me down with a feather!

"Alec," I says to myself, "if you *just* could help such a fine feller to settle down with some nice, lovin' woman! He'd be a *blamed* sight happier. Now, here he's took notice of this little lady—that's a good start—and he likes her kid. Mebbe, if I'm keerful ——"

Out loud, I says: "Yas, Sheriff, I noticed her pretty particular. And it strikes me that we needn't to worry—she won't stay on that ranch *long*. Out here in Oklahomy, any widda is in line fer another husband if she'll take one. In Mrs. Bridger's case, it won't be just any ole hobo that comes along. She'll be able to pick and choose from a great, big bunch. *I* seen how the boys acted when she got offen that train t'day—and I knowed then that it wouldn't be *no* time till she'd marry."

The sheriff is tall, as I said afore. Wal, a kinda shiver went up and down the hull length of him. Then he sprung up, givin' the truck a kick. "Oh, marry! marry! marry!" he begun, grittin' his teeth t'gether. "Kain't you talk nothin' *else* but marry?"

"No-o-ow, Bergin," I says, "what diff'rence does it make t' *you?* S'pose she marries, and s'pose she don't. *You* don't give a bean. Wal, *I* look at it diff'rent. *I* know that nice little kid of hern needs the keer of a father—yas, Bergin, the keer of a *father*." And I looked him square in the eye.

"Now, Alec Lloyd," he come back at me, throwin' up one hand like as if to defend hisself, "you shut you' bazoo this minit and git! Whenever that funny look comes on to you' face, I know you're a-figgerin' how to marry somebody off to somebody else. And I just won't have you *around!*"

"You're a-hollerin' 'fore you're hit," I says. "*You?* Huh! If I had anythin' *agin* the widda, I *might* be a-figgerin' on how t' hitch her up to *you*—you ole *woman-hater!*"

"The best thing *you* can do, Alec Lloyd," growls Bergin, with a few cuss words throwed in, "is to mind you' own business."

"All right," I answers, cheerful. "But I never could see why you fellers are so down on me when I *ad*vise marryin'. Take my word fer it, Sheriff, any man's a heap better off with a nice wife to look after his shack, and keep it slicked up, and a nice baby 'r two t' pull his whiskers, and I reckon ——"

But Bergin was makin' fer the freight shed, two-forty.

You recollect what I said 'bout that Bridger kid needin' a father? Wal, say! if he'd 'a' wanted one, he shore could 'a' picked from plenty of can*di*dates. Why, 'fore long, ev'ry bach in town had his cap set fer Mrs. Bridger—that's *straight*. All other subjects of *po*lite conversation was forgot byside the subject of the widda. Sam Barnes was in love with her, and went 'round with that red face of hisn lookin' *exac'ly* like the full moon when you see it through a sand-storm. Chub Flannagan was in love with her, too, and 'd sit by the hour on Silverstein's front porch, his pop-eyes shet up tight, a-rockin' hisself back'ards and forrards, back'ards and forrards, and a-hummin'. Then they was Dutchy's brother, August. Oh, he had it *bad*. And took t' music, just like Chub; yas, ma'am. Why, that feller spent *hours* a-knockin' the wind outen a pore accordion. And next come Frank Curry—haid over heels, too, *mean* as he was; and to hear him talk you'd 'a' bet they wasn't *nothin'* he wouldn't 'a' done fer Mrs. Bridger. But big talk's cheap, and he was small potatoes, *you* bet, and few in the hill.

Wal, one after the other, them four fellers blacked they boots, wet they hair down nice and shiny and went to *see* the widda. She ast 'em in, a-course, and was neighborly; fed 'em, too, if it was nigh meal-time, and acted, gen'ally speakin', as sweet as pie.

But she treated 'em all *alike*. And they knowed it. Consequently, in order so's all of 'em would git a' even chanst, and so's they wouldn't be no gun-play on account of one man tryin' to cut another out by goin' to see her twicet to the other man's oncet, the aforesaid boys fixed up a calendar. Sam got Monday, Curry Wednesday, Dutch August Friday, and Chub, Sunday afternoons. That tickled Chub. He owned a liv'ry-stable, y' savvy, and ev'ry week he hitched up a rig and took the widda and her kid fer a buggy-ride.

And Bergin? Wal, after bein' set on so hard, I judged it 'd be the best plan to leave him alone fer a while—and mebbe he'd look *me* up! But—it didn't work. The sheriff, he kept to his shack, and when he come to the post-office of a mornin', he didn't have nothin' to say to nobody, and looked sorta down in the mouth. So, a-course, I—wal, pretty soon I happened 'round to see him.

His shack was over behind the town "cooler," and stood by itself, kinda—the ashes dump on one side of it and Sparks' hoss-corral on the other. It had one room, just high 'nough so's Bergin wouldn't bump his haid, and just wide 'nough t' take in his bunk. And they was a rusty stove with a dictionary toppin' it, a saddle and a fryin'-pan on the bed, and a big sack of flour a-spillin' into a pair of his boots.

I put the fryin'-pan on the floor and sit down on the bunk. "Wal, Sheriff," I begun (he had a skittle 'twixt his knees, and was a-peelin' some spuds fer his supper), "I ain't come t' sponge offen you. Had *my* supper down to Mrs. Bridger's."

He let slip the potato he was peelin' and it rolled under the stove. "Yas?" he says; "that so?"

"And such a supper as she give me!" I goes on. "Had a white oilcloth on the table white, with little blue vi'lets on it and all her dishes is white and blue. She brung 'em from Buffalo. And we had fried chicken, and corn-dodgers, and prune somethin'-'r-other. Say! I—I s'pose *you* ain't been down?"

"No"—kinda wistful, and eyes on his peelin'—"no. How—how is she?"

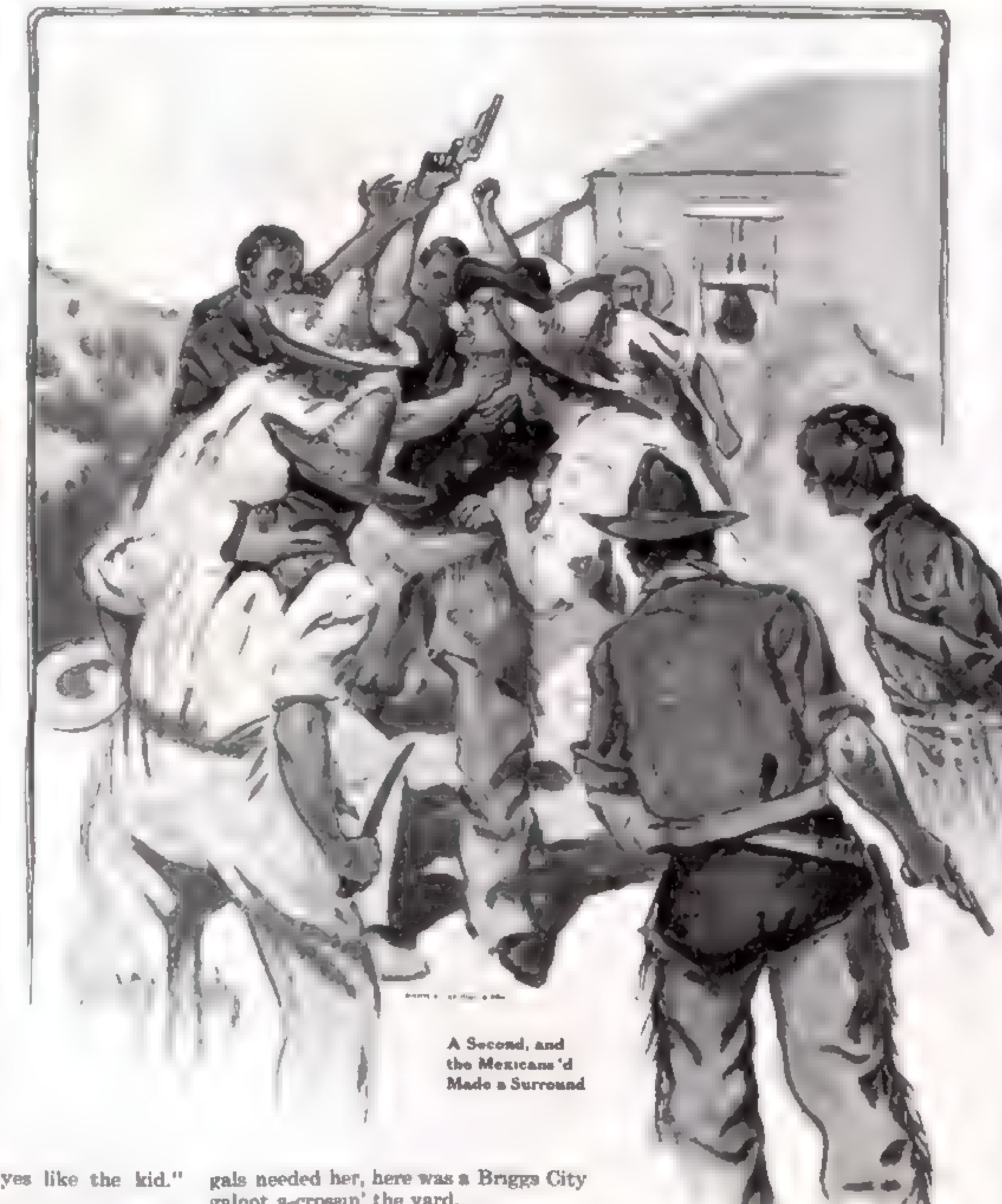
"Oh, *fine!* The kid, he ast after you."

"Did he?" He looked up, awful tickled. Then: "He's a nice little kid," he adds, thoughtful.

"He *shore* is." I riz. "Sorry," I says, "but I got to mosey now. Promised Mrs. Bridger I'd take her some groceries down." I started out, all business. But I stopped at the door. "Reckon I'll have to make two trips of it—if I kain't git some one t' help me."

Say! it was plumb pitiful the way Bergin grabbed at the chanst. "Why, *I* don't mind takin' a stroll," he answers, gittin' some red. So he put down the spuds and begun to curry that cowlick of hisn.

First part of the way he walked as spry as me. But as we come closter to the widda's he got to hangin' back. And when we reached a big pile of sand that was out in front of the house—he balked!



A Second, and the Mexicans 'd Made a Surround

"Guess I won't go in," he says.

"O. K.," I answers. (No use to cross him, y' savvy; it'd only 'a' made him worse.)

When I knocked, and the widda opened the door, she seen him. "Why, how d' you *do?*" she called out, lookin' *mighty* pleased. "Willie, dear, here's Mister Bergin."

"How d' do?" says the sheriff.

Willie come nigh havin' a duck-fit, he was so happy. And in 'bout two shakes of a lamb's tail he was outen the house and a-climbin' the sheriff.

Inside, I says to Mrs. Bridger: "Them chickens of yourn come, ma'am. And Hairoil Johnson'll drive 'em down in a' hour 'r so. The most of 'em looked fat and sassy, but one 'r two is sick."

She didn't act like she'd heerd me. She was watchin' the sand-pile.

"One 'r two is *sick*," I repeats.

"What?—how's that?" she ast.

"Don't worry 'bout you' boy," I says. "Bergin'll look after him. Y' know, Bergin is one of the whitest gents in Oklahomy."

"*I* ain't a-worryin'," answers the widda. "*I* know Mister Bergin is a fine man." And she kept on lookin' out.

"In this wild country," I begun, voice 'way down to my spurs—"this wild country full of rattlesnakes and Injuns and tramps, ev'ry ranch needs a good man 'round it."

She turned like a flash. "What you mean?" she ast, kinda short. (Reckon she thought I was tryin' to spark her.)

"A man like Bergin," I *con*tinues.

"Oh!" she says, like she was plumb relieved.

And I left things that-a-way—t' sprout.

Walkin' up the track afterwards, I *re*marked, casual like, that they wasn't many women nicer'n Mrs. Bridger.

"They's *one* thing I like 'bout her," says the sheriff; "she's got eyes like the kid."

(Dang the kid!)

A hull lot of people thought the widda was mighty nice. She'd made friends at the section-house since she come. The section-boss' wife said they wasn't *no*body like her, and so did all the greaser women at the tie-camp. She was so handy with a needle, and allus ready to cut out calico dingusses that the cholo gals could sew up. When they'd have one of them everlastin' fiestas of theirn, she'd make a big cake and a keg of lemonade, and pass it 'round. And when you *con*sider that a ten-cent package of cigareets and a smile goes further with a Mexican than fifty plunks and a cuss, why, you can git some idear of how that hull outfit just *worshiped* her.

Wal, they got in and done her a *lot* of good turns. Put up a fine chicken-coop—the section-boss overseein' the job—and, one Sunday, cleaned out her cellar. *Think* of it! (Say! fer a man to appreciate that, he's got to know what lazy critters greasers is.) Last of all, kinda to wind things up, the cholos went out on to the mesa and come back with a present of a nice black-and-white pig.

Wal, she *was* tickled at that, and so was the kid. (Hairoil Johnson was shy a pig that week, but you bet *he* never let on!) The gang made a nice little pen, usin' ties, and ev'ry day they packed over some feed in the shape of the camp leavin's.

The widda was settled fine, had half a dozen hens a-settin', and some truck a-growin' in the low spots next her house, when things begun to come to a haid with them calendar gents. I got it straight from her that in just one solitary week she collected four pop-the-questions!

She handed out exac'ly that many pairs of mittens—handed 'em out with such a sorry look in them pretty eyes of hern, that the courtin' quartet got worse in love with her than ever. Anybody could 'a' seen *that* with one eye. They all begun shavin' twicet a week, most ev'ry one of 'em bought new things to wear, and—best sign of *any*—they stopped drinkin'! Ev'ry day or so, back they'd track to visit the widda.

She didn't like that fer a cent. Wasn't nary one of 'em that suited her, and just when the chickens 'r the cholo gals needed her, here was a Briggs City galoot a-crossin' the yard.

"Sorry," she says to me, "but I'll have to give them gents they walkin'-papers. If I don't, I won't never git a lick done."

"Bully fer you!" I says. "They're too gally Learn 'em to act like they was civylized. But, say, Mrs. Bridger, you you ain't a-goin' to give the rinky-dink to the sheriff?"

"Mister Bergin," answers the widda, "ain't bothered me none." (I'd swear they was tears in her eyes.)

"Ah, *ha*," I says to myself. *I* savvied.

That same afternoon, whilst the widda was a-settin' on the shady side of the house, sewin' carpet-rags, up come Sam Barnes. (It was Monday

"Mrs. Bridger," he begun, "I'm a-goin' to ast you to think over what I said to you last week. I don't want to be haidstrong, but I'd like to git a 'yas' outen you."

"Mister Barnes," she says, "I'm feard I kain't say yas. I ain't thinkin' of marryin'. But if I was, it'd be to a man that's—that's big, and tall, and has gray eyes." And she looked out at the sand-pile, and sighed.

"Wal," says Sam, "I reckon I don't fit specifications." And he hiked fer town.

He was kinda huffy when he tole me 'bout it. "Fer a woman," he says, "that's got to look after herself, and has a kid on her hands to boot, she's got more airs 'n a wind-mill."

Next!

That was Chub.

Now, Chub, he knowed a heap 'bout handlin' a gun, and I reckon he'd pass as a liv'ry-stable-keeper, but he didn't know much 'bout *women*. So when he went down to ast the widda fer the second time, he put his foot in it by bein' kinda short t' little Willie.

"Say, kid," he says, "you locate over in that rockin' cheer, yonder. Young uns of you' age should be saw and not heerd."

Mrs. Bridger, she sit right up, and them long winkers of hern just snapped. "Mister Flannagan," she says, "I'm feard you're wastin' you' time a-callin' here. If I ever marry again, it's goin' to be to a man that's fond of childern."

Wal, ta-ta, Chub!

And behind, there was the widda at the winda, all eyes fer that sand-pile. We never knowed what she said to Dutchy's brother, August. But he come back to town lookin' madder'n a wet hen. "Huh!" he says, "I don't vant her, *no*how. *She* couldn't vork. She's pretty fer *nice*, all right, but she's nichts fer stoudt."

When ole stingy Curry tried his luck over, he took his lead from Chub's *ex*perience. Seems he put one arm 'round the kid, and then he said no man could kick 'bout havin' to adopt Willie, and he knowed that with Mrs. Bridger it was "love me, love my dawg." Then he tacked on that the boy was a nice little feller, and likely didn't eat much.

"And long 's I ain't a-goin' to marry you," says the widda, "why, just think—you won't have to feed Willie at all!"

Wal, Curry was red-hot—hotter'n August. (Say, that's one of them double-barreled jokes—hotter'n August.)

But the next day I laughed on the other side of my face. I went down to Mrs. Bridger's, the sheriff trailin' (he balked half-way from the sand-pile to the door, this time, and sit down on a bucket t' play he was Willie's steam-injine), and I found that the little woman had been cryin' turrible.

"What's the matter?" I ast.

"Nothin'," she says.

"Yas, they is. Didn't you git a dun t'day?"

"Wal," she answers, blushin', "I bought this place on tick. But" (brave as the dickens, she was) "I'll be able to pay up all right—what with my chickens and the pig."

I talked with her a good bit. Then me and the sheriff started back to town. Had to go slow at first; Bergin 'd helt the ingineer on his knee till his foot was asleep. On the way, I mentioned that dun.

"*Curry!*" says the sheriff. And, say, he come nigh rippin' up the railroad tracks.

He made fer Curry's, straight off. "What's the little balance due on that Starvation Gap property?" he begun.

"What makes you ast?" says Curry, battin' them sneaky little eyes of hisn.

"I'm *prepared* to settle it."

"But it happens I didn't sell to *you*. So, a-course, I kain't take you' money. Anyhow, I don't think the widda is worryin' much. She could git shet of that balance easy." And he moseyed off.

She could git shet of it by marryin' *him*, y' savvy—the polecat!

(Continued on Page 27)

THE BIBLE AS GOOD READING

WOMEN OF THE BIBLE

By Senator Albert J. Beveridge

ONE thing among many others that make the Bible the Book of Books is the fact that it is true to the fundamental verities. The Bible is natural, and it is plain that it could not be divine if it were not natural. For Nature is the universal expression of God. You could hardly sell a book in which woman is not a prominent, if not a controlling, character. Let the most gifted novelist try to write a story where men alone are the actors, untouched by the influence of woman, and no matter how charming his words, how vivid the action he puts into his pages, he finds it extremely difficult to develop a story that will sell.

Think of Shakespeare without Miranda, or Portia, or Ophelia, or Desdemona, or Katharine; and his less notable female characters are even more interesting, because they are more natural and human. But if you want "good reading" I commend you to the women of the Bible. There are hundreds of them. And they are all unlike, and yet similar. You may study every one of them and then come to the same conclusion that Kipling's soldier arrived at, who, after meeting a large number of women, declared of each one of them that "I learned about women from 'er."

But, while the women in the Bible are totally dissimilar, they possess alike an elemental quality. Aside from four or five creatures like Jezebel and Delilah, I do not now recall any of the notable women characters in the Bible whose profound qualities are not those of kindness, forbearance, and that deep wisdom born of mingled instinct and intellect, which characterizes the astonishing good sense of women in all time.

Always, the Bible woman is both caution and inspiration. Always, she guides the masterful powers of man and always she exalts them. Always, she is the incarnation of devotion and sacrifice.

All this is true, of course, because the women of the Bible are the glorious creatures that God meant them to be, and nowhere insist upon improving His universal plan—*that* is a modern "advance."

If you would like to rest yourself with a tender story of fidelity, read the story of Ruth. It is easily the best short story ever written, considered merely as "good reading." But it is better than that—it tells the tale of the most loyal unselfishness of which there is any record. It is proverbial that neither man nor woman can get along with his or her mother-in-law—but it is a modern proverb. The men and women of the Bible found no difficulty of that kind, and of this Ruth is the best illustration.

When Ruth's husband died, his mother, Naomi, who was a very poor woman, told her daughter-in-law that it would not be fair to waste her beauty and youth remaining with a poverty-stricken old woman, and that it would be best for her to go back to her own people, where again she could take up the broken thread of her life. But Ruth would not do it. Orpah, another daughter-in-law of Naomi, who also had lost her husband, took the old lady's advice; but Ruth was steadfast, and uttered these words—words so exquisite, pure and exalted, that to this day they uplift us. Said Ruth:

> Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God:
>
> Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried.

These words to an aged and poverty-stricken *mother-in-law*, mind you, and uttered by the loveliest of red-lipped maidens with "all her life before her."

Ruth, the Constant Daughter-in-Law

IT IS hard to imagine what would have happened to the forlorn old woman if her daughter-in-law had not been so "steadfastly minded," as the Bible puts it. For it was Ruth who provided her with the necessaries of life by gleaning in the fields of Boaz. This Boaz was a fine man. I wish every rich man might study his character. He followed the ancient law of Moses, which commanded the owners of fields and vineyards to leave something on their vines, trees and grain-grounds for the poor to gather up.

So, when Ruth went into his fields to glean along with the other maidens, he observed that she was a stranger, modest, industrious and attractive, and he commanded the young men who were harvesting not to molest her, and ordered his overseer to take care that not only the gleanings, but an occasional sheaf, were left for her to gather up. It was by gathering up this barley left for her that Ruth was able to provide her aged mother-in-law with food and to keep her alive.

I am not saying, by any manner of means, that the women of the Bible exhibit nothing but meekness and humility. But, whether strenuous or gentle, they are always "doing things." There is not a lazy woman in all the Scriptures—no relaxed and languorous idlers. If they were kindly and comforting at heart, they showed that by doing kindly and comforting things all the time, as was the case with Ruth, or Hannah, or Rebekah. If they were of strong spirit they were always counseling, leading and inspiring, like Miriam or Deborah.

No *man* can quite like Miriam. She was invaluable to her great brother, Moses, but she was entirely too masculine. Still she exhibits the stronger elements of character of the sturdy Jewish woman of her time. It is conceded that the Song of Moses, the fiercest anthem of triumph ever written, through whose words we can, even now, hear the Jewish trumpets of battle blowing, was as much the work of Miriam as of Moses himself.

The Women Who Did Things

FOLLOW the life of this extraordinary person from the time she watched her brother's cradle, to the time she rebuked Moses for marrying an Ethiopian and got punished for that by being stricken with leprosy. How vast these people's powers, passions, loves, hates and tendernesses!

An even more rugged figure than Miriam is Deborah—that woman of mingled granite and fire. She was so able that she came to be the real ruler of Israel. At that time the children, having "done evil in the sight of the Lord," which they seem to have done quite frequently, had been sold into captivity. Also, as they were always doing under such circumstances, they began to rebel, and this time they found the directing mind of their revolt in the woman-statesman and woman-warrior, Deborah. You will search a long time to find a more moving story than that of her deeds, and of the terrible murder that Jael, the wife of a man named Heber, committed upon Sisera, captain of the hosts of King Jabin, who held the Jews in captivity.

The revolt was ripe. Deborah saw that the hour to strike had come. She called Barak to her and told him to gather up ten thousand of the best fighting-men of the Jews and immediately to attack the army of the oppressor. Barak, while a soldier, was not the nerviest man in the world. He was brave enough, but appears to have lacked initiative, confidence and staying power. He had to be steadied and animated by a stronger soul; so he said to Deborah:

> If *thou* wilt go with me, then I will go: but if thou wilt not go with me, then I will not go.

Deborah did not flinch. She went with him; but she frankly told him that he would get no honor out of the expedition, because the person who would take Sisera would be a woman. (Sisera, remember, was the general of the King who was lord of these stiff-necked Jews.)

Then comes the story of the whirlwind attack of Barak's men upon the hosts of Sisera, Deborah directing and inspiring the whole battle. The only man who escaped was Sisera. In those days war meant annihilation. They always kept on fighting until every last man of the enemy was put to the sword.

Jael's murder of Sisera exceeds the limits of atrocity. The poor fellow, flying for his life, panting for breath, and almost dead from hunger and thirst, passed by the home where this woman and her husband lived (which, by the way, was a tent) and asked her to conceal him, for he was utterly spent.

Apparently, the charming Jael was all graciousness and sympathy. She took him into the tent, threw over him a covering, gave him milk to drink and told him to go to sleep. She assured him that, if his pursuers came, she would tell them that she "had seen no man pass that way." The same thing has occurred thousands of times in every land, and the kindheartedness of women under like circumstances usually has proved true to their sacred trust. But as soon as Sisera was soundly asleep, Jael took a long nail, put it to his temple and with one blow of her hammer drove it through his brain. Awful, is it not? But, perhaps this illustrates the fact that the supreme heights of kindness and cruelty are reached only by women. Anyhow, as "good reading," you couldn't ask for more movement, could you?

Then Deborah sang her song of triumph, and its mighty words thunder in the skies to-day. I can't quote it all, of course, but here are a few passages:

> Lord, when thou wentest out of Seir, when thou marchedst out of the field of Edom, the earth trembled, and the heavens dropped, . . . The mountains melted from before the Lord.

Or again:

> Awake, awake, Deborah; awake, awake, utter a song: arise, Barak, and lead thy captivity captive.

How is that for a phrase? "Lead captivity captive." If any writer or orator would produce an original phrase like that to-day, his fortune would be made. An *original* phrase, mind you—no imitations. Of course, once the model is before us we can "rhyme you so eight years together," as Touchstone says.

Or again:

> The kings came and fought, . . . they took no gain of money. . . . They fought from Heaven.

How splendid it is that *real* soldiers usually despise money (Marlborough excepted). But I mustn't interrupt Deborah. She goes on:

> The stars in their courses fought against Sisera. . . .
> O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength.

But, alas! she closes her song by an apostrophe to the infamous deed of Jael, beginning with:

> Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be.

And the song finally closes with this mingled curse and blessing:

> So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord: but let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might.

You see, the women of the Bible were not only the comforters, but the helpers, of their men. If there was war, the women helped the men make war; if peace, they made that peace beautiful; if defeat and captivity, they cheered their men, kept up their spirits and incited revolt; if victory and freedom, it was the voices of the Jewish women that always sounded the highest note of militant joy.

The Dramatic Story of Esther

I HAVE given these illustrations of Miriam and Deborah merely to show the primitive vigor of the Jewish woman when she displayed that side of her character. But with a few such exceptions, the ruling and dominant elements of character in the women of the Bible were gentleness, humility, patience and an infinite tenderness. And not one instance occurs in this remarkable collection of books called the Bible, where woman showed any selfishness whatever. She was always looking out for somebody else, always caring for and protecting her kinsman, be he father, brother, husband or lover.

Esther is an example of this. If you would like some "good reading," where hatred, vanity, revenge and judgment are written with the pen of power, read the Book of Esther. When, by her remarkable charm and beauty and "drawing" personality, she had become queen, she appears to have had the one purpose in life of pleasing and caring for her lord, the king—a very trivial purpose, no doubt, but still the purpose for which God made woman woman, and man man: the one to protect and provide; the other to comfort and soothe.

Everything would probably have gone along all right if Haman, the king's right-hand man, had not plotted against Mordecai, Esther's uncle. The reason why Haman was so "down on" Mordecai was because the proud old man, Jew though he was, would never bow or uncover to Haman. So the latter contrived to have the imperial-spirited, ancient Hebrew hung; and he built a scaffold fifty cubits high—it was not to be an ordinary hanging, you see.

Just at that point is where Esther appears as the figure of destiny. She so pleased the king with her modest loveliness and intelligent devotion—she never "nagged" him—that he offered her anything she might want, "even to the half of the kingdom." The businesslike woman of modern times would have had half of that kingdom deeded to her then and there, and the "abstract" examined by a lawyer to see that the title was good. But the natural and unbusinesslike woman of Esther's time preferred to save her kinsman and put it out of the power of his enemy ever again to molest. So she asked that Haman might be hanged himself instead of Mordecai. And he was hanged—of course he was. There are more intense incidents, more "go" and color in the Book of Esther than in the most rapid-fire novel of modern times; and whereas these latter-day writings are very seldom literature, the Book of Esther is literature.

This is supposed to be the age when woman is more esteemed than ever before. And yet has any modern tribute been paid to the wife that equals that of Solomon's? It is so fine and needs to be read so often *by every woman*, as well as by every man, that I take the space to repeat it entirely:

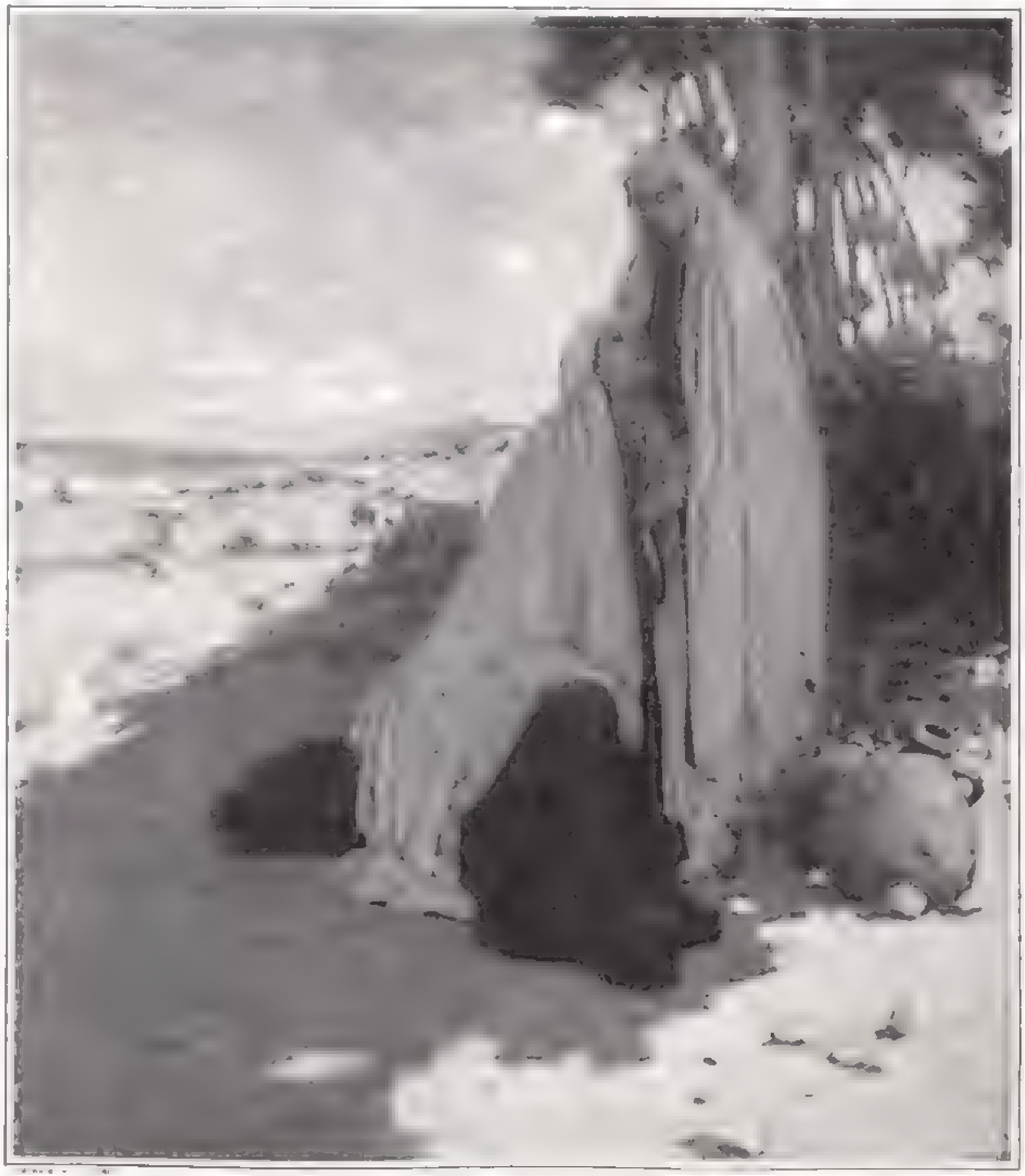
> She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.
> She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands
> She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar.
> She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens.
> She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.
> She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms.
> She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night.
> She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff
> She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.
> She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet.
> She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple.

Such a woman deserves "silk and purple," doesn't she?

> Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.
> She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.
> Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.
> She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

"In her tongue is the law of kindness"—it is sentences like that which startle and thrill you, all through the Bible.

> She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.
> Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.
> Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised
> Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates.



"Whither Thou Goest, I Will Go; and Where Thou Lodgest I Will Lodge"

And this brings me to another phase of the Bible as "good reading." In the bookstores, there are a good many volumes of "Maxims" and "Thoughts," and they seem to be increasing in number. Not only do we have Marcus Aurelius, whose meditations are admirable—I advise every young man to get a copy of the great Roman; Epictetus, whose observations are the keenest to be found in literature anywhere outside of the Bible; La Rochefoucauld, whose cynical wisdom is very bright, but poisonous and untrue; and the immortal tentmaker's Rubáiyát, which, correctly understood, are the best comment on the perspective of life that I know of. We are having even the sayings of Confucius rendered anew, and in addition to these classics of wisdom in the form of proverbs a good many modern philosophers of epigram are developing.

And they are all worth while. The truth is that almost any man can write good advice if he is in dead earnest. Think, for example, what you who read this would say if you were asked to put in ten pages a series of rules for the guidance of a son, brother or friend. Try it—you will be astonished at the sound, practical advice you will prescribe.

But in this, as in every other form of literature, the Bible is so far superior to all the rest put together, that the others seem to be loose and wordy after you have steeped yourself in the Proverbs of the Book of Books.

As a matter of intellectual refreshment—as a mere matter of "good reading"—after you have thrown down your magazines to-night take up the Bible and read idly and casually from Proverbs or Ecclesiastes. You won't be able to read very rapidly. You will find yourself so absorbed in every sentence that, in wonder, you will exclaim, "Why did I never read this before!" It will be as if, in curiosity, you opened an old trunk in the attic just to see what was in it, and not because you expected to find anything; and then, having opened it, you found the trunk full of diamonds, making you enormously rich.

Let us try two or three of these Proverbs, not selected, but taken absolutely at random as the eye happens to fall on a page:

> Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.

Or this:

> Let thine eyes look right on.

Or this:

> A false balance is abomination to the Lord: but a just weight is his delight.
> When pride cometh, then cometh shame: but with the lowly is wisdom.

Or this:

> Go from the presence of a foolish man, when thou perceivest not in him the lips of knowledge.

Or this glorious sentence:

> Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people.

Or this, which I think the dearest, sweetest and noblest in the whole Bible:

> A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity.

Solomon is ever sending his shafts straight at the heart of slovenliness, hypocrisy and drunkenness—no wonder that our Lord, who descended from Solomon, was always lashing the hypocrites: it was congenital; his ancestor, Solomon, was always doing the like—but here are two or three things that Solomon says about drinking:

> Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.
> Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

Evidently Solomon had been "one of the boys," and knew about the emptiness and sham of it all. He would have agreed with our Irish philosopher, "Dooley," about the modern "club," where men die of what "Dooley" calls "wet rot."

> They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.
> Look not thou upon the wine when it is red.

Yea! or any other color. In color, only, is Solomon's utterance incomplete.

> At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

And does this not sound more than good?

> Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

Undoubtedly Solomon wrote the following after his wife had scolded him for "talking about himself":

> Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips.

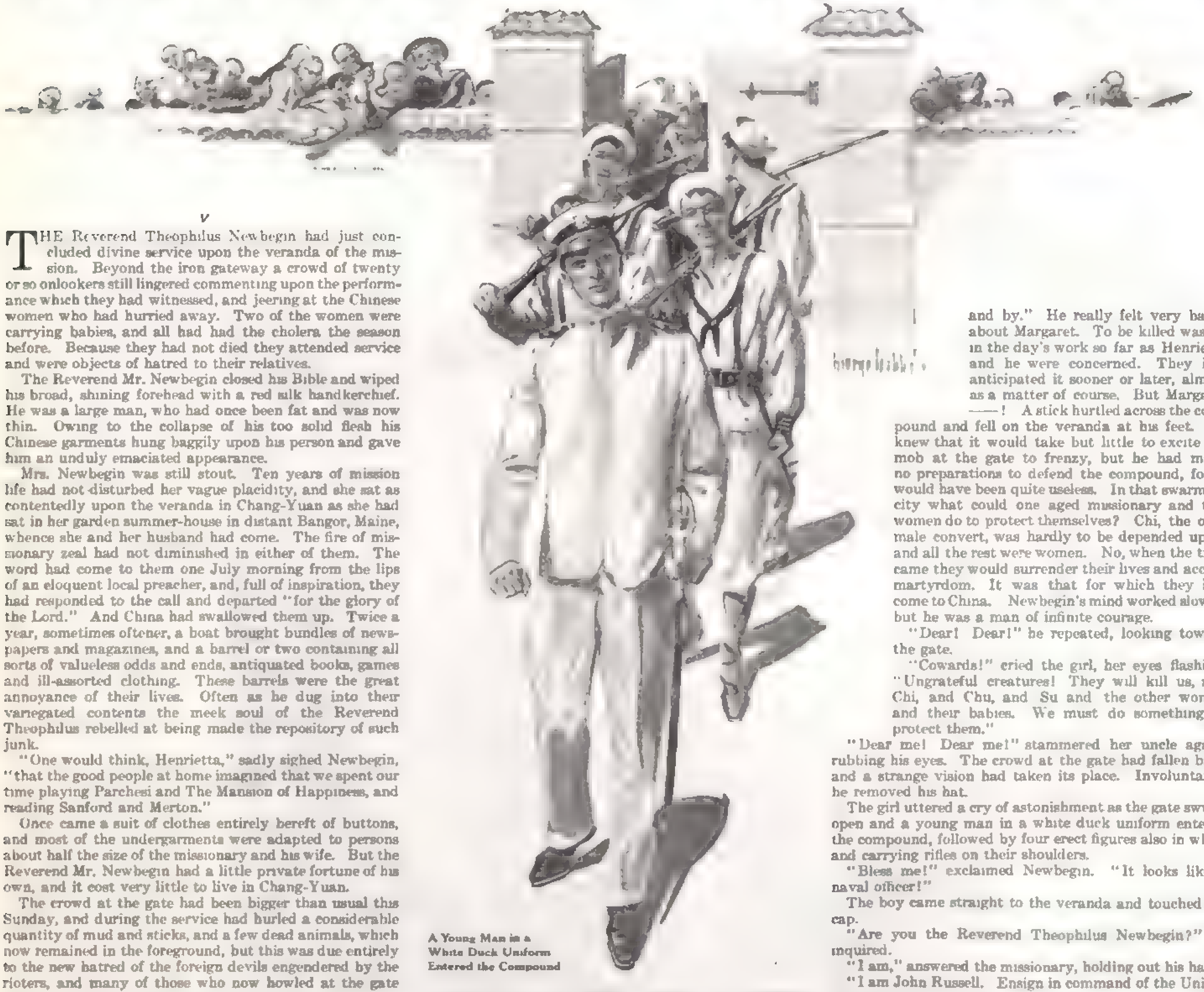
And how absolutely true and wise is this:

> Faithful are the wounds of a friend: but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful.

Next to the Lord's Prayer the following petition is the summit of wise asking for God's favor:

(Continued on Page 59)

THE RESCUE OF THEOPHILUS NEWBEGIN—BY ARTHUR TRAIN



A Young Man in a White Duck Uniform Entered the Compound

THE Reverend Theophilus Newbegin had just concluded divine service upon the veranda of the mission. Beyond the iron gateway a crowd of twenty or so onlookers still lingered commenting upon the performance which they had witnessed, and jeering at the Chinese women who had hurried away. Two of the women were carrying babies, and all had had the cholera the season before. Because they had not died they attended service and were objects of hatred to their relatives.

The Reverend Mr. Newbegin closed his Bible and wiped his broad, shining forehead with a red silk handkerchief. He was a large man, who had once been fat and was now thin. Owing to the collapse of his too solid flesh his Chinese garments hung baggily upon his person and gave him an unduly emaciated appearance.

Mrs. Newbegin was still stout. Ten years of mission life had not disturbed her vague placidity, and she sat as contentedly upon the veranda in Chang-Yuan as she had sat in her garden summer-house in distant Bangor, Maine, whence she and her husband had come. The fire of missionary zeal had not diminished in either of them. The word had come to them one July morning from the lips of an eloquent local preacher, and, full of inspiration, they had responded to the call and departed "for the glory of the Lord." And China had swallowed them up. Twice a year, sometimes oftener, a boat brought bundles of newspapers and magazines, and a barrel or two containing all sorts of valueless odds and ends, antiquated books, games and ill-assorted clothing. These barrels were the great annoyance of their lives. Often as he dug into their variegated contents the meek soul of the Reverend Theophilus rebelled at being made the repository of such junk.

"One would think, Henrietta," sadly sighed Newbegin, "that the good people at home imagined that we spent our time playing Parchesi and The Mansion of Happiness, and reading Sanford and Merton."

Once came a suit of clothes entirely bereft of buttons, and most of the undergarments were adapted to persons about half the size of the missionary and his wife. But the Reverend Mr. Newbegin had a little private fortune of his own, and it cost very little to live in Chang-Yuan.

The crowd at the gate had been bigger than usual this Sunday, and during the service had hurled a considerable quantity of mud and sticks, and a few dead animals, which now remained in the foreground, but this was due entirely to the new hatred of the foreign devils engendered by the rioters, and many of those who now howled at the gate of the compound had been glad enough six months before to creep to the veranda and beg for medicine and food.

Now all was changed. The victorious Wu was coming to drive these child-eaters from the land. Already he had laid the country waste for miles to the north and west, and had slain three witch doctors and hung their bodies upon pointed stakes before the temple gates. He was marching even now with his army from Tung-Kuan—a distance of fifteen miles. Nominally loyal to the dynasty, the inhabitants of Chang-Yuan eagerly awaited his coming. The white devils pretended to heal the sick, but in reality they poisoned them and caused the sickness themselves. Those who survived their potions had an evil spirit.

The crowd at the gate licked its lips at what would take place when Wu should arrive. There would be a fine bonfire and a great killing of child-eaters. Their hatred even extended to the daughter of the foreign devil—her whom once they had been wont to call "The Little White Saint," who had nursed their children through the cholera and brought them rice and rhubarb during the famine. Wu would come during the day, and then ——!

The uproar at the gate grew louder. Newbegin laid his moist hand on that of his wife and looked warningly at her as there came a rustle of silk inside the open door and their niece made her appearance.

Margaret Wellington, now eighteen years old, had lived with them at Chang-Yuan for ten years. The daughter of Newbegin's deceased only sister, her father, a naval officer, had died the year they had come out from America, and they had picked up the little girl at Hongkong and brought her with them. Since then she had been as their daughter, working with them and entering enthusiastically into all their missionary labors. Sometimes they regretted not being able to give her a better education and that she had no white companions but themselves, but the girl herself never seemed to miss these things, and they believed that what was best for them was best for her. Were they not earning salvation? And was she not also? Was it not better for her to live here than to dwell in the tents of wickedness? Great as was their love for her it was as nothing to their love for the Lord. For that they were ready and eager to lay down their lives—and hers.

"Chi says the rioters are coming," said Margaret. Her hair was done in the Chinese fashion, and she was clad in Chinese dress from head to foot.

"Yes, dear," answered her aunt. "I am afraid they are."

"He says they will kill us," continued the girl. She articulated her English words in a way peculiar to herself—due to her strange upbringing—but there was no fear in her brown eyes, and the paleness of her face was due only to the heat.

The mob at the gate set up a renewed yelling at sight of her.

"Dear, dear!" said her uncle irresolutely. "I don't believe it will be as bad as that. They will calm down, by and by." He really felt very badly about Margaret. To be killed was all in the day's work so far as Henrietta and he were concerned. They had anticipated it sooner or later, almost as a matter of course. But Margaret ——! A stick hurtled across the compound and fell on the veranda at his feet. He knew that it would take but little to excite the mob at the gate to frenzy, but he had made no preparations to defend the compound, for it would have been quite useless. In that swarming city what could one aged missionary and two women do to protect themselves? Chi, the only male convert, was hardly to be depended upon, and all the rest were women. No, when the time came they would surrender their lives and accept martyrdom. It was that for which they had come to China. Newbegin's mind worked slowly, but he was a man of infinite courage.

"Dear! Dear!" he repeated, looking toward the gate.

"Cowards!" cried the girl, her eyes flashing. "Ungrateful creatures! They will kill us, and Chi, and Chu, and Su and the other women and their babies. We must do something to protect them."

"Dear me! Dear me!" stammered her uncle again, rubbing his eyes. The crowd at the gate had fallen back and a strange vision had taken its place. Involuntarily he removed his hat.

The girl uttered a cry of astonishment as the gate swung open and a young man in a white duck uniform entered the compound, followed by four erect figures also in white and carrying rifles on their shoulders.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Newbegin. "It looks like a naval officer!"

The boy came straight to the veranda and touched his cap.

"Are you the Reverend Theophilus Newbegin?" he inquired.

"I am," answered the missionary, holding out his hand.

"I am John Russell. Ensign in command of the United States gunboat Dirigo. I have been sent by Admiral Wheeler to assist you to leave Chang-Yuan."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the Reverend Theophilus. "Very kind of him, I'm sure! And you, too, of course. And you, too. Henrietta, let me introduce you to Ensign Russell. Er—won't those—er—gentlemen come inside and sit down?" he added, staring at the squad of bluejackets.

"Oh, they're all right!" said the boy, shaking hands with Mrs. Newbegin, and wondering what sort of a queer old guy this was whom he had been sent to rescue. "Beastly hot, isn't it? Do you have it like this often?"

"Eight months in the year," said Mrs. Newbegin. "But we're used to it."

At this moment the boy became conscious of the presence of one whom he at first took to be the prettiest Chinese girl he had ever seen.

"Let me present my niece—Ensign Russell," said Newbegin.

The boy held out his hand, but the girl only smiled.

"It is very good of you to come so far to help us," said the girl.

"Oh, no trouble at all!" exclaimed the boy, without taking his eyes from her face. "I'm glad I got here in time," he added.

"Did you come on a ship?" asked the girl.

"Just a little gunboat," he answered. "But that makes me think. This plagued lake is sinking all the time. I got aground in half a dozen places. We've got to start right along back. I'm by no means sure we can get out as it is, but it's better than staying here. You'd oblige me by packing up as quickly as possible."

"Eh?" said the Reverend Theophilus, with something of a start. "What's that?"

"Why, that we've got to start right along, or we'll be stuck here and won't be able to get away at all."

"But I can't abandon the mission!" said Newbegin in wonder.

"Certainly not!" echoed his wife placidly. "After all these years we cannot desert our post!"

"But the rioters!" ejaculated the boy. "You'll be murdered. Wu will be here before night, they tell me, and there was a precious crowd of ruffians at the gate as I came along. Why, you can't stay to be killed!"

Newbegin shook his head.

"You do not understand," he said slowly. "We came out here to rescue these people from idolatry. Some of them have adopted Christianity. There are forty women and children converts. There are others who are almost persuaded. If we abandon them now we should undo all our labor. No, we must stay with them—and die with them, if necessary; but we cannot go away now."

"Great Scott!" cried the boy. "Do you mean to say that ——"

"We cannot desert our post," repeated Mrs. Newbegin, looking fondly at her husband.

"But—but ——" began the boy.

"Even if we die, there is the example," said Newbegin.

The boy was puzzled. Of missionaries he had a poor-enough opinion in general, and this one looked like a great oaf and so did his fat wife, but in the most ordinary way and with the commonest of accents he was talking of "dying for the example." Then his eyes returned to the girl, who had been watching him intently all the time.

"But," he exclaimed, "certainly you won't place your niece in such danger?"

"No," said Newbegin; "that would not be right."

"No," repeated the wife; "she had better go back."

"I will not go back," cried the girl, "unless you go, too. This is my home. Your work is my work. I cannot leave Om and Su and their babies."

"Good Heavens!" muttered the boy hopelessly. "Don't you see you *must* come. You *can't* stay here to be murdered by the rioters. I can't *let* you. On the other hand, I can only stay here an hour or two at the most. The Dirigo is almost aground as it is, and we shall have the dev—deuce of a time getting out of the lake."

"Well," said Newbegin calmly, "I have told you that we cannot accept your offer. We are very grateful, of course, but it's impossible. It would not do. No, it would not do. A missionary expects this kind of a thing. I wish Margaret would go, but what can I do, if she won't go?"

"I want to stay with you," said Margaret, taking his hand. "I will never leave you and Aunt Henrietta."

The boy swore roundly to himself. The crowd of Chinese had returned to the gate, and the air of the compound stank in his nostrils. He took out his watch.

"It's eleven o'clock," he said firmly. "At five I shall leave Chang-Yuan. Till then you have to make up your minds. I will return in an hour or so."

Newbegin shook his head.

"Our answer will be the same. We are very grateful. I am sorry not to seem more hospitable. Have you seen the temple and the pagoda?"

"No," answered the boy. "I suppose I might as well do the town, now I'm here."

"I will show you the temple," said Margaret timidly. "They know me there. I nursed the child of the old priest. I will take you."

"Yes," said Newbegin, "they all like Margaret—and I seem to be unpopular now. Will you not take dinner with us?"

"Thank you," said the boy; "take dinner with *me*. Perhaps Mrs. Newbegin would like to see the gunboat, and I have some photographs of the new cruisers."

Margaret gazed beseechingly at her.

"Very well," said Newbegin; "if you will stop for us on your way back from the temple we shall be quite ready, but I must return at once after dinner in order to assemble the members of the mission."

The girl led the way to the gate.

"I'm sure you will not need the soldiers," she said. "It is but a short distance." The crowd, observing that the bluejackets had remained inside the compound, crowded close at the boy's heels as they threaded the streets to the temple.

"I spend a good deal of time here," said the girl; "sometimes it is the only cool place."

The boy paid the small charge for admission and followed his guide up the dim, winding stairs. It was dank and quiet. The priest had remained at the gate. From the blue-green shadows of the recesses upon the landings a score of Buddhas stared at them with sightless eyes. Suddenly they emerged into the clear air upon the platform of the top story, and the girl spoke for the first time since they had entered.

"There is Chang-Yuan," she said.

The boy gazed down curiously. Below them blazed thousands of highly-finished roofs, picturesque enough from this height, while beyond the town the soup-colored waters of the lake stretched limitless to the horizon. He could see the embankment and the little Dirigo at anchor, around which the sampans were still swarming. To the south lay a country of swamps and of paddy fields; to the north the line of hills and the smoke of the burning towns.

They sat down on a stone bench and gazed together at the uninviting prospect. He was beset with curiosity to ask her a thousand questions about herself, yet he did not know how to begin. She solved the problem for him, however.

"I have lived here since I was eight years old," she remarked, apparently being unable to think of anything else to say.

The boy whistled between his teeth.

"Do you enjoy it?" he asked.

"I don't know," she replied; "I don't know anything else. Sometimes it seems dull, and one has to work very hard, but I think I like it."

"But what do you do," he inquired, "to amuse yourself?"

"I read," she said, "and play with Om and Su. I have taught them some American games. Do you know Parchesi and The Mansion of Happiness?"

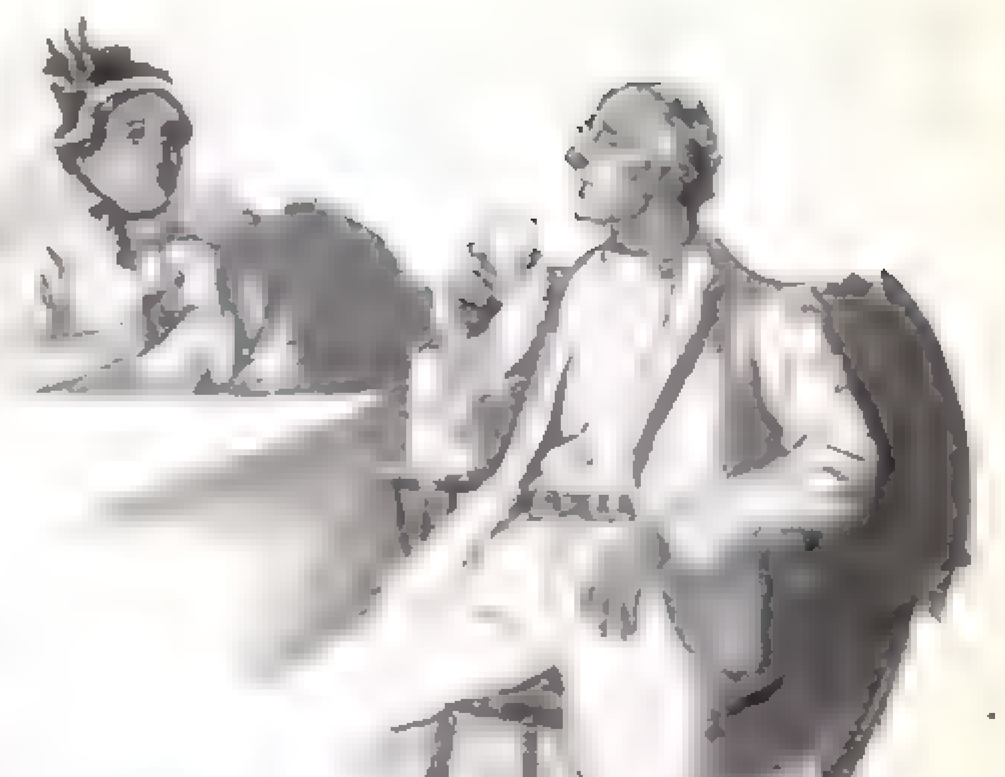
"Yes, I've played them," he admitted cautiously. "But do you never see any white people except your uncle and aunt?"

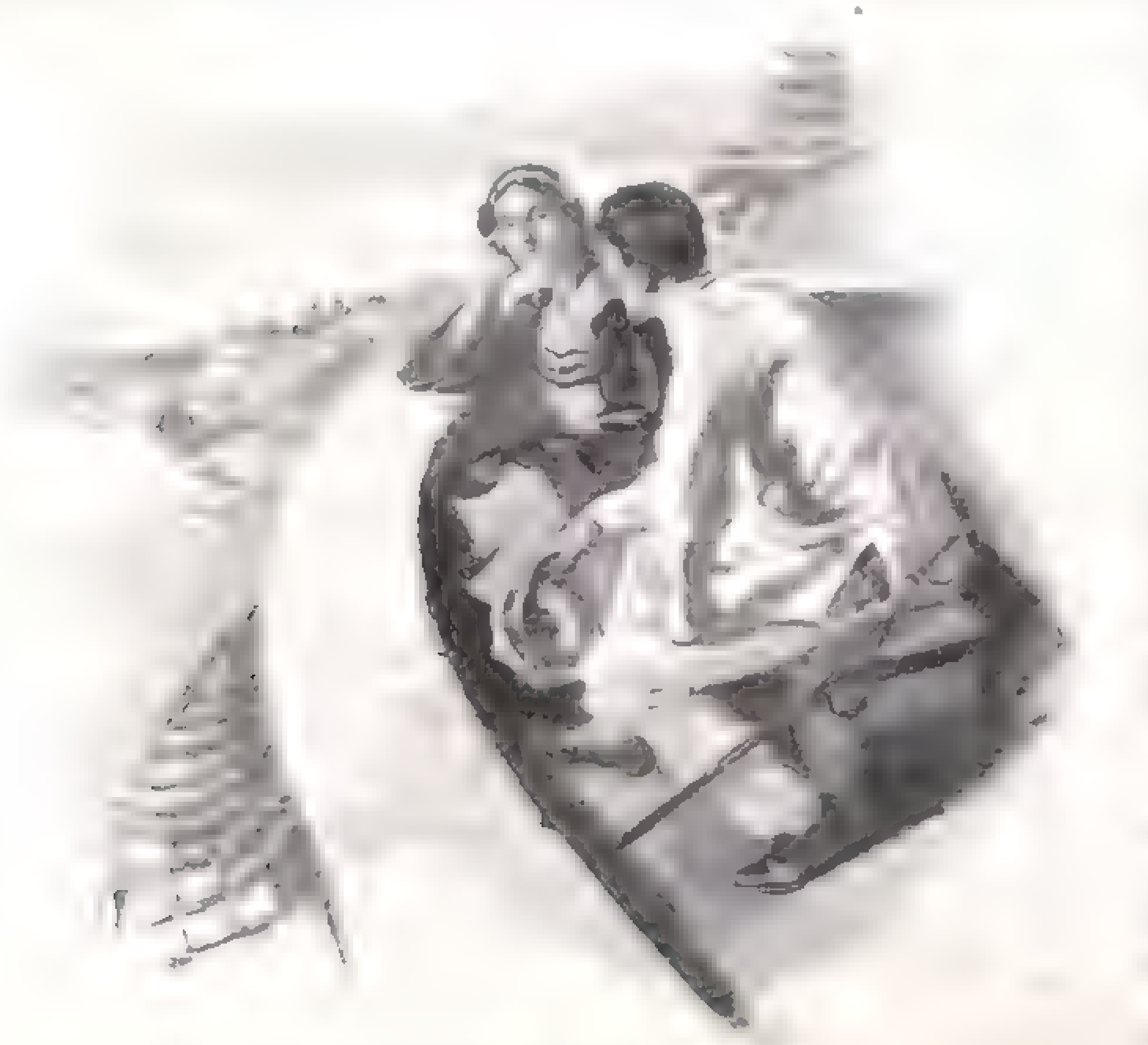
"Why, no," she said. "Two summers ago, after the cholera, we visited Doctor Ferguson at Chang-Wing—that is over there. He is a medical missionary. But I did not like him because he asked me to marry him. He was sixty years old. Do you think it was right?"

"Right!" cried the boy. "It was a wicked sin."

"Well, he is the only white man I have met except you," said the girl. "Of course, I can remember a little playing with boys and girls a long, long time ago. Where is your ship?"

"That little white one down there. Can you see?" said the boy, pointing.


The Reverend Theophilus and His Wife Supposed Them to be the Whir of an Unseen Electric Fan


"Do You Know Parchesi and The Mansion of Happiness?"

"Oh, is that it?" she asked. "Where are its sails?"

"There aren't any," he answered. "It goes by steam."

"I have read the Voyage of the Sunbeam," she said. "It is a beautiful book. It came out last year in a box. I have nearly twenty books in all."

The boy bit his lips. He was getting angry—angry that an American girl should have been imprisoned in such a hole all her young life—such a girl, too!

What right had an elderly man and woman, even though they enjoyed the privilege of consanguinity, to exile a beautiful child from her native country and bring her up in a stewing, stinking, cholera-infested, famine-ridden Chinese village?

"It is strange to find you here," he said finally. "I expected only some freckle-faced woman, who would tumble all over herself to get away."

She looked at him puzzled for a moment, and then burst into a ripple of laughter.

"What funny things you say!" she cried. "I suppose it is strange to find me here, but why should I have freckles? But my being here is no stranger than that you should be here. I have often wished some young man would come. You are the first I have known. I am tired of only women."

For a moment he was almost shocked at the open implication. But her frank eyes and matter-of-fact tone told him that the girl could not flirt. It was out of her sphere of existence.

"Would you like to get married?" he hazarded.

"Oh, yes!" she cried—"to a young man!"

"But suppose you had to go away?"

She looked a little puzzled for a moment.

"Of course, I should not like to leave Om and Su, and I wouldn't leave uncle and aunt, but sometimes—sometimes I have wondered if one couldn't serve God in a pleasanter place, and do just as much good."

"Are there any men converts?" he asked.

"Only Chi," she replied. "And I am quite sure he is an idolator at heart. Besides," she added, with a droll look in her eyes, "Chi is a gambler and is always drinking *samshu*. He had been drinking it this morning. I have often spoken to uncle about it, but he has not got the heart to send him away."

The boy laughed.

"I have a certain amount of sympathy with Chi," said he. "If I lived here I should be as bad as he is. I should think you would die of the heat and the smells, and never seeing anybody."

"Oh, it's not so bad," she said spiritlessly. "You see, I have to work pretty hard. There are nearly twenty families now where there is sickness, and in case of anything contagious I go there and nurse. Sometimes I get very tired, but it keeps me occupied, and so I suppose I don't think about—other things."

"It's terrible to think of leaving you here," he said. "Can't you persuade your uncle and aunt that their duty does not require that they should lay down their lives needlessly?"

"No," she answered; "nothing would persuade them that it was not their duty to remain—nothing could persuade *me* of that."

"And you would not leave them?" he urged, almost tenderly.

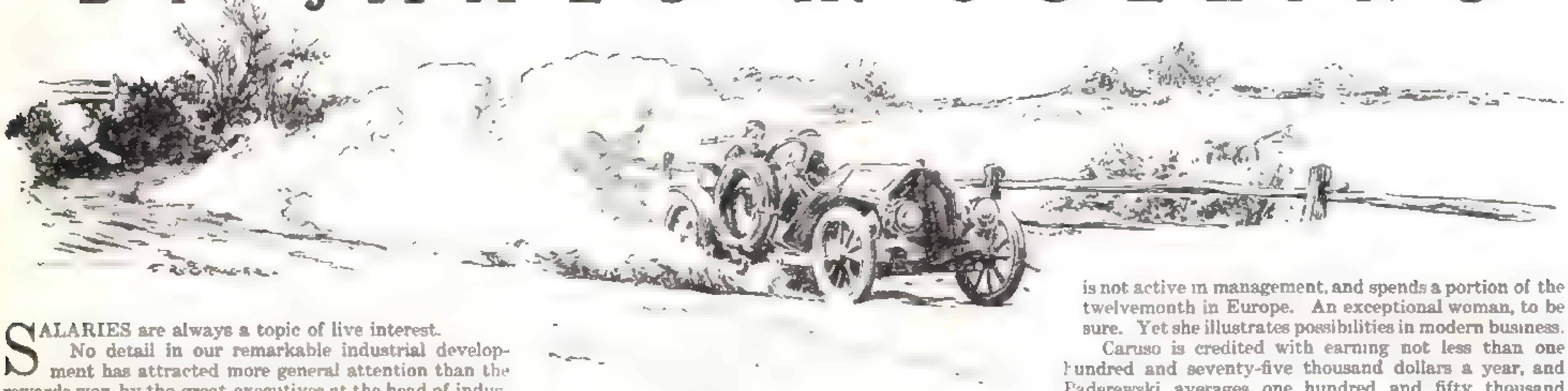
"Oh, how *could* I! I must stay with them! Don't you see?" She took hold of his hand and held it. It was quite natural and totally unconscious. "That is what missionaries are for."

A thrill traveled up the nerves of his arm and accelerated the motion of his heart.

(Continued on Page 30)

Do Big Men Earn Their Salaries?

BY JAMES H. COLLINS



SALARIES are always a topic of live interest.

No detail in our remarkable industrial development has attracted more general attention than the rewards won by the great executives at the head of industrial corporations, life-insurance companies, railroads and Wall-Street movements.

When it comes to salaries, everybody naturally has a basis for comparison. The clerk compares his three dollars per day with Corey's $333.33⅓, and his week's vacation with Corey's three months abroad, and wonders what Corey does for his money. Salaries paid the deposed life-insurance executives were more concrete and plain to the man in the street than complex technicalities of alleged waste and mismanagement. Then there is the comparison with salaries of public officials.

A generation ago these were still on a level with rewards in industrial life. The President's fifty thousand stood for the absolute maximum anybody could hope to earn in this country. But to-day public salaries are pitiful in comparison with industrial. Only three States pay ten thousand to Governors – New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. That unrestful person, the State legislator, makes lots of trouble for the trusts at about the same pay that a good mechanic earns; legislators in thirty-six States draw an average of $4.79 a day while attending sessions.

The big industrial executive is always present in the news in connection with his palaces, his yachts, his social ambitions, his absenteeism. But as a worker at his desk he doesn't get in so often. His family discord turns loose a wood-type "Wuxtra." The quarterly report of his company's earnings, however, is jammed into the market pages in agate statistics. Forty thousand persons see him at the race-track, while at his desk one person is admitted at a time, and only one in a hundred admitted at all.

Does the big man earn his money?

What does he actually do for it?

The Steel Trust's $20,000 Men

IN ANSWERING these questions it might be well to begin by discounting some of the exaggeration that has grown up around the subject. Salaries are large – but not so large as they are popularly assumed to be. Mr. Corey draws one hundred thousand dollars. But the Steel Trust, with its billion-dollar property and two hundred thousand employees, is guided by a staff that includes only twenty men who receive twenty thousand dollars a year and upward. Fifty officers below these get ten thousand dollars to twenty thousand dollars; the next two hundred draw five thousand dollars to ten thousand dollars, and then come about fifteen hundred more who receive twenty-five hundred dollars to five thousand dollars.

The great railroads have a few executives at large salaries, but the working transportation official is often paid parsimoniously. One hundred thousand is the maximum fixed salary among the industrial trusts, and, perhaps, not a half-dozen men at the head of such corporations get that much as *salary*.

The public makes no distinction between *salaries* and *earnings*.

James B. Duke, for instance, is credited with earning three hundred thousand dollars to four hundred thousand dollars a year as head of the Tobacco Trust. But his salary is said to be between eighty thousand dollars and one hundred thousand dollars, and there are certain strings tied to all he receives above this amount. And it is the same with other famous executives among the industrial trusts. Their salaries are nominal compared with what they draw out as partners in the business.

The life-insurance investigation taught people to regard all large corporations in the light of the service they render the public, which is a reasonable attitude to take toward the trusts themselves and the relation upon which all of them lay claim to a right to live. But this is clearly *not* the basis upon which to judge whether a big man earns what he receives. For his responsibility is solely toward the stockholders in his company. Whether the trust itself be good or bad, he works for the stockholders. Even mismanagement and waste in life-insurance affairs were largely a matter of treachery to stockholders – policy-holders – partners in the business.

Nearly all the large industrial trusts, and most of the lesser ones, are organized on a plan that compels executives to earn dividends for stockholders before they receive their own maximum earnings.

Big Salaries Sweetened by Dividends

MR. DUKE'S nominal salary is all he gets in his pay-envelope. The three to four times as much additional that he earns every year comes in the form of dividends on his personal holdings of stock. The organization of American Tobacco was planned with this in view. Its first vice-president is said to receive a nominal salary of but fifteen thousand dollars a year, and this is the plan governing earnings of other important officers. Some got stock as a consideration when the company was incorporated. Others coming in since have been given stock, or opportunities to acquire it. This pays their real salaries.

With a company organized in this fashion, it is obvious that the big man earns most of his money. Otherwise, he doesn't get it. The wisdom and efficiency of the plan are such that hundreds of small corporations have adopted it. The salary of the future may be paid in dividends, instead of stated yearly remuneration.

Calling Mr. Duke's one hundred thousand dollars a *nominal* salary may seem like high financial pleasantry to the man who is bringing up a family on twelve hundred dollars. But it must be remembered that the capital and interests involved in a business paying that much are enormous. Partners and proprietors in many a small enterprise draw salaries that are larger in proportion than Mr. Duke's whole income. Mr. Cleveland figures that the salaries of presidents and vice-presidents, in five life-insurance companies paying these officers fifty thousand dollars a year and upward, represented a charge on gross premium receipts of only nineteen one-hundredths of one per cent.

There is a woman in New York City who is an authority on certain things. She is said to receive fifty thousand dollars a year from certain business interests conducted in her name. She has little responsibility, no investment, is not active in management, and spends a portion of the twelvemonth in Europe. An exceptional woman, to be sure. Yet she illustrates possibilities in modern business.

Caruso is credited with earning not less than one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars a year, and Paderewski averages one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Charles R. Flint, the rubber magnate, who has organized many trusts, says that one of the fundamental difficulties in their management is that executives have a smaller percentage of interest than they would have as proprietors of their own enterprises. Nominal salaries of central executives in the Rubber Trust average but one-third of those paid local managers – the branch and factory men. This is partly a stimulus to the big men to earn dividends, and due also to conditions in the rubber business, which is dependent on able local management. The Steel Trust is built on the same plan, from top to bottom.

Back in 1902-3, after the fireworks of the vast merger had burned out, its stock began to slump, and it was necessary to renew confidence. Seventy-five millions of net earnings a year were needed to pay interest on bonds, dividends on preferred and common stock, and provide a surplus. The directors put the corporation on a basis where every officer and employee, down to men earning eight hundred dollars a year, could acquire stock and share in dividends. But before dividends were paid to officers or employees, the books had to show a net profit of eighty million dollars. President Schwab's holdings of stock, therefore (he was the largest holder of Steel common in the world), drew no dividends unless all the preferred stock paid seven per cent. and all the common four.

A Trust President Two Years Absent

THE company bought twenty-five thousand shares of preferred for allotment among officers and employees. The president could subscribe for an amount no greater than five per cent. of his actual salary, while the wheelbarrow man at $2.50 a day could subscribe for an equivalent of twenty per cent. of his wages, and have three years to pay for it, and every year get an extra five per cent. dividend if he held his securities and stayed with the company. If the wheelbarrow men took all this stock, their higher officers went without an allotment. These twenty-five thousand original shares have now grown to one hundred and fifty thousand. To-day, twenty-five thousand are distributed annually. At the beginning of this year these holdings had cost employees nine million eight hundred thousand dollars, and were worth thirteen million dollars in addition to dividends.

Absenteeism is a conspicuous phase in the big executive's life. For a year and a half before he resigned, Mr. Schwab transacted little Steel Trust business. Mr. Corey has spent long vacations in Europe. The trans-Atlantic ferry is crowded with millionaire trust builders and managers. The president of a certain little ten-million-dollar industrial combination, for instance, has not spent a week in the company's offices in two years. It requires much of the big man's time to keep his equipment of yachts, automobiles, residences and racing stables going. He takes long vacations. Our characteristic American haste and worry do not seem to invade his life – the man who bolts a hot sandwich and sprints after a street car is usually in the two-dollar-a-day class.

But whether Schwab and Corey earned their salaries seems to be determined by looking into the state of the Steel Trust five years ago and its condition to-day.

In 1902 United States Steel was said to be full of "water" and of very dubious character as to permanence. Investors worried about dividends on common stock, and it was believed that the actual property value could never be brought up to a level with par capitalization. Mr. Morgan had, up to that time, been regarded as a financial Napoleon. But now, even the man who hadn't any interest in Mr. Morgan's enterprises began to distrust him, and the Sunday editors looked around for a brand-new King of Finance.

To-day the Steel Trust is paying dividends. It is setting aside surplus at the rate of eighty million dollars a year, or as much as was required to pay dividends and fixed charges five years ago. It has put four hundred million dollars into new plants out of earnings, and created a surplus of one hundred million dollars—two items of hard cash equal to one-half its whole par capitalization. Each quarter's report has seen a new record set for net earnings, and the latter have increased from one hundred million dollars in 1901 to a probable one hundred and eighty million dollars for the present year—eighty per cent.

It may be wrong to mass so much steel business together; but the stockholders have proceeded on the theory that it is right, and have employed big executives to bring it about. The relations between these executives and their stockholders seem to be happy.

Here is an instance of a steel executive not so well known who is earning an income larger than Mr. Corey's on much the same basis:

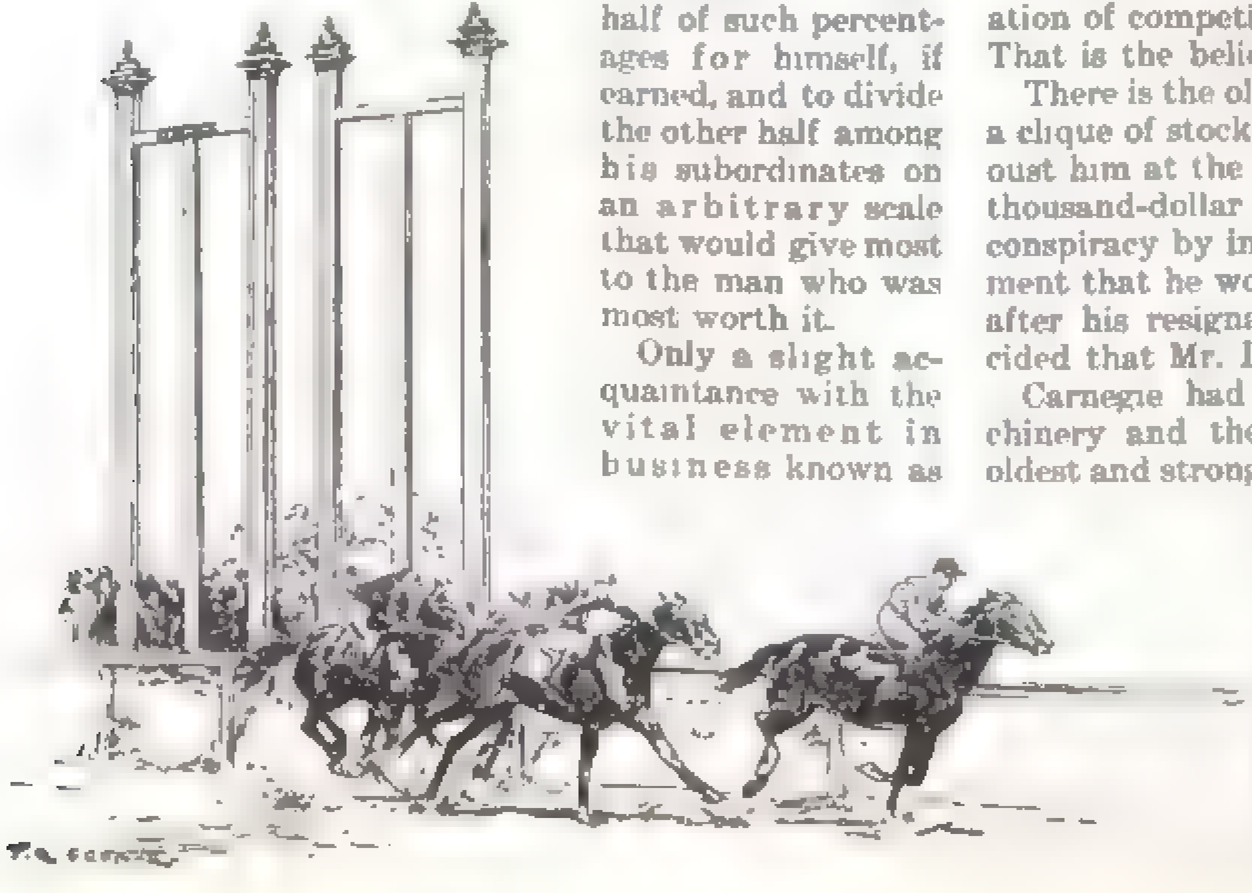
The Moses of a Steel Company

SEVERAL months ago a number of dissatisfied stockholders in the American Steel Foundries formed a committee and appointed representatives to demand dividends on their shares.

This company is affiliated with the Steel Trust, but managed as an independent concern. It was formed in 1902, and has nearly a dozen plants scattered over the country. For some reason it was not successful at the outset. One year, after a loss of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, a new management was induced to take hold, headed by an aggressive steel-maker named Kelley, who is now its president.

Kelley took charge of the sick baby trust. But he insisted that he must bring with him subordinates that he knew, and who had worked with him elsewhere. He must have a free hand. An agreement was made, too, whereby these officers could share in net earnings. Kelley's nominal salary was set at twenty thousand dollars, with smaller salaries fixed for other officers.

Up to that time net earnings of six hundred thousand dollars a year were regarded as large. Kelley agreed to be satisfied with his fixed salary until this point should be reached. But from six hundred thousand dollars to one million dollars he was to have fifteen per cent., and over one million dollars twenty per cent., and over one million five hundred thousand dollars twenty-five per cent., and over two million dollars a clean one-third. It is said that he arranged to take half of such percentages for himself, if earned, and to divide the other half among his subordinates on an arbitrary scale that would give most to the man who was most worth it.



Only a slight acquaintance with the vital element in business known as "policy" will reveal the free-handed, hard-hitting character of such an arrangement. And under it Kelley made good.

Net earnings began to increase, until this year they will doubtless go over three millions. Last year the bonuses earned by four officers were two hundred thousand dollars, and Kelley's share eighty thousand dollars. This year his earnings will be about three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, whereas Mr. Corey earns but one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars in salary and dividends, and the capitalization of American Steel Foundries is about one-thirtieth that of United States Steel.

The stockholders demand a six per cent. dividend. Kelley says, "Wait—we are building a surplus to put the company on a solid basis." It would take more than one million eight hundred thousand dollars to pay such a dividend. Kelley's plan seems sound—the Steel Trust was made solid on much the same basis. His bonus arrangement is a plainly-worded contract, and has four more years to run. Quite apart from charges and countercharges, the reader may draw his own conclusions as to whether Kelley is earning his money.

The money paid men who make steel, tobacco, sugar and other material commodities looks clean and wholesome compared with salaries of men in fiduciary companies. Competition has often been crushed, it is true. There are rebates. Disaster is worked to smaller producers, even when the trust plays fair and relies on large-scale production alone. But industrial executives earn most of their money by devising new processes, contriving economies, finding new markets, and aggressive selling. Standard Oil has long been conspicuous for elimination of waste. John D. Rockefeller once said that a critical period in that business was when the company found that a barrel was worth more than the oil it held. A wholly new way of transporting the stuff had to be found. The pipe-line was adopted, and franchises had to be obtained from many States, and fifty millions of new capital secured.

No sketch of Mr. Corey is complete without reference to the days when he trundled a wheelbarrow on the ore-pile. He has insisted that he never did—that he wasn't strong enough. But the tradition sticks. Washington and the cherry tree, Corey and the wheelbarrow. People focus their minds on this point with such persistence that they overlook the real Corey coming into notice when he devised an annealing process that gave the Carnegie plant valuable armor contracts.

These are the industrial men.

When it comes to fiduciary executives, however, the transactions are not always wholesome. Instead of so many tons of ore and coke to be made into rails and sold in competition abroad, there were life-insurance funds to be invested, legislatures to be influenced, syndicates to draw secret profits, directors sitting on seventy boards. Here the sons and grandsons were coming into power when the investigation brought a cleaner order of things. Here, too, was an unsavory alliance with politics.

In the Hands of the Shirt-Sleeve Generation

INDUSTRIAL organizations are fairly free from political alliances, and are still in the hands of the shirt-sleeve generation. If a second and third generation hoist up jacks-in-office then undoubtedly a shirt-sleeve generation of competitors will eat the soft-muscled trust alive. That is the belief of the industrial men themselves.

There is the old story about Mr. Duke, who learned that a clique of stockholders in American Tobacco proposed to oust him at the next meeting and hand his one-hundred-thousand-dollar job to somebody else. He broke up the conspiracy by immediately resigning, with the announcement that he would go into the tobacco business the day after his resignation took effect. The malcontents decided that Mr. Duke was earning his salary.

Carnegie had two scrap-piles—one for outworn machinery and the other for outworn men. Standard is oldest and strongest of the industrial trusts. But no second-generation element has a share in its control.

The transportation men, too, are genuine and clean. They deal with tangible things instead of dead capital, and work for or against the forces of Nature every day. And, for the most part, they work on straight salary. Few are stockholders or capitalists. After forty years of railroading a man like Charles S. Mellen has saved little.

When President Roosevelt called Mr. Harriman's attention to a slight gap (about one-fifth of a mile long) in the Colorado River, through which some water (about thirty feet depth) was reported to be leaking into the Salton sink, Mr. Harriman quietly brought the matter to the attention of a subordinate in Chicago—Julius Kruttschnitt, director of maintenance and operation of the Harriman system. Mr. Kruttschnitt was advised (in substance) to look into this matter, and, if said gap was found as rumored, it might be a good idea to close it up and let Mr. Harriman know how he made out.

Mr. Kruttschnitt put the Colorado back into its bed in fifteen days.

He used thousands of laborers, all the equipment he could lay hands on, and some one million five hundred thousand dollars of the Southern Pacific's money. But he built a dam containing seventy-seven thousand yards of material, and later made it permanent, so that if the Colorado gets out of its bed again it will have to climb four feet above high water. Mr. Kruttschnitt is an engineer, and bound, like most professional men, by a code of ethics. Yet, apart from this, when a transportation executive spends money at this rate for a dam, the proposition is somehow different from putting a million and a half into a new bond issue.

The Big Man on the Job

WHAT does the high-salaried executive actually do when at his office and working?

The big man is a conciliator, an approver, a "trouble man" and a court of last resort. The hatchet is the last thing he digs up.

All day he sits in his office and talks, talks, talks—by appointment. He gives decisions on inside and outside matters that no department can decide, and so quickly that even those who know him best often think he has not gone to the bottom of the premises. His conversation is "Yes, yes," and "Nope—not on your life, Bill," and he knows precisely what he is talking about. Few of the big men, indeed, but have come up from the bottom of their industries, technically.

With this minute knowledge the big man sits and decides, helped by the directors. Directors' meetings in some quarters are perfunctory. But not with the industrial trusts. Standard Oil has one daily.

Much of the big man's work, too, is done at home in his study, or abroad. He gets away from the mail and telegraph wire and does ground-and-lofty thinking. The president of that ten-million-dollar trust who hasn't been in his office in two years is still in touch with and runs an organization that he built up in the two years before that. Even when he was building it he came to the office hardly three hours a week.

The big executive is a "trouble man" in settling strikes, labor disputes, watching litigation, protecting himself against legislation, wise or unwise. He keeps his departments sweet, happy, intact.

He is a conciliator—like Mr. Perkins, for instance, who went to Europe with the warm, honest hand-clasp of a life-insurance solicitor who earned twenty-five thousand dollars a year getting new business, and induced the German Government to think

(Concluded on Page 35)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A.D. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 28, 1907

A Scandalous Explanation

"THIS defendant, answering the vague, impertinent, uncertain and scandalous charges, allegations and statements set forth in plaintiff's petition, denies that it ever at any time, from any motive whatsoever, entered into any agreement, scheme, combination or conspiracy . . . to control, regulate, restrain or monopolize the production or sale of anthracite coal or its transportation."

So solemnly asseverates the Reading Company in reply to the Government's charge that it is party to a hard-coal monopoly. The reply, surely, is pointed and comprehensive. Even the lay mind readily penetrates its legal verbiage and grasps the salient fact. In vulgar English, it means that the Reading Company explicitly declares that the Government's allegation that it is party to a hard-coal combination is an impertinent and scandalous lie.

The Reading Company is the largest producer and shipper of hard coal, so there could be no monopolistic combine unless that company were a party to it—which it isn't. Just at this point the lay mind falls down. It might venture an explanation as to how the price of hard coal could move with the most exact uniformity and the chief producer of that commodity still asserts that it was absolutely innocent of any agreement, scheme, or combination to control or regulate its sale. But in a conservatively legal view such an explanation would probably appear quite impertinent and scandalous.

What Makes for Peace

WE THINK The Hague Conference might conclude its labors appropriately by explaining the situation to the Moors, who so evidently do not understand it.

Under circumstances which it is unnecessary to review, it became the duty of France to send an "expedition of pacification" to Morocco. The expedition performed its civilizing function by the conventional method of shooting up such Moorish towns as were in most convenient range. When the enormous military superiority of France was thus convincingly demonstrated, it became the duty of the Moors to submit to the superior country's terms, and thus, by all reasonable rules, the affair would have ended. But the Moors unreasonably resisted to such a degree that the French press began to use the disagreeable word, war.

Nothing could have been less opportune. Expeditions of pacification come under ordinary operating expenses; but war means bonds, taxes, extraordinary demands upon capital—just at a moment when the whole financial world was straining under a load which was partly imposed by the war between Japan and Russia; some part of which, in fact, might still be traced back to the Boer War.

It was no time for war. The Hague Conference, voicing civilization's feeling, might have said to the Moors, "Look at this tight money market, and desist!"

The Bankrupt's Luxury

"FOR the last seventeen years," observed an eminent commercial lawyer, addressing the court, "the average fee allowed in receiverships has been ten per cent. of the amount of money handled by the receiver." He was urging that his bill of forty-odd thousand dollars for five months' arduous labor as attorney for a receiver was very modest.

It is one of the odd things about business that none but a bankrupt concern could afford the luxury of a receiver. Few solvent institutions, with the possible exception of faro banks, could stand a tax of ten per cent. on the amount of money handled over and above the ordinary operating costs. When a corporation is doing so poorly that it cannot pay its debts, the law at once subjects it to a ruinous waste. A very costly functionary, with an able but expensive corps of lawyers, is promptly loaded upon its enfeebled frame. If the company staggers under its burden, the first thing the law does is to increase them by a tenth. A sick business is promptly treated with a dose which would kill it if in robust health.

We are aware of only one reason for this peculiar course—namely, that if you are going to impose crushing burdens upon any concerns you must take the sick ones, because they have no power of resistance.

Actual assets of bankrupt concerns in the last seventeen years have amounted to about a billion and a half of dollars, according to the reports of the commercial agencies. Perhaps the receivers haven't actually got one hundred and fifty million in fees, but it seems a safe guess that they have got considerably more than they were worth.

Disturbers of the Peace

THAT Senator LaFollette is utterly impossible as a Presidential candidate is alleged by a leading Republican organ of the West. The candidate of any great party, it urges, must be "of approved fidelity to its principles." He must be a "harmonizer and not a disturber of party peace; conspicuous for the number of his friends in the party, and not for the number of his enemies."

If that were all, we should say that Senator LaFollette has the making of an ideal party candidate. Judging from the volume and general direction of the political energy that he has displayed in the past, we have no doubt that he would reduce the Republican party to a state of almost beatific harmony if he were placed at its head. His fidelity to its principles would be absolutely beyond question, because its principles would be those which he arranged for it.

We recall that G. Cleveland and T. Roosevelt were once regarded as rather impossible because they were disturbers of party peace. Yet each lived to see a great party eating out of his hand in the most harmonious and pacific manner imaginable.

It is suspected up in Wisconsin that Senator LaFollette needs only a fair show in order to be the Republican party, or any other party that he takes the dominant position in. If this estimate is correct we should say that the Senator is very eligible. In a general sort of way we judge that that candidate is most possible who is most inclined, temperamentally, to view his party in the light of a door-mat.

Were the Fathers Mistaken?

INABILITY to follow the arguments of those who see a great peril in this trend toward centralized government is one of our chief afflictions. Many danger-signals were displayed. The recent convention of the American Bar Association was quite prolific of them.

We wish to heed them—having that prejudice which is natural to conservative middle age against the road that leads to destruction. But, so far as we are able to interpret the precautionary signals, all the other roads lead simply nowhere.

Judge Parker thinks the Federal Government is despoiling the States of their powers and functions—which sounds alarmingly nefarious. But, if citizens of the United States residing in New York, Ohio, Indiana and Kansas continue to demand Federal control of railroads, it seems self-evident that those States will be more or less despoiled in that respect. No Federal policy can persist unless the people approve it. The same people who are despoiled in their capacity of State citizens are correspondingly aggrandized in their capacity of Federal citizens. We never knew a man to get much excited over the danger of robbing himself.

Congressman McCall says the people should keep governmental power where it can "be exercised under their very eyes." That, also, would sound quite convincing if every one did not know that, in fact, government at Washington is much more under the very eyes of the people of New York and Indiana than government at Albany and Indianapolis. The average citizen of Illinois and Nebraska is better informed as to what is going on at the National Capital than concerning happenings at Springfield and Lincoln.

True, the Fathers, with practically no experience at all in representative government, were suspicious of centralization. If the Sons, after a hundred and twenty years of experience, do not share that suspicion, all we are able to make out of the facts is that the Fathers were mistaken.

How Little We Know

BRIDGE-BUILDING has long been regarded as an exact science; a mathematical affair of computing strain and strength. The Quebec bridge was to be the largest and the best of its kind in the world. Engineers whose ability was unquestioned designed it. A famous company undertook the construction. The methods used in construction were matters of admiring comment among experts. On a fine afternoon, with no unfavorable weather condition, no unusual load, not a circumstance which would seem to have been beyond the builders' calculations, the whole huge structure tumbled down like a house of cards.

Expert examination so far has disclosed no fault in the design, no flaw in materials. The foundation staunchly withstood the shock of the collapse, and Professor Mackay reports "the satisfactory way in which the metal stood its severe punishment is a matter of general remark."

There must, of course, be more complete investigation before we shall know whether the Bulletin of the American Iron and Steel Association is right in speaking of "this calamity, which could have been guarded against by no human foresight"; but the best opinion at this writing inclines to that view. Possibly the able engineer made a mistake that any other able engineer would have made. He used certain masses of metal considerably larger than had ever before been used in just that way, and he dealt with them necessarily according to experience gained with smaller masses. This may have been the mistake. Two and two may not have made four, but some entirely unexpected numbers—five, or only three. The engineer became alarmed, just before the disaster, by a report from his inspector that the bridge "wasn't acting right"—which surely is far enough from the exactly scientific.

The blame will be fixed, if it is fixable. Meanwhile, reflect a moment, with humble hearts, on how little we know.

The Vanishing Fortune

REGRETFULLY, and forced thereto by an accumulating mass of evidence, which already is simply overwhelming, we conclude that a very ancient and honorable query has lost much of its sanction. It needs to be not merely revised, but reversed, in order to bring it strictly in line with the most modern experience.

When you see the shining ones of earth, the six-cylindered, the full-jeweled, the be-villaed, the Daughters and Sons of the American Evolution, those whose names are in the List, whom the Society Editor treats with tremulous deference and the assessor with resigned despair—do not ask, "Where did you get it?" Inquire, rather, "Where did you lose it?"

The processes by which an imposing fortune may be acquired have been pretty copiously explained. What now excites our curiosity, is that opposite process, so constantly intimated in current print, by which it may be dropped. Let us have symposiums by great captains of industry on "How I Progressed from Troubled Opulence to Comfortable Indigence." The biography of no eminent financier will satisfy unless it contains a candid paragraph upon the economic effects of overstaying a bull market. We shall expect, following stereotyped panegyrics upon the subject's wonderful foresight, a sentence like this: "Having prudently gone long seventeen reams of Union Pacific and Great Northern, in the fall of 1906, when money was tight all over the world, events of the succeeding twelve months suggested to him that it is not always well to look far ahead, for the view may be painful."

How many of those who so mightily flourished yesteryear, if put upon oath as to that familiar question, "Where did you get it?" would reply, "Why bother about that? for we didn't keep it." And very long ago it was said that those who lived by the sword should perish by the sword.

Borrowing from Spotted Horse

WE KNOW why Jones, who honorably earns fifteen hundred a year as assistant manager of the haberdashery department, and charming Miss Smith, whose papa is head bookkeeper, are wedded at high noon; why they have ushers and bridesmaids, a wedding breakfast, and such floral decorations that Smith père, already pale over losing his beloved daughter, grows quite ghastly as he dumbly reckons up the cost.

They do these things because the Astorbilts do them. As one must be wedded in some manner, a self-respecting workingman would naturally choose a manner as near as possible to that favored by persons who have nothing in particular to do except spend money.

But what we cannot understand is why the Jones-Smith couple have themselves publicly hazed. No doubt you have seen them more than once, as you chanced to pass the house, or as your train stood in the station—seen bride and groom in all their indubitable and expensive swellness, fleeing as for life, pursued by their swell ushers, bridesmaids and vociferating guests, who shower them with rice and with comments which advertised their estate to the grinning crowd—sometimes in terms which must be a trifle embarrassing to a delicate sense.

This hazing of the happy pair, we are learnedly informed, is not at all derived from the customs of the Astorbilts; but harks far back to a period when the bride was obtained by force. It does seem a pity to spend all that money in borrowing the manners of the Astorbilts, and then wind up by borrowing those of Spotted Horse.

MOTOR MANIA

By William Lee Howard, M.D.

IN MY study of Speed Mania, published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST about two years ago, I stated: "Speed mania . . . is the objective symptom of the high nervous tension which characterizes the present-day civilization. . . . It is a sociologic toxin, and the antidote, mental and bodily relaxation, is as yet but little understood or desired by the victims. . . . What the unthinking often call courage is in reality a psychic blindness to reason. True courage is a mean between foolhardiness and cowardice."

It is scarcely necessary more than to mention that the automobile accidents of the past year have demonstrated the truth of those statements.

The increase of serious accidents is now seen to be mostly due to a psychic blindness to reason. In other words, the constantly occurring accidents are due to the fact that powerful machines are driven by those possessed of a high nervous tension of irresponsible impulses for speed. This class of men have no basic knowledge of the real power beneath them; no previous training or experience in handling rapidly moving forces. It is this class that make for mutilation and death of all those around them.

These Molochs of the highways have faulty orientation. This state results in impulses for dangerous speeding, for more and more excitement – a greater tension.

The primary cause of this condition is the result of toxic stimuli, which are constantly being produced in the faulty human machine. This accumulates in direct ratio to the excitement. Now comes a rise in the blood pressure, the brain is surcharged with the poison, and, like the alcoholic, the speed maniac must have more of this stimulant.

There follows a veritable insane demand for more speed — dangerous speed – the result of an irresponsible brain as concerns rational judgment and calm realization of danger. This merges into a chronic state of mental and nervous unrest, and speed mania becomes a real, fixed, mental affection.

It will be noticed that most of the accidents have occurred where the driver has had no early experience or training in matters which instil into the mind the difference between carefully considered risks and foolhardiness. The driver who has had this experience and training is not the one who becomes a speed maniac he is physiologically in a normal condition.

The Little Drops of Experience

THE man who reaches middle-age without having obtained in early life knowledge and experience in handling sailing boats, driving or riding spirited horses, bicycle racing, or in any sport that calls for nerve, judgment and that necessary development of coördination of mind and muscle which makes for safety, and attempts, after a few weeks of mere technical instruction, to control a power of thirty horses, is the individual who is dangerous to himself and others.

It is this individual who races with express trains; this nerve-tensioned man who dashes with foolhardiness around the bend of an unknown road, or tries on a narrow way to prove that his thirty horses are superior to the twelve horses driving the car ahead.

Such victims of speed mania have for their shibboleth, "The Quick or the Dead" – and if you are not quick you *are* dead.

In the human brain are thousands of little fibres that run from one thought centre to another. They have direct and crossed connections. These tiny fibres carry messages from one centre of thought or impulse to another, so that immediate action takes place — that is, they do so if these fibres and central stations have been well developed and kept in active use.

For example: You have in early life ridden one of those high-wheel bicycles. Every movement on one of those high wheels had to be carefully watched. When speeding, the rider's eyes were on a stone, rut or approaching wagon After many bone-breaking falls, the centre for sight got to calling up over one of these association fibres a muscular centre which caused that particular muscle to respond immediately to the danger, and, finally, the two became so intimately responsive that a movement for safety was made unconscious of any voluntary action on the rider's part.

These fibres are called association fibres, and it is the development of these physiologic wires of communication and their central stations that make all actions and thoughts move in harmony and with unconscious effort. Where these fibres and certain centres have not been developed by constant functioning they cannot respond at once to a thought or desired act without the individual calling out voluntary effort.

The difference in time to this reaction is the difference between a fatal accident and a swerve to safety.

These unconscious acts for safety are crystallized instincts: not voluntary activities. They are crystallized from the little drops of experience constantly accumulating during early training and participation in manly and hazardous sports.

In a man so trained there are no broken fragments of thoughts as danger approaches; no hesitancy of going ahead or of turning aside; but clear, incised lines of association which have been indelibly laid out by past experience.

One of the best examples of this development of association fibres is seen in the trained boxer. If he had to stop to send a conscious message over the line and back to the muscle, how long would he last against an opponent whose fibres respond in an instant to the impulse?

The Lesson of the Sailboat

SPEED mania seizes those who are primarily living on their nerves. Add to this condition the fact that their untrained and undeveloped muscle and nerve centres are unable to act in instant unison, and the cause of these fatal accidents is not far to seek. When the moment arrives for instantaneous action the driver is helpless, and the powerful car and its occupants are hurled to death.

If you are staying at the seashore and an acquaintance — a middle-aged business man – rents a sailboat and asks you and your children to go for a sail, you carefully consider whether he is an experienced sailor. If he has not had early and constant experience with boats and the sea you do not hesitate to refuse his invitation to go out and get drowned.

Now, if this same man offers to take you out in his forty-horse-power auto you all accept with alacrity.

Consider for a moment where the danger most lies—in a boat where you all have some chance should she get capsized, or in the auto going forty miles an hour when it turns over?

It is the same old, world story. Where knowledge and experience step in we use judgment; where a thing is new to us we have no fear. Like a little child, we fear not because we know not.

Those blinded to all sense of danger by the psychic excitement of great speed are those ignorant of the force of inertia.

They are untrained in the judging of speed and distances; they have no grip upon their nervous system; the operators at the different brain-centres have never gone on duty, and in a fever of speed impulses these unfitted men rush on to destruction.

It is this dangerous class that cry out: "Hit 'er up, Jim! Give that feller ahead our dust! Let her out!" Frequently these are the last noble words uttered by the irresponsible individuals.

This class of dangerous drivers never realize that unless the man at the wheel has his mind and muscles so tuned as instinctively to work in unison upon any sudden emergency, one or the other will give way to fright or temporary paralysis.

Offer one of these untrained men a spirited horse—one which needs a skilled hand to bit and mouth—and ask him to ride this horse along the lanes and roads. His knowledge of the horse, from seeing and hearing since boyhood, makes him fear the attempt. He readily realizes that he has not had the training and experience that would enable him to control the animal.

Here we see that knowledge brings forth reason.

Yet this same man, after a few technical lessons in adjusting carbureters, in learning the uses of clutches and speed-gears, blindly believes that he can, without danger, control forty horses energized by an explosive force, of whose chemistry and physics he is totally ignorant.

Knowing Where You Are At

IT IS not the drivers of automobiles who have been yachting men or riders of horses that are found at the steering-gear when one of these frightful accidents occur. It is the business man, nerves exhausted, dependent upon constant excitement and stimulant; perhaps the same sort of man who has become unbalanced by speed mania, or else it is the half-mechanic who passes for a trained chauffeur and whose lack of experience prevents orientation, and who is, therefore, a willing assistant to the speed maniac

This division of auto drivers into three dangerous classes is founded on more than mere psychologic knowledge. It is based upon a practical study of the accidents that are now as much a part of the daily news as the stock reports.

Every man in this list of dangerous drivers believes in his ignorance that he can always, and in sudden crises, control a machine weighing a ton and more, speeding forty miles an hour. There are also two other distinct classes of dangerous autoists: the inexperienced driver and that alleged chauffeur who is nothing but a second-class hack-driver and always looking for a "good time."

With these two latter classes let the good work go on until they return to dust—permanently or otherwise. This is the most effective method of weeding the unfit.

Let a man venture into unfamiliar acts, or any risk where his results are not continually checked by past experience, and the best intellect, the soberest mind, will ofttimes lose his orientation.

Now, orientation is "knowing where you are at"—in the mental sense.

In the untrained man, unexpected emergencies paralyze all power for instantaneous acts. Fright produces horror, and this sense of horror gives way, in turn, to mental palsy.

The power of attention is the property of the normally constituted, trained and unexhausted brain. The yacht navigator, the officer on the bridge, the railroad engineer—all of their kind, are trained to a state of attention. Their skill in controlling the power beneath them comes through gradual and thorough experience.

No neurasthenic—no man living on his nervous capital—should be allowed to drive a motor-car. These men have exhausted brains. Under usual stimulation these brains apparently work in a normal manner.

But such individuals have not the power of steady attention. When the vital moment arrives they are unable to demonstrate a spontaneous adaptation of movement to the thought. Driving a car at thirty miles an hour, rounding a curve, they suddenly see another car or a wagon directly in front of them. They hesitate, swerve, lose control of wheel or brake—and—well, you read of it in the daily papers.

The neurotic who has been advised to motor—that is, drive a car himself—has been advised to risk killing himself and all those with him.

All neurotics are unable to give steady and lengthened attention. This condition produces false judgment respecting objective surroundings.

No man would be allowed to run a railroad engine unless he had had early and thorough experience in firing and oiling the engine—had learned to understand every part of its mechanism. After this he has experience in the cab alongside a tried engineer. Here he is taught to handle every emergency; he meets with accidents and unconsciously learns to "keep his head," and "presence of mind" comes to be a normal characteristic.

Only after his mind and muscles act in unison, on the instant—only when such acts come intuitively, so unconscious of prearranged thoughts that when they are concluded he can give no detail of their association—would he be allowed the full responsibility of controlling a speeding engine. Remember, also, that a locomotive runs on rails carefully guarded. Its course is unvaried, its simple curves known, and every mile controlled by signals.

I have spoken several times of orientation—knowing "where you are at." As an example of this necessary faculty in the make-up of every autoist, one of my automobile experiences may make clear my meaning.

One evening I was invited to try out a new car. The invitation came from a gentleman with considerable knowledge of motoring.

It was a dark night. We were returning home at a twenty-mile clip. My friend remarked, "There's that new road," and he immediately turned the car.

Bump! crash! and out into the air I shot. In the air I did some rapid orientation—that is, I knew I was bound to land with a crushed skull, and in that fraction of a second, which makes for safety in the trained athlete, I turned in mid-air so as to land on my shoulder. When I picked myself up there was the car, turned upside-down, with my friend underneath. He spent four months in the hospital. I was black-and-blue for many weeks.

What is called "presence of mind" in emergencies is simply the instinctive impulse to do the right thing at the right moment. This never occurs except in those whose mind and muscles have had early training by past experiences in danger and physical deeds.

Had I not been accustomed to tumbling in mid-air, had I not been trained and experienced in all kinds of emergencies, I should not be writing these details.

Of course, we can't all be trained to be tumblers; but no man, on the other hand, should be allowed to drive powerful and speedy machines on the public highways who has not had some training in allied matters.

I had an interesting case of speed intoxication on my hands last year. The man had followed a business career from boyhood. He had been successful from a monetary point of view. At thirty-eight years of age he was left a fortune. I saw him two years after he had come into possession of the money.

He had several autos. He would buy one after another as soon as he discovered one that would go faster than the one before.

He was a veritable speed maniac. He bolted his breakfast while talking of advancing sparks, would gulp down a lunch with goggles pushed back on his forehead, and would sit down to dinner, feverish, tired, but artificially exhilarated, while discussing the improvements on his searchlight, which he was to try as soon as his dinner was thrown into him.

He was a neurasthenic—he was spending his nervous capital like a spendthrift. His wife and friends were justifiedly worried about him, but could do nothing. Finally, he got so far in his mania as to purchase, at great expense, an autoboat.

This man could neither handle a boat nor swim. He knew no more about tides than he did about Sanskrit. Spar buoys, reefs and lobster-pot buoys were unknown factors to him in navigating. Yet he boldly launched this frail racing craft in a harbor full of these dangers.

It was a tender shell of aluminum. Empty of all machinery, I wouldn't have gone fishing in her on a mill-pond. In this wabbling coffin-boat was placed an engine of many hundredweight.

After much unpleasant discussion he promised his wife to take me along as navigator on his first trip.

Sitting back, pinched in a little aluminum chair, with a good life-preserver on, I awaited the moment when she would hit a lobster-pot buoy and be punctured like an eggshell.

The speed-crazed owner remonstrated with me for taking the life-preserver, and asked me if I were afraid. Without his knowledge I had secreted a cork life-preserver for him. With fixed attention, I watched for that instant I should have to dive away from the sinking craft (she would have gone down like a bar of lead), grab the speed maniac and haul him to safety. Many fishermen hung around to see the fun—and assist.

No words can describe this man's total obliviousness to anything but the engine. He seldom looked to see where the death-craft was going. Nothing but her speed, how to get more out of her, and constant experimenting with the mixtures, seemed able to enter his speed-driven brain.

This was fortunate, for it enabled me to get her running up the little harbor to a safe landing just as something blew out. He looked up, saw we were at the pier and merely said

"Wait until I get her tuned up—then I'll show you. You are too heavy for her. Wait until I take her out alone—then you'll see."

A few weeks after this episode he was sent abroad to be placed under treatment for a complete mental rest.

All through his business career he had been a "speed maniac"; he had spent almost all of his nervous capital.

Now all this does not imply that injurious effects follow the use of speeding cars. The auto has come to stay, and from all points of view is a valuable and remarkable advance in the world's moving things. I mention these incidents only to show that most of the fatal accidents are not due to the use of autos, but to their use by a certain class of men who are not fitted, either by their psychologic make-up or by training, to handle these speed machines.

Just as there are those to whom one glass of whisky means drunkenness and all the recklessness and mania this implies, so are there individuals to whom a single experience in reckless speeding mentally unfits them to be anything but a passenger in an auto, and then only when the driver is a man of will power, firmness and judgment.

It is a proper understanding of this latter phase of the subject that will bring about the regulating of the man who drives the auto—not the regulating of the speed of the inanimate, though sometimes almost human in its devilments, machine itself.

Oddities and Novelties

OF EVERY-DAY SCIENCE

The Ideal Height

RECRUITS who are much over six feet tall are not desired for the United States Army. There are exceptions, of course; but, as a rule, men who run much over six feet lack depth of chest, and, by reason of inadequate lung capacity, fall below the average in power of endurance.

The ideal height for a man, according to observations from a military standpoint, is an inch and a half under six feet. It does not seem to be intended by Nature that the male human animal shall exceed this stature, if due regard is to be had for development at all points. On the other hand, it is an obvious disadvantage, for physical effectiveness, to be under the average number of inches. At five feet ten and a half a man attains his best development of muscle and bone, with highest vital efficiency.

Just what is the average height for a man seems to be not satisfactorily settled. Obviously, it differs largely with race, ourselves and the Japanese representing among civilized peoples the two extremes. On the other hand, the American Indians are taller than we are, and the aborigines of Patagonia must be considered the loftiest folk in the world, inasmuch as the men commonly run over six feet in height. When the early Spanish explorers described them as a race of giants they were not far from the fact.

Even in the United States stature seems to vary considerably with locality. During the Civil War, from the beginning to the end of which our Government put into the field and on board of fighting ships more than two millions and a half of men, the tallest recruits came from Kentucky, averaging over five feet eight and a half inches. Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, California and Nevada came next, in the order given—all of them over five feet eight. Maine, Illinois and Michigan averaged five feet seven and four-fifths inches, and Ohio and Pennsylvania a trifle less. Recruits from Massachusetts and Connecticut stood at the foot of the list, measuring five feet six and a half inches.

After fifty years of age the human body begins to undergo a progressive shrinkage. Not only do the muscular tissues lose bulk, but even the bones become smaller. Meanwhile there is a contraction of the cartilaginous tissue between the vertebræ of the backbone, which causes a loss of height, a man originally six feet tall frequently losing as much as an inch and a half of his stature by the time he is seventy years old.

Fishing for Petroleum

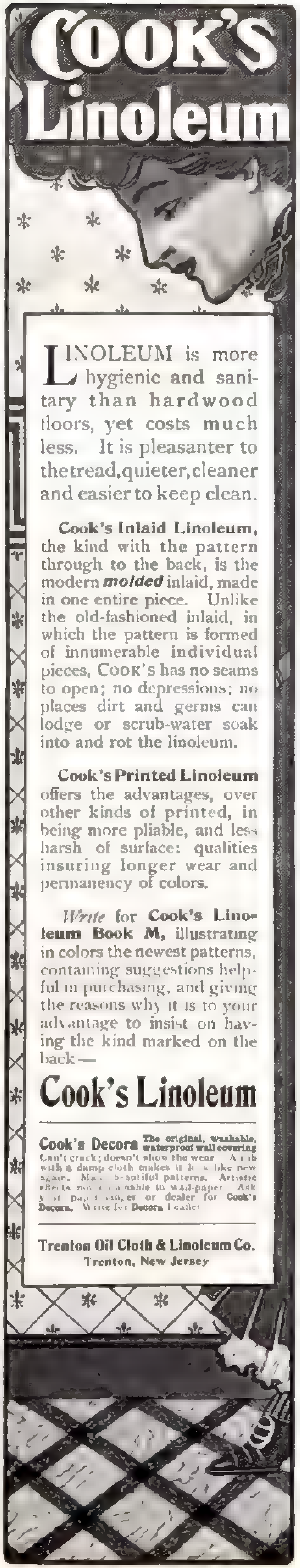
IN THE neighborhood of Summerland, on the coast of California, ten miles south of Santa Barbara, the visitor may behold at the present time a very strange and interesting spectacle, the like of which was never seen in the world before. It is nothing more nor less than a fishery for petroleum.

Out from the smooth, sandy beach, and extending at right angles therewith into the ocean, are many long docks, or piers, supporting oil derricks. The latter are like any other derricks constructed for such a purpose, but, instead of being used to bring up oil from the dry land, they are made to serve for fetching the fluid from beneath the waters of the sea.

The piers described are many of them of great length, stretching a quarter of a mile or more out into the Pacific, in order to tap the oil-bearing strata under the sea. Derricks are set all along the beach itself, upheld by piles, in order that the breakers may flow back and forth beneath them.

One might imagine that the discovery of the oil under the sea came about through observation of petroleum floating on the waves. Such does not seem, however, to have been the case. Prospectors for the precious fluid, having come upon a very productive oil field on terra firma, in the neighborhood of Summerland, were naturally led down to the ocean beach by the circumstance that the oil-producing area appeared to extend in that direction. Finding that there was oil beneath the very breakers, it occurred to them to seek it farther out.

The petroleum obtained from under the sea is remarkable, like all the oil in that neighborhood, for containing a great deal of asphalt. It is, in fact, very impure and thick, owing to this admixture of an extraneous substance. But the asphalt itself is decidedly valuable when separated out, and is being utilized for paving and other such purposes.



COOK'S Linoleum

LINOLEUM is more hygienic and sanitary than hardwood floors, yet costs much less. It is pleasanter to the tread, quieter, cleaner and easier to keep clean.

Cook's Inlaid Linoleum, the kind with the pattern through to the back, is the modern ***molded*** inlaid, made in one entire piece. Unlike the old-fashioned inlaid, in which the pattern is formed of innumerable individual pieces, COOK'S has no seams to open; no depressions; no places dirt and germs can lodge or scrub-water soak into and rot the linoleum.

Cook's Printed Linoleum offers the advantages, over other kinds of printed, in being more pliable, and less harsh of surface: qualities insuring longer wear and permanency of colors.

Write for **Cook's Linoleum Book M,** illustrating in colors the newest patterns, containing suggestions helpful in purchasing, and giving the reasons why it is to your advantage to insist on having the kind marked on the back—

Cook's Linoleum

Cook's Decora The original, washable, waterproof wall covering. Can't crack; doesn't show the wear. A rub with a damp cloth makes it look like new again. Many beautiful patterns. Artistic effects not obtainable in wall-paper. Ask your paper-hanger or dealer for **Cook's Decora.** Write for **Decora** Leaflet.

Trenton Oil Cloth & Linoleum Co.
Trenton, New Jersey

Does your food cost too much?

NO matter how much food you can buy for a dollar, it costs too much if it doesn't contain a hundred cents' worth of food value. **Quaker Oats** is greater in food value and costs less money than any food you can buy.

Read this Testimony from London.

London, England, June 26, 1907—At a gathering of great doctors under the presidency of the Lord Mayor of London, Sir James Crichton Browne, one of the greatest authorities on foods and health, said that right feeding is better than education and he insisted that "wage earners spend too much for food." He deplored the fact that there is not more oatmeal eaten, and asserted that "a small plate of oatmeal porridge is equal to two thick slices from a four pound loaf."

A package of **Quaker Oats** costs ten cents and will make thirty plates of porridge, or the equivalent in food value of sixty slices of bread. The best and cheapest food you can eat.

Quaker Wheat Berries

The most attractive form of whole wheat. Entire grains — puffed and baked — brown and delicious.

Ten cents a package

Quaker Rice

The most generally eaten cereal in the world, in its best form. Dainty and strengthening.

Ten cents a package

The Quaker Oats Company

CHICAGO

NOTE: The 10-cent price is not effective in the extreme south and the far west.

A lady, in writing to an intelligence office for a housemaid, used her monogram stationery, and said: "That is one more way of giving them to understand what sort of housemaid I want." A business letter on

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND

"Look for the Water Mark"

is a very effective way of giving any business man to understand what sort of proposition you offer or entertain.

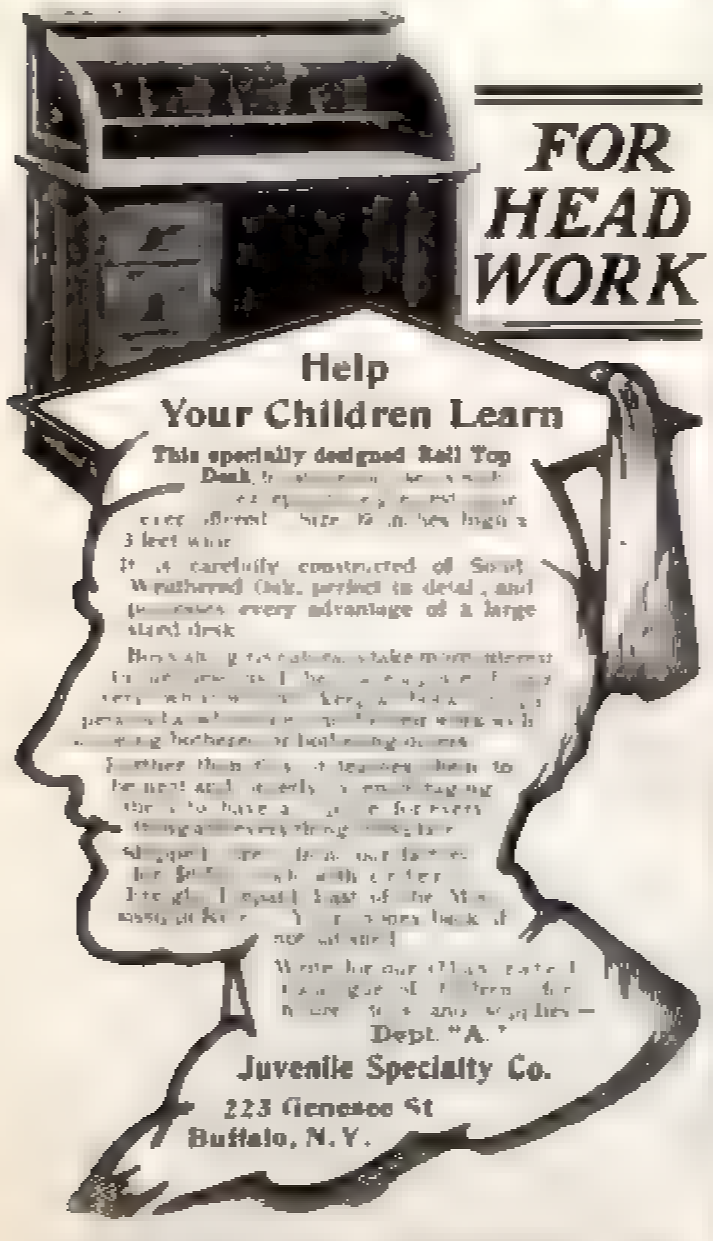
That it pays always to use OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND for commercial stationery is the testimony of prudent business men.

Prove this for yourself — have your printer show you the OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND Book of Specimens, or better still, write us for a copy. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND. Please write on your present letterhead.

Hampshire Paper Company

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively

South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts



FOR HEAD WORK

Help Your Children Learn

This specially designed Roll Top Desk [illegible] size 40 inches high x 3 feet wide.

It is carefully constructed of Solid Weathered Oak, perfect in detail, and possesses every advantage of a large sized desk.

[illegible]

Write for our Illustrated [illegible] — Dept. "A."

Juvenile Specialty Co.
223 Genesee St
Buffalo, N.Y.

Amateur Photographers

For 25c. We will make from your film, and mount ready to frame a magnificent 8 x 10 enlargement worth one dollar. Films developed 25c. per doz. Velox prints, mounted 5c. each. Photo Dept

JUDGE & DOLPH DRUG CO., 515 OLIVE ST., ST. LOUIS, MO

YOUR HOME

YOU remember Whistler's jibing way of putting it? "You go into a house and find good furniture and apparent good taste. Then you catch sight of something on the mantel that gives the whole thing away!"

Jibing? Yes. But jibes are goodly spurs, and many a man, touched by this Whistlerian one, has been impelled to look apprehensively about his house, fearful that his eye will light upon the thing unfit. And often he has found it and has covertly put it away.

The taking away of the unfit, the incongruous — that is the always important but often difficult thing to do. And as to that, again Whistler: "There is many a Christmas and many a birthday responsible," said a friend, hurt by his criticism, to which came swiftly the retort: "But there is many another birthday and many another Christmas to pass the things along!" In which, by the way, Whistler had no desire to be taken literally, for he was of a kind to get rid of a thing impetuously — he let no unfit thing stand upon the order of its going, but made it go at once.

Well, true enough it is that our pleasant anniversaries are made whips to scourge us. The Old Man of the Sea too often assumes the guise of mistakenly-chosen furniture or meretricious ornament. Yet we should no more shoulder the burden of unbecoming furniture, merely because it is a gift, than we should wear unbecoming hats or clothing similarly acquired through some one's heedless ill taste. For, rightly considered, one's home is a part of one's self, reflects one's self, is representative of one's self, and it should not be at the mercy of friends without judgment.

That your home should grow with your growth, develop with your development, become more beautiful, more worthy, more desirable, as you yourself progress — that, after all, is the important thing. No place like home! — an admirable sentiment, this, if interpreted in terms of individuality. For a man ought to make his home so different from the home of every one else that he may rightly say there is none other like it. There are no two personalities alike; therefore there should be no two homes alike; this being one of the cases in which logic and truth are the same.

To own a house is a laudable ambition. But to make your house distinctively your own is an ambition more laudable still. In other words, getting a building and a certain amount of land round about it is one thing, and it is quite another to make that land and that building individually representative.

Now, nothing is more certain than that the growth of a home does not need to mean growth in the sense of size. It may, and not unlikely will, mean that; this bringing to mind Washington's whimsical description of the Connecticut houses which were enlarged as the families increased; and there comes, too, the remembrance of the embryo of a house, the very rudiment and beginning of a house, which we came across at a beautifully chosen site in the hills of New Jersey, not far from the Oranges. Two stories in height, with just one room on the ground floor and just one room on the floor above, it was an inchoate thing at which one smiled perforce. And yet it represented common-sense, at which one should never smile! It represented the limits of the builder's pocketbook. In time, room after room was to be added, until the house should be complete.

Looks as if it Grew There

But the growth of a home, though it may include a growth in actual size, is, in its highest sense, a growth in fineness and beauty.

"It looks as if it grew there!" What better thing can be said of a house! For the phrase, rightly used, means that a house has all the outward and visible signs of excellence, and when there are the outward and visible signs there is likely to be the inward and spiritual grace. For it is with houses as it is with men: good looks are reasonably sure to be a sign of inward good taste. "The stately homes of England — how beautiful they stand amid their tall ancestral trees o'er all the pleasant land!" And they are so full of charm and delight, those stately homes of England, because they seem to have grown where they stand, and because they represent centuries of thought and culture and loving care. And that is another thing: begin your house not only for the present but also for the future!

Thoreau loved to remark that whenever he passed one of those big tool-boxes beside the railroad track, the thought came to him that therein were all the requisites of a home. But Thoreau was setting forth only one of those half-truths in which he took perverse delight. He himself, indeed, lived for a time a sublimated picnic life in a hut by Walden Pond, but he never seriously believed that, either for himself or for others, a home was complete if it furnished nothing more than seclusion and shelter. But he was only expressing, invertedly, precisely the same thought as was contained in Emerson's warning against assuming too-heavy burdens. Every house, declares Emerson, is a weight that must be borne; and, therefore, the wisdom should be obvious of owning only such a house as can be borne without too great stress. The man with the embryotic house near the Oranges was determined to let it grow only as fast as his power to lift it.

With a house, a home, that is not a burden, what miracles may be wrought! For, in the growth and development of one's own home comes a wonderful enrichment of life, a vast addition to enjoyment; then comes the growth of all that is sweetest and finest and best.

A Planter for the Centuries

Appearance means much, and justly so. We should aim at the best possible looks for our house just as we should for ourselves. There is incomprehensibility in being heedful as to gown or coat, and heedless as to door and window and roof-line.

In the attainment of good looks there are a host of potential aids; but for the outward appearance of a house few things are more important than vines. The house must be of proper design; there must be trees; but admirable distinction may be added by proper vines, properly planted and trained.

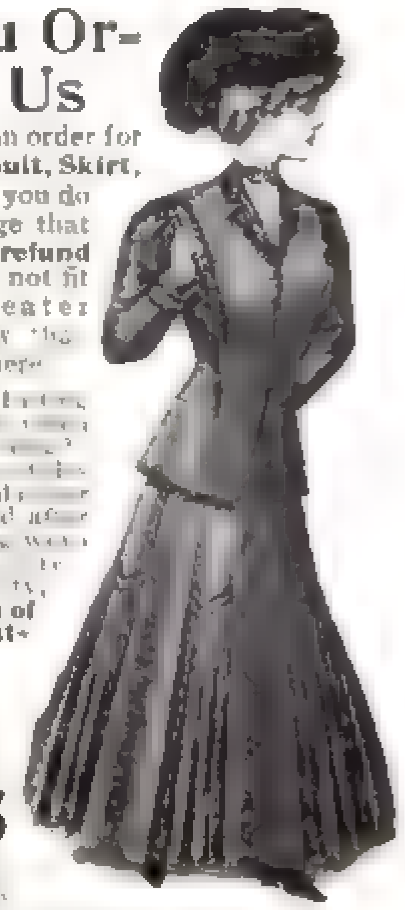
There are some who object to vines from fear of dampening the walls. But this "beware of dampness" is but one of the shibboleths of phraseological folk. As a matter of fact, the tiny shoots of the vine-stems, so far from causing dampness, extract moisture from the walls to which they cling.

Then what vines ought we to plant? And the answers may be various, largely dependent, as they should be, upon particular conditions and individual taste.

A favorite with many is the English ivy. It is a thing of beauty; its loveliness increases; yet we cannot complete the lines and say that it never passes into nothingness, because that is precisely what it is liable to do in the uncertain climate of the northern half of our country. Yet the results are so admirable when this vine is successful that it would be a pity not to encourage its growth.

It grows richly in certain places in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and on Nassau, at Princeton, and sometimes even farther north. Plant it in a sheltered corner, and then, in other places, plant vines of swifter growth and more assured success. Should the first English ivy establish itself well replace one of the other vines with it, and thus continue until, gradually, you have all you need. Necessarily this would be a matter of years: but you would be doing it for your children and your children's children. It is a fine thing to plant for the future, just as it is to build for the future; one is ennobled by it, and rises above narrow and petty things.

Somehow, the old-timers understood this better than most people do in this age of swiftness and change. Think of those marvelous paths of the Boboli, arched and shaded by greenery that has grown through three centuries. Think of the grapevine at Hampton Court, which was planted before the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Every man has within him the desire to be thought well of after his death, and what a splendid thing it would be to be



You Take No Risk When You Order From Us

When you send us an order for a **made-to-measure Suit, Skirt, Jacket or Raincoat**, you do so with the knowledge that **we guarantee to refund your money if we do not fit you.** We give you greater value for your money than you can obtain elsewhere.

[illegible] you are certain of being correctly and attractively dressed.

Fall and Winter SUITS MADE-TO-ORDER: **$6 to 25**

Our Catalogue illustrates and describes the following garments which we make to order

Visiting Dresses	.	$6 00 to $20
Tailor-made Suits	.	7.50 to 25
Separate Skirts	.	3.50 to 15
Rain-coats	. . .	8.75 to 18

Also a full line of the following ready-made goods

Underwear	Furs
Dressing Sacques	Ladies' Coats
Children's Dresses	Children's Coats
Shirt-Waists	Corsets
Sweaters	Handkerchiefs

We pay transportation charges to any part of the U. S.

Write to-day for our new Fall and Winter Catalogue [illegible]

NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.
214 West 24th Street, New York City
The Largest Ladies' Outfitting Establishment in the World
Mail Orders Only. No Agents or Branches [illegible]

A Personal Gift for your friend at Christmas or any time — will please most and be kept longest.

Begin NOW to compile the

Friendship Calendar
A Thought for Every Day of 1908.

[illegible]

Blue and Gold Edition — [illegible] Flemish Edition [illegible] Morocco Edition — Red or Alice Blue pad [illegible] easel leg to stand on desk or dresser [illegible] leaves dated in two colors, with gold plated [illegible] $5.00. Each calendar in box [illegible] desired and complete in [illegible]

Send us your dealer's name and address and we will send you FREE Stevenson's "VALUE OF A FRIEND" beautifully illuminated in gold red and black on vellum suitable for framing or for sending to friend with calendar

FRIENDSHIP CALENDAR COMPANY
33 Cedar Street New Britain, Conn.

10 Days Free Trial

We ship on approval, without a cent deposit, freight prepaid. DON'T PAY A CENT if you are not satisfied after using the bicycle 10 days.

Do Not Buy [illegible] art catalogs [illegible]

ONE CENT [illegible] free, postpaid. [illegible] Do not wait, write it now.

TIRES, Coaster-Brakes, Built-up Wheels and [illegible]

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. M-55 CHICAGO

Raise Violets

The Sweetest and Daintiest Flowers. [illegible]

[illegible] "Money Making with Violets" [illegible]

Dept. 2. Elite Conservatories, Dedham, Mass.

remembered by posterity as a planter for the centuries! What a fine thing it would be to be remembered as the man who set out the big trees of California, let us say! We do not rightly begin to live until we recognize the potentialities of our relation to posterity. It is given to few men to start on its career a tree of many centuries, but any man may leave a vine for his grandchildren.

The leaves of the English ivy remain green throughout the entire year, which is a distinct advantage. And this is remindful of an important point concerning the many vines whose leaves drop when the frost comes or which wither to the roots. It is important, with such vines, to have in mind what will be the appearance of the walls when winter comes. For the walls must not be left ragged or unlovely for half the year through haphazard trellises or disorderly cords or wires. If cords are used they must be taken down completely when the vines wither. The English—as is natural enough, they having as a race been gardeners long before this country was discovered—pay considerable attention to this branch of the vine subject, and build, as part of the vital structure of the house, really admirable trellis-work which remains, when bare, with decorative effect. Upon numerous American houses such permanent and well-designed trellises have recently been built.

It must be remarked, however, that a trellis will not accommodate every kind of vine. It will take the wistaria, the clematis, the trumpet-vine, the rose, the grapevine, and others, but some, such as the English ivy and Japanese ivy, will ignore it and cling right to the wall.

For a frame house, vines which will run on a trellis are better than those which cling to the building, for a frame house needs recurrent repaintings, necessitating the taking down of the vines, and then there is not only the danger of ruin to the vines, but there is also the leaving, upon the house, of a residuum of tiny feelers, myriad in quantity and difficult to remove. For these reasons it is better to confine the use of English and Japanese ivy to houses of stone or brick, except so far as to permit the growth of these vines upon the stone foundations of houses of frame.

Neither Japanese nor English demands guidance in its course up a wall, for both vines follow what may be termed a natural artistic instinct. And yet they yield docilely when it is desired to train them around some window or to some particular corner.

The Japanese ivy is a vine of wonderful possibilities. It is of much more rapid growth than the English, and is so generous in luxuriance that, wherever it will grow at all, there need be no unsightly bareness of wall or street, bridge or factory, for it stands admirably the smudge and dust of cities.

Ivy and Virginia Creeper

It is one of the things which we ought gladly to welcome from the other side of the Pacific. The Orient has long been taking freely from the West; but tea and porcelain from China and this ivy from Japan go far toward striking a balance. And yet, though we are right in appreciating and domiciling this ivy, we should not take away its name and term it "Boston" ivy, as to some extent has been done. It is said to have been first introduced in this country in Boston, and it grows luxuriantly on a host of buildings there, but none the less it is "Japanese" ivy. It is interesting to note that there has been considerable feeling over the fact that Japanese ivy has been allowed to grow over Washington's tomb to the exclusion of Virginia creeper.

The Japanese ivy grows with most effectiveness along the Atlantic coast, from Massachusetts to Florida, and also along the Pacific; it also grows with effectiveness throughout much of the interior of our country, but there are some sections in which its existence is somewhat doubtful and precarious.

The Japanese ivy and the Virginia creeper—odd juxtaposition of names—are related to each other, so say the authorities on vine genealogy; the Japanese being the ampelopsis tricuspidata, and the Virginian the ampelopsis quinquefolia, and the leaves have the same glorious colors in the fall.

One important difference between the two is that the Japanese ivy, no matter how old, continues to throw out fine little delicate green leaves even down to the very bottom of the vine, whereas the Virginia creeper, as it ages, has a tendency to become bare and unsightly at the bottom, and to grow leaves of too large a size. With both the leaves disappear with the coming of winter, but the vines themselves do not wither.

As the Japanese and English ivies offer the charm of association with foreign lands and are "cosmopolitanly planned," so also the Virginia creeper is not cabined, cribbed, confined within narrow limits; we have seen it, a pleasing sight, clambering up the walls of ancient buildings that stand dreamily beside the waterways of that city of mystery and fascination, Venice

Even greater than the pleasure which comes from knowing that one's vine has descended from England or from Japan is that which springs from definitely associating it with an interesting spot. If you grow English ivy it will add keen zest to know that you obtained it at the ivy-grown ruins of Kenilworth or Heidelberg. There is illimitable suggestion in this idea in regard to vines and flowers and trees; and, to mention what happened to be an easily-achieved example, there grew luxuriantly for us a Virginia creeper which we took from the deserted ruin of the country home of that Mary Phillipse who was Washington's first love.

The Vine for the Home Wall

In deciding upon the kind of vine there should be consideration not only of the vine itself, but of the place which it is to beautify Is it to grow on a sunlit front, or is it to brighten a sombre corner? Is it to cover house or barn or fence? Is it to be grown primarily for its beauty or primarily as a screen?

There are vines, such as the clematis, which, if successful, are a splendid glory from spring to fall; yet one must not too hastily fix upon clematis for, after all, it grows with a slender restraint, and an absence of push and assertiveness, and may, therefore, not develop so satisfactorily as desired.

There are two varieties of clematis which are often grown—one with great purple or white blossoms, which is not always a success, and the other, known as the "clematis paniculata," which is a thing of beauty. It clambers up wire or trellis and glows with a multitude of smallish white blossoms. It is of the hardy class, too—that is, although its leaves wither with the frost its vine remains.

There is also a wild clematis which, like the bitter-sweet, you may often chance upon in your rambles through the green lanes of the country, clambering "over gray walls green with mosses," and you may transplant either of these if you take them up with care. If they have attained quite a growth you will carry them home in long streamers. The time to transplant is not in the spring, but the fall.

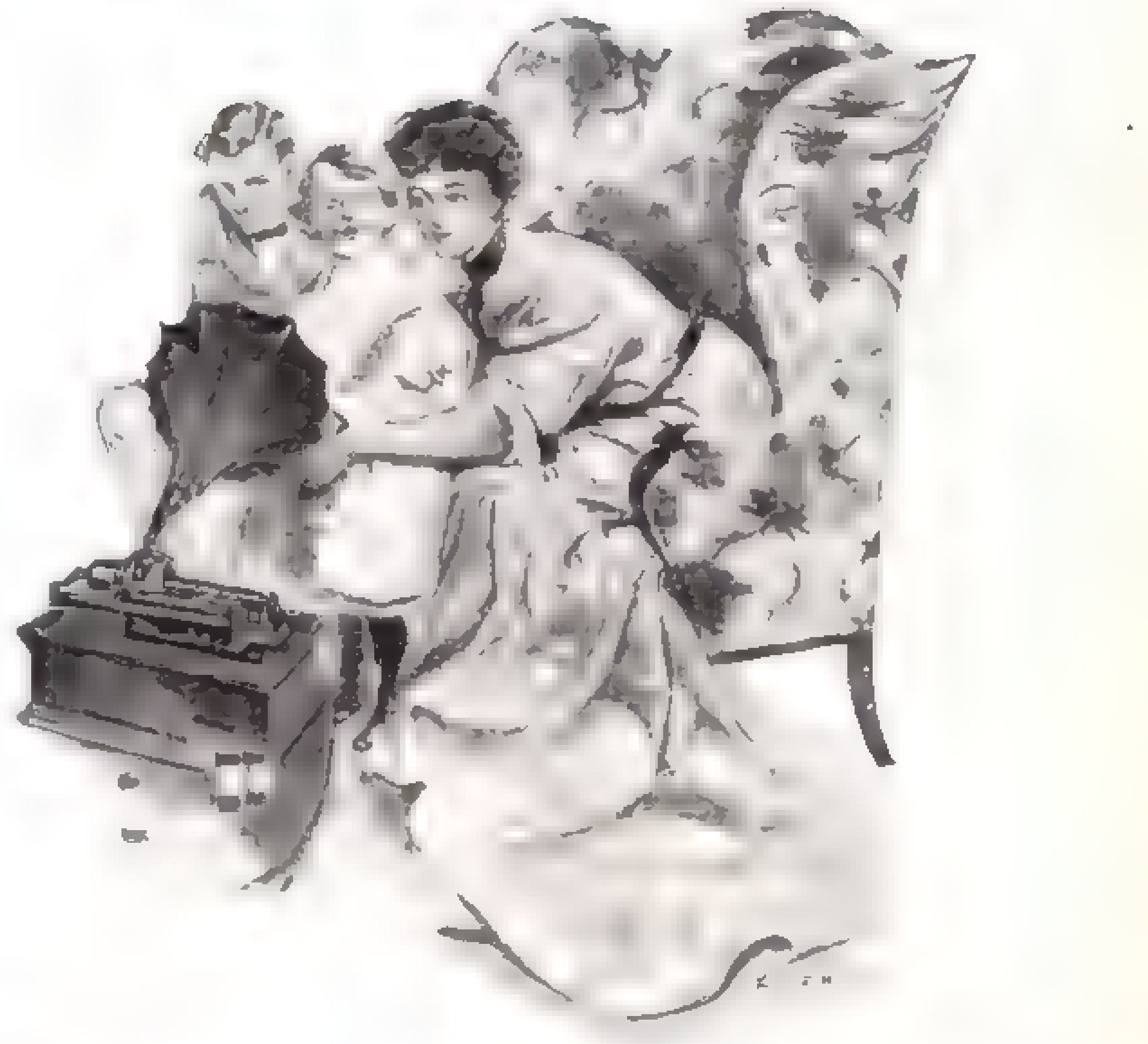
The honeysuckle is a vine that may often be charmingly banked; but it is not infrequently ungraceful, and it imperatively requires wire or a fixed frame. The woodbine of Great Britain, charmingly abundant in woods and thickets there, is a kind of honeysuckle, and, such are the singularities of botanical nomenclature, it is supposed to be the "twisted eglantine" of Milton.

One may grow the glorious wistaria, whose pendant lavender blossoms light up many a wall in Naples as in Philadelphia, but it is liable to grow too raggedly and without sufficient spreading. And yet sweeping generalizations must not be made, for the memory comes of a Sixth Avenue corner, in New York, thick-spread with wistaria, and of a house in Boston marvelously covered by a wistaria vine seventy years of age, and of a pergola path, in New York's Central Park, enfolded and overlaid with wistaria in splendid masses.

Should wistaria be decided upon, lead it up a string for the first year, and train it round and round in spirals. We began a vine thus a few years ago with three tendrils and a piece of twine, and now there is an attractive and fantastic spiral, with a diameter, of the combined three, of some eight inches, twisting upward with convolutions like those of a Byzantine column.

The trumpet-vine is one that is a glory when it clings to the front of a house and hangs its blossoms in flaming beauty. It is often ideally picturesque; but it is liable to grow with clumsiness of effect. It is, too, liable to die, in a hard frost, even though it be old and apparently established, and it is often difficult to start in

Hear The Edison Phonograph



HAVE you a Phonograph? How long has it been since you have critically listened to one? Do you know how good the Edison Phonograph is today, how pure the tone, how satisfying the reproduction? If you have one, you know. If you have not one, you ought to know—it's easy to know. Somewhere near you there is an Edison Store. Go there and hear. Learn how inexpensive it is for a complete outfit, including records—and how favorable the terms. Then think of the pleasure you can give yourself, your family and your friends with the world's best music, its most catchy songs and the monologues and dialogues of its funniest comedians. And after doing all this you'll buy one—you simply can't help it.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 11 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

The Best Talent in the land made these October EDISON RECORDS

NEVER forget that any musical instrument will grow stale unless it has new music. You may have an Edison Phonograph and you may have forgotten how delightful it was when the Records were new. The way to renew that delight is to buy the new Records. You would get tired of a piano, a violin, an orchestra, or a vocal quartette, unless it gave you new music from time to time. The Edison Phonograph is like other musical instruments: It will entertain you if you do not forget to keep in touch with the new music—the new Records. Just read over this list:

9650	Triumph of Old Glory (Pryor)	Edison Concert Band
9651	There's a Girl in the World for Every Boy and a Boy for Every Girl (Snyder and Cobb)	Irving Gillette
9652	I'm in Love with the Slide Trombone (Furth and Lamb)	Ada Jones
9653	Chapel in the Woods (Lange) Piano	Albert Benzler
9654	That's Gratitude (Campbell and Norton)	Bob Roberts
9655	My Mother's Bible (Tillman and Williams) Sacred Duet	Anthony and Harrison
9656	Flanagan at the Vocal Teacher's (Original Monologue)	Steve Porter
9657	Velvet of the Rose Waltz (Barnard)	Edison Symphony Orchestra
9658	The Birds in Georgia Sing of Tennessee (Helf and Lamb)	Reed Miller
9659	Will You Be My Teddy Bear? (Hoffman and Bryan)	Ada Jones and Billy Murray
9660	There's Always Something Wrong (Cole and Johnson)	Arthur Collins
9661	Siamese Patrol (Lincke)	Edison Military Band
9662	As Long as the World Rolls On (Ball and Graff)	Reinald Werrenrath
9663	Just Help Yourself (Von Tilzer and Sterling)	Collins and Harlan
9664	Meet Me, Sweet Kathleen, in Honeysuckle Time (Helf and Roden)	Manuel Romain
9665	Medley of Straight Jigs, Accordion	John Kimmble
9666	Take Me Back to New York Town (Von Tilzer and Sterling)	Lillian Doreen
9667	Snow Bird Mazurka (Wohanka) Whistling Solo	Joe Belmont
9668	In the Land of the Buffalo (Van Alstyne and Williams)	Billy Murray
9669	Esthetic Galop (Fahrbach)	Edison Hungarian Orchestra
9670	No, No, Positively No (Smith and Brown)	Edward Meeker
9671	Chimmie and Maggie in Nickel Land (Original)	Ada Jones and Len Spencer
9672	Dixie Minstrels (Original)	Edison Minstrels
9673	I'd Rather Two-Step than Waltz, Bill, Medley	Edison Military Band

The OCTOBER RECORDS are now on sale in every Edison store. If you ask for it, we will mail you THE PHONOGRAM, which not only gives the list above, but also tells you just what each one is like. At the same time we will send you our COMPLETE and our SUPPLEMENTAL CATALOGUE in case you have missed some good ones in the past.

The big hit this month is "Won't You Be My Teddy Bear?" It was sung with great success by Anna Held in "The Parisian Model."

We have Records for everybody, in every language.

TRADE MARK

Thomas A. Edison

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 11 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

Just After the Painting is Done

is too soon to decide whether the job is satisfactory or not. Wait a year before you give the paint and the painter a testimonial. Pure Lead and Oil Paint is easily imitated in appearance, both in the pail and when first spread. It is after the sun and rain have had their chance at it that the shoddy in the substitutes for lead are exposed.

Pure White Lead, such as the Dutch Boy Painter stands for, not only spreads farther and looks better, but it wears as no other paint yet discovered and leaves a perfect surface for repainting.

[illegible] is so important that you should read more about it. See our handsome book, full of [illegible] [illegible] this magazine. Address Dept. F

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
in whichever of the following cities is nearest you:
New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, [illegible]
[illegible] Lead & Oil Co.]

"Cravenette"
IS A WATERPROOFING PROCESS, NOT A CLOTH

All you want to know in buying a Rain Coat is to be able to know one that has been proofed by

The "Cravenette" Process

If each garment has this registered circular trade mark stamped on the back of the cloth and this silk label sewed on the collar or elsewhere you will have a Rain Coat that is a

"Cravenette" Rain Coat

and which **"Rain will neither wet nor spot."** A "Cravenette" Rain Coat never hints of its true purpose when worn on other than rainy days.

For sale by leading Clothing Stores, Haberdasheries and Department Stores throughout the world.

Write to Department 9 for interesting Booklet.

B. PRIESTLEY & CO.
100 Fifth Ave., Cor. 15th St., NEW YORK
Manufacturers of "Cravenette" Cloths, Dress Goods, etc.

YOUNG MAN—The Great RAILROADS WANT YOU

Learn telegraphy here. Situations furnished [illegible] highest positions. **Good wages.** Many of our graduates are now **R. R. Supts.** Expenses very low. [illegible] **60-page book** about it Free. [illegible]

Valentine's School of Telegraphy
(Estab. 35 years.) Janesville, Wis.

the first place. In one spot along the base of a wall we planted thirty or forty sprouts, and all of them died.

The scarlet runner glows on garden posts or about kitchen doorways, and for those who find its beans agreeably edible it contrives the double debt to pay of both beauty and utility. There are old-fashioned folk, however, of English or Scotch derivation, who cannot wholly get over an ancient association of this scarlet vine with a meaning not unlike that of the old-time "cakes and ale." And, fine though it is for some uses, it cannot compete with the splendid ivies.

It is imperative that it be kept clearly in mind that there are four classes of vine: one which, like English ivy, keeps its leaves green throughout the year; another which, like Virginia creeper, sheds its leaves with the coming of winter but holds its vine in place; a third which, like the scarlet runner, dies each winter even to the very root; and a fourth which, like the perennial pea, withers throughout its length when frost comes, but whose root remains alive.

The perennial pea—a very prolific grower, with blossoms much like those of the genially familiar sweet pea—is oftentimes pleasing, but it is liable to a straggling awkwardness of foliage.

The gentle, old-fashioned "matrimony," a vine which may always be found growing about the ancient Dutch farmhouses in New York and New Jersey, is often of capable service, especially as a screen-vine. It develops long runners that look like willow twigs, and it has tiny leaves and purplish blossoms.

In deciding what to plant the question of speedy growth is always of importance, and it may be that, when speed is particularly desired to cover some bit of ugliness, a scarlet runner or wild cucumber or gourd may be started. The gourd, by the way, is like Jonah's, in that it almost grows up in day! The fruit of the gourd, however, is of such oddity as often to be grotesque; but to cover hastily some pile of stones say, or to answer some other temporary purpose, it will serve admirably.

The wild cucumber is a vine which outgourds the gourd in speed. As one is Jonah's, so the other may be deemed the wonderful stalk of Jack the Giant Killer. Probably the wild cucumber comes nearer than anything else to being a plant whose growth can actually be seen! Note where its tendrils are, then come back in a little while and measure the advance! Watch the vine for a few days and see with what exquisite sensibility, with what intelligence, it is endowed; see it feel and grope with its slender filaments; see it lead with a delicate bit of green, then follow with a stouter and a stouter one, as a great cable is lifted up gradually, beginning with a length of string; see how it seizes upon every projection, and cleverly twists a knot about it. It is a wonderful thing to see all this in any climbing plant, but particularly so in one like the wild cucumber, for it moves with such swiftness. Lengths of cord, strung in advance, are admirable to guide it in a desired path along a cornice or to make it cover the entire face of a wall; and its hanging seed-pods, from which it gets its name, are an attraction for weeks.

It is often well to plant some vine of facile growth so that a space may be well covered while a better vine is slowly gathering its strength; just as skirmishers or cavalry are sent to hold a position till the slower-moving forces can arrive.

From the first, in referring to vines or flowers, it is best to avoid a priggish Latinity whenever possible. Use the simple and attractive names. Remember that Shakespeare's fancy reveled in pansies and rosemary and rue, that Milton wrote of pink and musk-rose and woodbine, that Scott loved the eglantine and clematis, that Wordsworth sang of the primrose and violet.

When Shakespeare writes of vines he cognomens them familiarly. It is the "ivy enringing the barky fingers of the elm," or the "sweet honeysuckle gently entwining," or the "canopy of luscious woodbine." He loved to call vines and flowers by these friendly, fragrant, charming names.

And what a sympathy he felt for all these things. Not only did he joy in their glorious beauty, but he grieved for them when they shriveled and died. He was sorrowed by an "untimely frost"; he grieved for the "withered vine that droops his sapless branches."

Shakespeare loved to picture the delights of home, and, during his London life, thoughts of the making of a home must often have come to him. Eagerly, just like thousands of Americans of to-day, he must have planned the building of precisely what was to be the ideal house. He saw, first, as we ought all to see, that the character and size of a house should primarily depend upon the situation and character of the land. "When we mean to build *we first survey the plot*, then draw the model. With his clear business head he also sees that in the making of a home one should not go beyond his means. "And when we see the figure of a house, then must we rate the cost of the erection." Why, his expression of it is as plain and simple as if he were a plain and simple American of to-day.

He pictures feelingly the desolation of a half-completed house which its owner has been compelled from lack of means to abandon:

> Like one who draws the model of a house
> Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
> Gives o'er and leaves the part-created cost
> A naked subject to the weeping clouds
> And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Closely though he tries to hide his personality from us, it now and then is visible, and then we see what a friendly, kindly, genial, sympathetic man he is; we see how he loves the pleasant little things of home; and once, as if inadvertently, he throws out an ever-memorable suggestion of what goes to the making of a home evening: a cozy room, a round table, something of savory tang, and a blazing sea-coal fire.

OUR EXPATRIATES

(Continued from Page 5)

and exerts a beneficial effect, even on those who grow peculiarly addicted to its use.

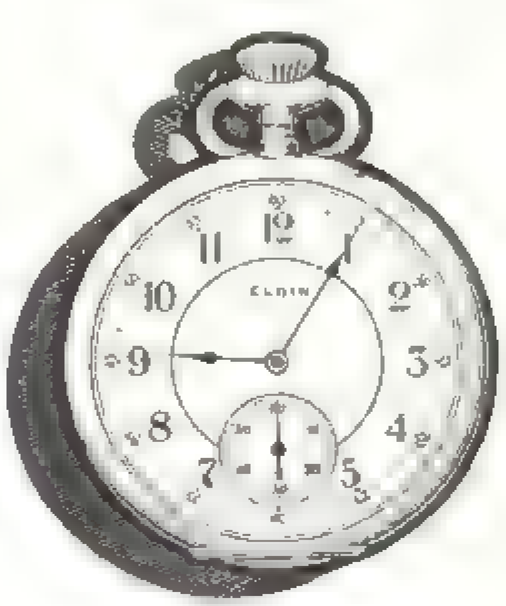
Men in Europe are not ashamed to have no business—to be idlers, if you would rather phrase it that way. One can be a man of leisure in any part of Europe without necessarily being a loafer, a hobo, a sot or a sap-head, such as you American treadmillers seem to imagine. Measured by our standards, work may make a man, but it is freedom from work that makes the gentleman. When he is not obliged to labor by the sweat of his brow he has time to indulge in thought, and the exercise of thinking produces a higher and gentler type of man than the one who has neither the time, the inclination nor the money to stop and think.

In our riper enlightenment in Europe we provide a thousand different manners in which the man whose time is his own can extract the most legitimate enjoyment from life. Whatever his taste, he can find a suitable means of gratifying it, and in doing so he will have the company of other congenial men and women similarly situated to himself. Unless it should be some rabid American tourist, traveling in Europe in search of things to despise, no one will ever criticise him for not working, when he knows how to idle like a gentleman.

So much for one of life's aspects, in which European countries are, fortunately, utterly unlike those in America. If there were no others, that alone would be sufficient to satisfy every Expatriate as to which is the country to live in and which to avoid. But there are hundreds of others, each affording quite as radical a contrast as the one described.

As I have already intimated, people in Europe make it a rule to mind their own business. America, on the other hand, is a nation of meddlers. On the far side of the Atlantic a man's personal affairs are regarded as being nobody else's concern but his own. No government, or public or private organization, attempts to run the family or to regulate private morals. The decent man is trusted to act as his own mentor, and individuals do not have to live in glass houses to refrain from throwing stones.

How different in your glorious land of alleged freedom! Every mother's son of you seems to think he is born to be his brother's keeper. This officiousness permeates all conditions. Following the illustrious example of the gentleman whom you have exalted to the highest post in the land to supervise your political destinies, rather



A Famous ELGIN

The G. M. WHEELER Grade Elgin has long been famous for its accuracy and reliability. It is now in great demand in the new models.

For those who want a remarkably true watch at a very reasonable price the right watch is the G. M. WHEELER Grade Elgin.

Right in price—within the reach of everyone—"The Watch that's made for the majority."

Right in style—The new thin model in small sizes.

Right—always right—A wonderfully accurate timekeeper, and susceptible to extremely fine adjustment with the micrometer regulator.

Adjusted to temperature. Seventeen jewels. Ask to see the G. M. WHEELER Grade Elgin.

ELGINS of equal grade and reasonable price for women—desirable new models.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.,
Elgin, Ill.

FUNKER PATENT

Shave With Ease

Strop your razor—Safety, Gillette, or ordinary blade with the

KEENOH

Automatic Razor Sharpener

The powerful hollow stroke of its fine grained [illegible] will always keep the edge smoother, keener than any other means can [illegible]. Absolutely practical. Cannot get out of order. [illegible] Serves through a lifetime.

[illegible] Ask the Hardware [illegible] **The Keenoh** [illegible] **The Keenoh** [illegible]

[illegible] "**The Razor's Edge**" [illegible]

Keenoh Sales Company
Mail Order Dept
Pittsburgh Pa.

PRICE $5.00

Strops the razor—Does not razor the strop. Write for agency

JOHN BURROUGHS'
Intimate Account of the President's Outdoor Life as a Naturalist

Camping with Roosevelt

A study of the life and habits of the President in the wilds of the Yellowstone, at his Oyster Bay home, and in the woods. A [illegible] "[illegible]"

12 Full page illustrations
$1 net Postpaid $1.10

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., 4 Park St., Boston

They wear longer here

Corliss-Coon Collars BRYSON 2 IN.

are best by test. They make more "trips to the laundry" than others because details of construction that give strength, are not slighted.

Bryson is a sightly collar, that fits the shirt and neck—has a tone and feel that satisfies. Men's and youths' sizes from 12 up. Quarter each.

Sold by best furnishers. [illegible]

Corliss, Coon & Co., Dept. V, Troy, N. Y.

A Train Load of Books

Books to be closed out at less than cost of paper and printing. Binding free.

Failed National Book Concern, Cash Buyers' Union, Merrill & Baker, Colonial Pub Co

[illegible] of these Big Bankrupt [illegible] I am closing it [illegible]

Sample Prices

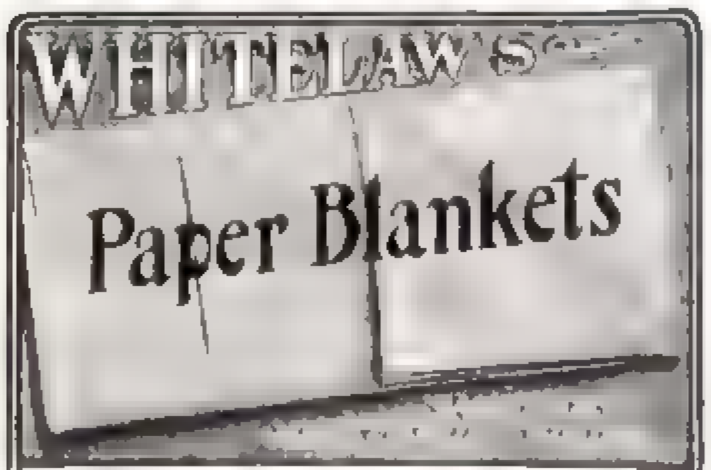
[illegible]

Millions of books [illegible] Chance of a lifetime to get [illegible] while stock lasts.

Books Shipped on Approval

[illegible]

DAVID B. CLARKSON, The Book Broker,
1006 Bosch Bldg., Chicago.



BED Clothing should be warm and light. Blankets and thick quilts should never be put upon the bed. The weight is depressing, retains perspiration, causes nightmare and is unhealthy. **Paper Blankets** are [illegible] **A Well-Known Scientific Principle** [illegible]

[illegible] **Paper Diapers** [illegible] **A Boon to the mother of the Babe,** [illegible]

Whitelaw Paper Goods Co., Dept. 6, Cincinnati, Ohio.

New Automatic Pistol

Weight only 14 ounces

This Cut Actual Size

Weighs [illegible]

A. W. Connor Sales Company, 64 West Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.

than to play the oracle to mankind on every possible topic, your Federal, State and municipal governments are conducted as if their sole purpose was to meddle in matters that in more advanced civilizations form no part of a government's prerogatives.

The visiting foreigner or the returning Expatriate no sooner sets foot on American soil than this national characteristic insolently obtrudes itself. On the landing dock you see hordes of brass-buttoned vultures raking their claws through the trunks of the newly-arrived, and, perchance, digging out from the under seclusion where it was modestly concealed the lace-zephyred garment of some blushing woman, to be held an instant aloft for vulgar eyes to grin at, and then piled on the Pelion of other things on the dirty wharf. You have already been asked to tell these official Paul Prys everything you have brought with you, preliminary to their doing their own nosing. What is this but cheeky governmental intrusion into private affairs, no matter what the idiotic pretext may be? If your whole nation were not meddlers by instinct and practice do you suppose your Government would dare to do such things?

The Censor of the Scarf-Pins

Here is a further illustration of the same impertinent meddlesomeness: When I last arrived in New York from Europe the customs inspector examining my luggage was amazed to find that I possessed a dozen scarf-pins.

"Are you a jeweler?" he asked.

"No, nor in any business," I answered.

Then he told me that no man had any need of that many scarf-pins, whereupon he exacted duty on seven of them. Thus, you see, your Government not only meddles itself, but confers upon its minions plenary authority to decide how many necktie ornaments should be comprised in the wardrobe of a well-dressed man.

We unhappy mortals who have to come here occasionally are constantly made the prey of this national butt-in-ativeness. In the lands we love, where governments occupy themselves with the things for which governments are intended, we acquire the habit of not being officially molested in the thousand little things that make up our personal daily existence. But no such individual tranquillity is possible here. If we want, for instance, to drink when we are thirsty and drink what we please, we must first find out if we have a legal right to obey the natural impulse. In some parts of this ludicrous land of the free we are not allowed to imbibe anything more stimulating than soda-water; in others we are permitted to drink stronger beverages only on certain days of the week. Without even consulting us as to our religious convictions, or our lack of them, we are given to understand that if we are not Puritans we ought to be, or, at least, we shall have to conduct ourselves on Sundays as if we were. In certain States the citizens are denied the permission of the law to exercise a preference for cigarettes over a pipe or cigar. The agreeable habit we may have acquired in Germany of listening to exquisite music while quaffing a refreshing stein of lager is considered sinful, and is, therefore, unlawful in some parts of this saint-inventing land. The blend of beer and music is repressed as a peculiarly heinous crime in pious Yankeedom.

Our Law-Mad Legislatures

Whichever way we turn, over here, we foreigners and near-foreigners bump into one of your meddlesome, senseless laws. You are law-mad. Each commonwealth sprouts new ones while you are at dinner. They are furthermore weedlike, because of their worthlessness. Nearly every right and liberty that is guaranteed to the individual under the Constitution of European states is taken away from him the minute he sets foot in America. Three-fourths of your newer laws are conceived in idiocy and delivered still-born.

Both in commission and omission your laws sin against common-sense and civilization. Generally, where you ought to have none you are burdened with their plenitude; and where wiser nations provide wise laws you leave a big, yawning gap that invites unsavory crime.

You have a law that forbids the circulation in the mails of lottery advertisements, even when printed in reputable newspapers; yet no law forbids the postal distribution of newspapers that contain daily reports of the Nation's greatest lottery—Wall Street.

You have laws that prohibit the circulation in the mails of indecent literature, yet the filthiest literature I ever saw in type is carried daily by the mails in the medical advertisements of nearly all the newspapers in the country.

Apropos of your newspapers, where you ought to have severe repressive laws you have none; none to restrict the infamous license of the press that violates common decency with the brazen effrontery of a woman of the streets; none to prevent a newspaper from printing the vilest details about a current happening; none to make it a prison offense for a journal to publish, under the heading of "Society News," servants' tattle about ladies and young girls, illustrated by stolen photographs; and none to prevent or punish a newspaper that robs an individual of an inalienable constitutional right, assured to him under the laws of every country, even your own—the right to a fair trial in a court of the land. If you had such a restrictive law as this, such as prevails wherever true civilization exists, you would not witness the atrocious spectacle of your newspapers trying in their columns a person accused under the law, and convicting or acquitting him before his case is given into the jury's hands.

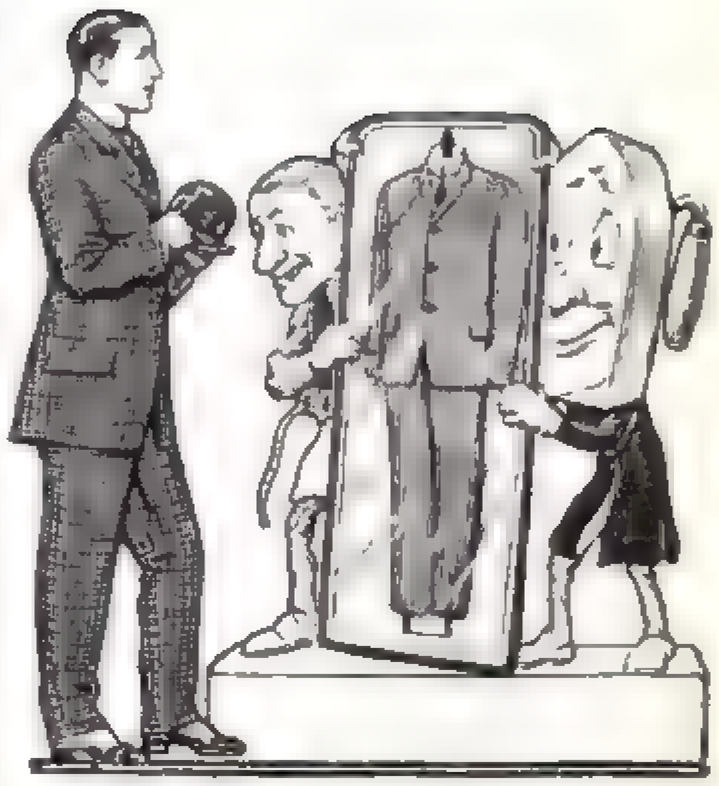
Besides disgusting the foreigner, the Expatriate and the thoughtful American, do these legal acts and legal laxities fulfill any noble purpose? Will even your most perfervid patriot claim for them any measurable amount of good results? Is your country a model for the whole universe? That you reek with righteousness in your own nostrils is no guarantee that your halo will not be a misfit. If there is any nation in the world that aspires to, or enjoys, the record for ultra-wickedness, I will stake my passage-money back to Europe that it is only a kindergartner compared to America in, at least, one department of perverted morals—political corruption.

No Pleasant Hypocrisy Here

Surely these are reasons enough why we Expatriates would be perfectly willing to stay away from the United States for a hundred years or so at a stretch. Yet the facts I have adduced are far from being all the objectionable features I could enumerate in comparison with the multitudinous attractions of European life. We find you particularly repellent because, in lieu of the sunny courtesy one grows accustomed to in most countries of Europe, as a race you lack absolutely the faintest glimmer of common politeness. Some of your compatriots, admitting the total deficiency, explain it by the unique theory that politeness and sincerity are totally unmergable qualities, and that Americans are racially sincere. Then may Heaven keep the polluted wave of sincerity from washing against our European shores!

As for myself—and I believe most Expatriates will share my views—I would rather pass all that remains to me of my mortal existence among suave and well-bred hypocrites than be welcomed to the heart's core of an unmannerly nephew of Uncle Sam, even if his suspenders are ever a-burst with his swelling sincerity. To put our meaning in perfectly plain words, we cannot stand your uncouthness. It is an unforgivable irritation, a perpetual shock, a generator of psychic nausea. In all my daily intercourse, I cannot escape two consecutive hours without being caught in the national maelstrom of impoliteness. When it is not uttered, it is tacitly implied; and when it is neither uttered nor implied, it is written. You do not need to break the seal of a letter for a characteristic American rudeness to spring forth and smite you, for you can find a glaring one scrawled on the envelope. It bears your name, but has neither the "Mr." before it, nor the "Esq." after it. In Europe we do not address our servants with such incivility as that, and you would probably hunt all over the continent for a hundred years without finding a native sample of such ignorant coarseness. Yet I have received dozens, yes, scores, of envelopes addressed like that during my present stay in this land of supreme self-satisfaction.

If you had none of the ordinary phrases of courtesy in your American language one might pity more than condemn you. But it would appear as if you were nationally ashamed of the most rudimentary politeness,



Don't Buy a Suit Image

All About Suit Values

WHITE Sand can be made to look like Flour.

But make this Sand Flour into bread, and you'll tell immediately when you try to eat it that it *is* Sand.

A piece of Wood can be Painted to look like a juicy Beef steak—

But try to eat it—then you'll Know that it's just Wood.

The Ability to merely make an Article "Look Like" another is therefore *not* enough to make it Valuable.

The article must have *more* than Mere Appearance—it must be able to Do Things—to give "Service" because it's "Service" that you pay for.

Therefore, when you buy a Suit of Clothes—don't congratulate yourself that you have a Real Suit, because you may buy an Image of a Suit—

You see a Suit should give Wear, and should hold its Shape—and should Fit;—in other words, should give you "Service"—

Now most Suits are Suit Images—they don't give "Service."

—If you want a real Suit giving you actual Service—Fitting you perfectly—Wearing Properly and holding its Shape permanently, see that the label "Sincerity Clothes" is in the Coat of the next one you Buy.

The very best Tailoring Skill and Sincere needlework are employed in Making "Sincerity" Suits.

—And the Shape is permanently Sewn into the Fabric—not merely pressed in temporarily—

Each "Sincerity" garment is thoroughly and searchingly Inspected when made up and any Slight Alteration required is made by the Needle under the supervision of the Most Knowing tailors in this Country—

The "Sincerity" Label is the sign whereby you can tell the Real from the "Image." It is a guarantee of Suit "Service"—it insures Style, Service and Satisfaction.

SINCERITY CLOTHES
MADE AND GUARANTEED

Short Stories of Men Who Have Won High Salaries

Nothing ever written contains such dramatic history of success as the stories of the men who, through the help of the International Correspondence Schools, have won higher places in the world.

The *voluntary* endorsement of these men proves beyond any question of doubt that training *does* pay—and that the I. C. S. *does* help poorly paid men succeed.

From Chainman to Civil Engineer, with an office of his own, is the happy experience of Mr. G. A. Collins, of Santa Fe, New Mexico. Mr. Collins says: "My earnings have been increased nearly 1000 per cent. The I. C. S. is certainly a wonderful institution."

Another man, Mr. Joseph Cain, once a mine foreman at $90.00 a month, is now Mine Superintendent at Searles, Ala., earning a salary of $225.00 a month. I.C.S. training did it. Mr. Cain writes: "I know of no other method than the I. C. S. by which a man can advance so quickly and surely."

And so it goes. Yet this is not all. These men do not merely advance but a step or two. They go on, on, on, earning more all the time.

During July 351 students voluntarily reported increases in salary and position through the help of the I. C. S.

The I. C. S. helps you *in your spare time.* No need to leave home or your present position. Lack of capital need not hinder you. It is immaterial where you live or what you do—the I. C. S. can reach you if you want a better position, more money, promotion.

You can learn how it is done by sending the attached coupon to the I. C. S. *No charge whatever for this information.*

Be a Success. Mark the Coupon To-Day.

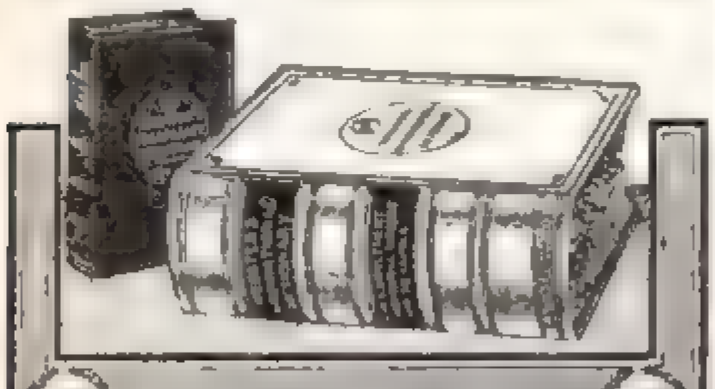
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 1171, Scranton, Pa.

[illegible]

Bookkeeper
Stenographer
Advertisement Writer
Show Card Writer
Window Trimmer
Commercial Law
Illustrator
Civil Service
Chemist
Textile Mill Supt.
Electrician
Elec. Engineer

Mechanical Draftsman
Telephone Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Mechanical Engineer
Surveyor
Stationary Engineer
Civil Engineer
Building Contractor
Architec'l Draftsman
Architect
Structural Engineer
Bridge Engineer
Mining Engineer

Name
Street and No.
City State



WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

A LIBRARY IN ONE BOOK.

Besides an accurate, practical and scholarly vocabulary of English, enlarged with 25,000 NEW WORDS, the International contains a History of the English Language, Guide to Pronunciation, Dictionary of Fiction, New Gazetteer of the World, New Biographical Dictionary, Vocabulary of Scripture Names, Greek and Latin Names, and English Christian Names, Foreign Quotations, Abbreviations, Metric System, Flags, Seals, Etc.

2380 Pages. 5000 Illustrations.

SHOULD YOU NOT OWN SUCH A BOOK?

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY [illegible]

Write for "The Story of a Book"—Free. Desk S

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.

for I notice that your classes that have some of the external marks of education studiously persist in speaking of a lady as a "woman," while the words "lady" and "gentleman" have been thrown to the dogs. Before the dogs get a chance to eat these proud titles the latter are grabbed up by your humbler classes (your aristocrats of to-morrow) and appropriated to their own exclusive use. I say exclusive, because never, by any chance, is either word employed to designate the class for which it was originally intended.

I have over and over again seen advertisements in the newspapers of "ladies" (occasionally following the prefix "colored") seeking places as cooks, washerwomen and housemaids. No wonder the foreigner loathes your bogus civilization, whose social system is all bottom-side-up.

We Expatriates might close our eyes and ears to all these faults, and find extenuation in the fact that genius is ever eccentric, if we could discern in your race even the sickliest little microbe of real Bohemianism. But it is not there. You are a grossly and grotesquely inartistic race, almost as vociferously contemptuous of Art as of politeness. You cannot be made to see that individual or national ideas should be soaked with varnish, not coated with sandpaper.

Our Boston Terrier Mustaches

The language you speak would not be pure English, even if you could unmix it with that wallowing jargon of the slums, yclept American slang, that five out of every seven of your citizens gloat in. You are not picturesque in visage or figure, and your men accentuate their facial defects (which should be partially eclipsed with a hirsute veil) by either clean-shaving to make themselves look like barnstormers, or by wearing chewed-off mustaches that impart to their countenances the unintellectual cast of a Boston terrier.

As for your women—well, nothing could be lovelier than an American-born woman who has spent a big part of her life abroad. Those who have not yet had that privilege should be sent to Paris to study how to dress, to walk, to talk and to be femininely attractive.

Now, just a word or two in conclusion. So as not to betray by my premeditated impoliteness the little trace that still clings to me of my American upbringing, I should have smoothed down the splinters that bristle in my criticism of America and Americans. But if I did that I could not appropriately reciprocate the brutal frankness with which your race invariably speaks of us Expatriates. You have been doing it so long, and with such insistent malevolence, that when one of us is obliged to speak of or to you it is the most natural thing in the world that indignation should uncork the vials of our comment. I have, however, set nothing down here in malice, but have told you precisely what the English, all Europeans and we Expatriates think of you and your country.

Perhaps we may feel—I do not say we sometimes do not—that we owe it to ourselves to tell our former fellow-countrymen why we never want to live in America. That we have not done it before has been neither from any lack of irritating provocation nor because of any uncertainty as to the reasons that influence our choice. It has been solely because our European training has taught us that formal courtesy should never be replaced by the plain, unvarnished truth until patience has finally ceased to be a virtue. That is my situation to-day.

During my present happily brief visit to the United States I have read dozens of times in your newspapers, and have heard twice that often in conversation, rancorous criticisms, barbed in pseudo-witticisms, of the American gentleman of enormous wealth who has been living for years in England because he could no longer tolerate the crudity of the United States. Whenever your brilliant journalistic or social wags took a shot at the gentleman in question they used double-barreled guns, and invariably kept the second barrel for us Expatriates. The time has come, therefore, my patience being exhausted, for one of the victims of your defamatory insolence to voice the long-repressed protest that animates us all, and to say our say in frankness.

And, lest I be charged with unfairness in laying to the whole Nation a provocation of the few, I rise to a final word of personal explanation. If you want to satisfy yourself that these ungenerous attacks upon absentees issue alike from all classes of your population, from the lowest to the highest, the demonstration is easy of accomplishment. You have only, for instance, to watch the American newspapers, and you are bound to find an early recurrence. Well, this will establish the fact I have alleged in so far as it concerns the lowest substratum of society in America—daily journalism. Now, I will tell you how you can doubtless obtain a similar pronouncement from the highest in the land.

The President as Bad as the Rest

Go down to Oyster Bay or Washington, call upon the President, and ask him to let you have his unrestrained views on either the particular or general aspect of the subject. With his sedulously developed habit of never concealing his opinions on any topic, the chances are fifty to one he will need no urging, for I happen to know that the question in hand is one of his favorite founts of inspiration. Anyhow, if you fail to get him to talk about Europeanized Americans, you can, at least, ask him to tell you the exact date of publication of an article anent the same matter, written by him when he was simply Mr. Roosevelt, and which, I think, appeared in the North American Review. Then read the article, and you will find the First Citizen of the Republic thinks and writes the same way about us that the newspapers do, and that his and their views are those of ninety-nine one-hundredths of your entire population.

In all these commentaries you will find the same conspicuous injustice. You will see that no eulogium is too ardent to bid welcome to the foreigner who renounces his native land to become an American, and no odium too uncharitable to heap upon the American who prefers to spend his life in Europe.

When you have tabulated the contrasting phrases, if you care to be fair to both sides, you can bring before your mind the two classes, and judge for yourself which is the higher type of civilization: the incoming immigrant or the outgoing Expatriate.

To the President, the newspapers and the country I beg to present, in this form, the compliments of my fellow-Expatriates and myself, together with the assurance of our confidence that none or all of them can disprove the good grounds herein exhibited for our choosing to be Expatriates instead of resident citizens of the United States.

An Automatic Valet

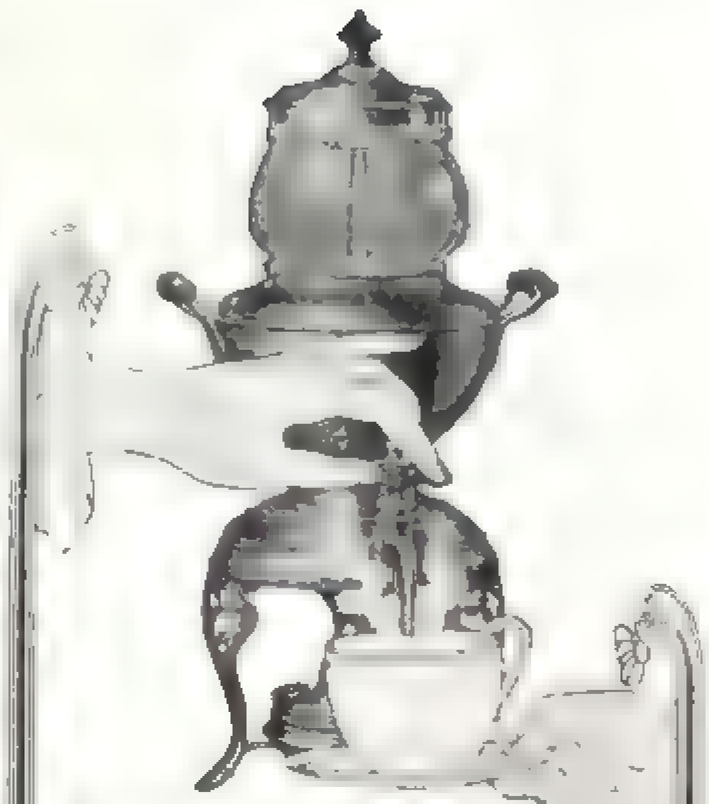
AN INGENIOUS citizen of Pennsylvania, having forsworn the luxury of a valet on the occasion of his recent marriage, has devised, for his own private and particular use, what he calls a "valet closet," to keep his clothes in order.

In this specially constructed closet certain simple mechanical arrangements are introduced by which, when a spring is pressed, all of the coats come forward and present themselves in a row, for selection. A touch upon another spring causes all the waistcoats to advance to the front, while, in obedience to a third spring, all the pantaloons "line up."

This result is accomplished by suspending the garments upon three groups of hangers, each group being actuated by one of the three springs aforesaid. To supplement the contrivance thus described, there is at one side of the closet a sort of endless-chain arrangement carrying a series of boot-trees in pairs. On each pair of trees is a pair of shoes, and the turning of a small crank causes the affair to revolve, bringing to the front the pair wanted for the day.

Like many well-dressed men nowadays, this ingenious citizen has a dozen or more pairs of shoes, wearing them in succession—such a method being not only more comfortable, but a real economy, inasmuch as shoes used in this manner keep their shape better and last a good deal longer. Shoes that are worn every day soon look shabby.

Unfortunately, the gentleman's wife has found the valet closet so attractive that she insists upon having one made for her own use. So her husband has set about the job, though with not a few misgivings, the problem presented, where so many frills and furbelows have to be taken into consideration, being one of far greater difficulty, and possibly productive of contemptuous criticism on masculine ignorance.



Coffee Goodness Is in the Making

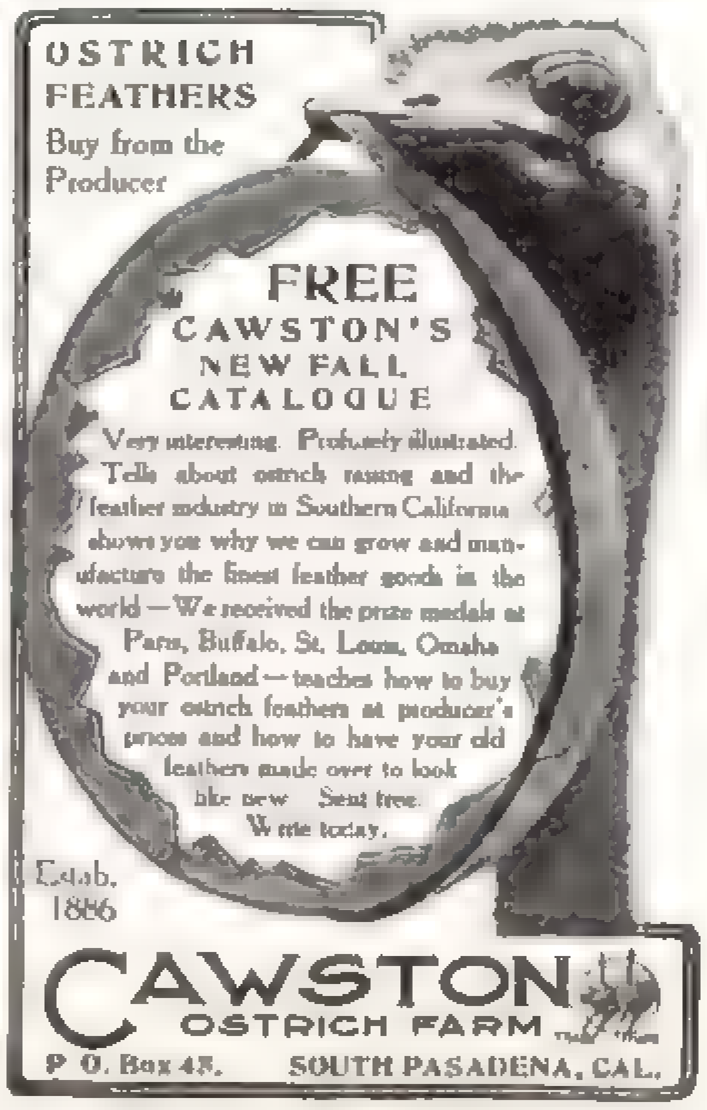
The choicest blends of Coffee can be spoiled in the making and any Coffee can be made a clear, delicious, healthful beverage if prepared in the

Manning-Bowman "METEOR" Coffee Percolator

It's boiling the grounds that spoils Coffee. The Manning-Bowman method filters the water through the Coffee, extracting the flavor and leaving the tannic acid and bitter grounds behind. **Saves One Third** because *all* the good of the Coffee is taken out.

[illegible] **Coffee Pot Style** [illegible]

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO., Meriden, Conn.



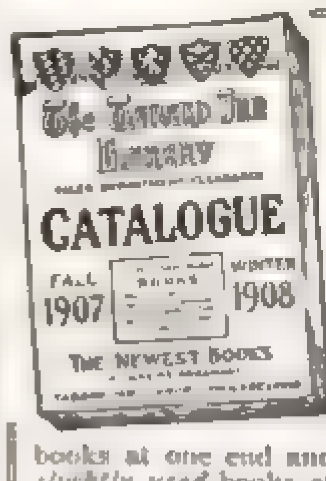
OSTRICH FEATHERS
Buy from the Producer

FREE
CAWSTON'S
NEW FALL
CATALOGUE

Very interesting. Profusely illustrated. Tells about ostrich raising and the feather industry in Southern California—shows you why we can grow and manufacture the finest feather goods in the world—We received the prize medals at Paris, Buffalo, St. Louis, Omaha and Portland—teaches how to buy your ostrich feathers at producer's prices and how to have your old feathers made over to look like new. Sent free. Write today.

Estab. 1886

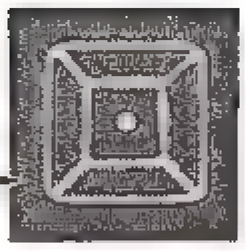
CAWSTON OSTRICH FARM
P. O. Box 45. SOUTH PASADENA, CAL.



Big Bargains BOOKS

We sell books at all prices which cannot be matched anywhere. We have more than a million books in circulation in our Libraries, so that we are constantly feeding in thousands of *new* books at one end and taking out thousands of *slightly used* books at the other. We also buy *new* books in such large quantities that we can afford to sell our "Overs" at remarkably low prices. Our Fall Catalogue containing a full list of special bargains in Fiction, Science, History, Travel, etc., sent on request. Address

Sales Department
TABARD INN LIBRARY
1614 Chestnut St., Philadelphia



It adds YEARS to the life of your ROOF

Before You Roof
house, factory, warehouse, stable, barn, shed, or other buildings, consider

Paroid Roofing

Paroid is now and has been for years, the best ready roofing made.

Paroid Rust-Proof Steel Caps
Patented
add value to any ready roofing but can be had only with Paroid. [illegible] rust proof [illegible] sides and, being square, have larger binding surface. They will add years to roof life. To let you test and prove Paroid's superiority, we make this

Money-Back Guarantee

Buy one roll of Paroid, apply it to your roof. If you are not then satisfied that you have the best, we will send you a check for the amount you paid for the roofing and cost of applying.

Send For Free Samples
of Paroid Rust-Proof Caps and name of nearest dealer. [illegible] book of plans for farm and poultry buildings [illegible]

F. W. BIRD & SON, Makers,
Established 1817
80 Mill Street, East Walpole, Mass
1460 Monadnock Block, Chicago Ill

[illegible]

PAROID ROOFING
TWO PLY
TWO SQUARES
F. W. BIRD & SON

Make Shaving
a delight by using
ED. PINAUD'S
Lilac Vegetal
Toilet Water
after the shave

Apply a few drops before drying the face; note the refreshing fragrance and feeling of COMFORT that results.

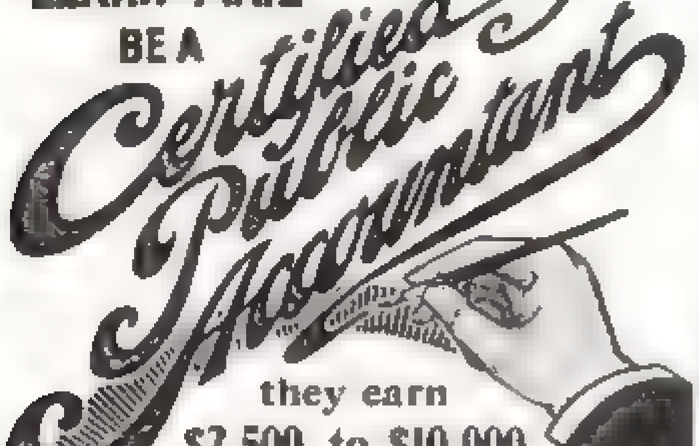
If you shave yourself, get a bottle of this delightful preparation today

If the barber shaves you, he will give you an application after shaving—all GOOD barbers do.

Accept no substitute.

Send for liberal sample, enclosing 10 cents (for postage and packing).

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD
Dept. 102, ED. PINAUD BLDG., New York
Ask your barber for a scalp massage with ED. PINAUD'S Eau de Quinine.



LEARN BY MAIL
BE A Certified Public Accountant
they earn
$2,500 to $10,000
a year.

The only profession in which the demand for practitioners exceeds the supply. We fit you to pass the C. P. A. Examination and equip you for practice anywhere. This school is recognized as the standard. Our instruction is individual. No classes. Course embraces Theory of Accounts, Practical Accounting, Auditing, Commercial Law, also Book-keeping and Business Practice. [illegible]

UNIVERSAL BUSINESS INSTITUTE, Inc.
27 39 East 22d Street,
New York

The Bashful Sheriff and the Little Widow

(Continued from Page 11)

The sheriff was boilin'. "Here, Alec," he says, "is two hundred. Now, we'll go down to Mrs. Bridger's again, and you offer her as much as she wants."

"Offer it you'self."

"No, *you* do it, Alec—*please.* But don't you tell her whose money it is."

"I won't. Here's where we git up The Ranchers' Loan Fund."

I coaxed Bergin as far as the doorstep *this* time. Wasn't that fine? But, say! Mrs. Bridger wouldn't touch a cent of that money; no, ma'am.

"If I was to take it as a loan," she says, "I'd have interest to pay. So I'd be worse off'n I am now. And I couldn't take it in no other way."

And it wasn't no use fer me to tell her that The Ranchers' Loan Fund didn't want no interest. She was as set as Roger's Butte.

During the next week 'r two the sheriff and me dropped down to the widda's frequent. I'd talk to her—'bout chicken-raisin', mostly—whilst Bergin 'd play with the kid. One day I got him to come *as fer as the door!* But I never got him no further. There he stuck, and 'd stand on the sill fer hours, lookin' out at Willie—like a great, big, scairt, helpless calf.

At first the widda talked to him, pleasant and encouragin'. But when he just said, "Yas, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," and nothin' else, she changed. I figger ('cause women is right funny) that her pride was some hurt. What if he *was* bound up in the boy? Didn't he have no interest in *her?* It hurt her all the worse, mebbe, 'cause I was there, and seen how he acted. 'Fore long, she begun to git plumb outen patience with him. And one day, when he was standin' gazin' out, she flew up.

"George Bergin," she says, "a door is somethin' else 'cept a place to scratch you' back on." And she shut it—him outside, plumb squshed!

Wal, I'd did *my* best—and fell down. But right here is where somethin' better'n just good luck seemed to take a-holt of things. In the first place, *con*siderin' what come of it, it shore was fortunate that Pedro Garcia, one of them trashy section-gang cholos, was just a-passin' the house as she done that. He heerd the slam. He seen the look on Bergin's face, too. And he fixed up what was the matter in that crazy haid of hisn.

In the second place, the very *next* day, blamed if Curry didn't hunt Bergin up. "Sheriff," he begun, "I ain't been able to collect what's due me from Mrs. Bridger. She ain't doin' nothin' with the property, neither. So I call on you to put her off." And he helt out a paper.

Put her off! Say! You oughta seen Bergin's face!

"Curry," he says, "in Oklahomy a dispossess notice agin a widda ain't worth the ink it's drawed with."

"Ain't it?" says Curry. "You mean you won't act. All right. If you won't, they's other folks that *will.*"

"Oh, *will* they?" answers the sheriff, quiet. But I seen a fightin' look in his eye.

The next thing, them cholos in the section-gang 'd heerd what Bergin was ordered to do. And, like a bunch of idjits, 'stead of gittin' down on *Curry,* who was responsible, they begun makin' all kinds of brags 'bout what they'd do when next they seen the *sheriff.* And it looked to *me* like gun-play was a-comin'.

But not just yet. For the reason that the sheriff, 'thout sayin' "I," "Yas," 'r "No" to nobody, all of a suddent *disappeared.*

I was as much in the dark as the rest of the bunch, till, one ev'nin', the section-boss called me to one side and said he had somethin' to tell me. Could I keep a secret, he ast—cross my heart t' die? Yas. Wal, then—what d'you think it was?—*the sheriff was camped right back of the widda's—on Roger's Butte!*

"Pardner," I says, "don't you cheep that to another soul. Bergin is up there to keep Curry from puttin' the widda out."

The section-boss begun to haw-haw. "It'd take a hull regiment of soldiers to put the widda out," he says—"with them greasers of mine so clost."

"I'll go down that way, on a kinda scout," I says, and started off. When I got clost to the widda's—oh, 'bout as far as

Kaufman
PRE-SHRUNK
Garment.
Chas. Kaufman & Bros.
CHICAGO

Mark

None "Just as Good"

Don't be a "Just-as-gooder."

It doesn't pay.

You, like any man, prefer to be your own "original self."

You wouldn't *let* another man interpret your morals for you if you knew it.

Then don't let any other man sell you clothes to *suit your appearance* from *his* point of view.

Make up your mind when you see the Kaufman Trade-Mark Guarantee Label that it means that

—Several Million Dollars are paid each year by satisfied wearers for *Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments.*

—That thousands and thousands of young men and business men demand *Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments* each season because they have proved that

—*No other suits or overcoats* have an equal style-holding permanence for the same reasonable prices.

Remember that there *can* be *no* "substitute" for or "just as good" kind of clothes as *Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments.*

Because the *Kaufmans* control their *Exclusive "Pre-Shrinking" Process,* and do not allow any other manufacturers to use it.

Consequently *no* clothes except *Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments* can be properly *"Pre-Shrunk,"* so that

—The *fabric* of your suit or overcoat is *set* and made *shrink-proof* in the *piece* before your garments are *cut.*

—The Cloth Texture is so carefully *"Pre-Shrunk"* the *Exclusive Kaufman Way,* that your Overcoat, or Coat, or Vest, or Trousers, *cannot shrink,* or *pucker,* or *bag* on you after you start to wear them.

Rain—or *perspiration* or the ordinary style-damaging influences of *changeable weather* simply can't take the *permanent style* out of your Garments if they are made by the *Kaufmans.*

And the only way to be sure that you are getting the *greatest long-lasting value* in the clothes you buy is to look in every suit or overcoat you do buy and find the *Kaufman Guarantee Label* shown above.

Kaufman Dealers will be *glad to show* you the *Kaufman Trade-Mark.* Others cannot.

Why pay higher prices for other clothes when *Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments* at $12. to $30. give you the same long-lasting *wear* and *style permanence?*

Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments

Our prices range from $12. to $30. Most people can be suited in Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments at $15. to $18.

Ask Kaufman Dealers for the new *Kaufman Fall and Winter Style Book.*
—Shows you *accurate* illustrations and gives you *careful* descriptions of the *very latest fashions* in suits and overcoats that will best *suit your appearance.*
—Is most *interesting* and *instructive* to read.
—On *"Pre-Shrunk" advantages.*
—Or, write *Chas. Kaufman & Bros., Chicago.*
—*No stamps necessary.*
—*Just write.*

Toast and Tea
This superheated part prevents burning

You Can Make

TOAST

on a **Gas Range—Gasoline** or **Oil Stove** better than it can be made on a coal stove if you use

The Vulcan Toaster.

It is easy to operate. [illegible] even the dyspeptic, who hesitates at every [illegible], would make a meal on this toast.

But You Must Have

THE VULCAN

to make this kind of toast.

There are a [illegible] imitations on sale. More profit in them for the dealer, but [illegible]. They don't toast the bread, [illegible] owing to their inferior [illegible] bread, and the [illegible] toast has a disagreeable taste. [illegible] Vulcan. Its construction [illegible].

When [illegible] **Vulcan** by name. See that it has that narrow strip of unperforated metal pointed to by the hand in the illustration. Also see that the name **"VULCAN"** is on the top of the toaster.

Your dealer will sell you a Vulcan.

If he has none [illegible], and will not get you one, write us, [illegible] 50 cents, and [illegible] toaster by express, charges prepaid, anywhere in the U. S.

OUR BROAD GUARANTEE

[illegible]

Our Booklet on Toast is Yours for the Asking

WM. M. CRANE COMPANY,
1130 Broadway, New York

Largest Manufacturers [illegible]

THE

Dilworth Adder

Price One Dollar

JUST THE SIZE OF YOUR POCKET BOOK

A Practical **Pocket Adder** that saves tedious memorandum work, and is used to great advantage many times during the day [illegible] durable [illegible]

DILWORTH ADDER CO.
1216 Fulton Building, PITTSBURG, PA.

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

Smooth points—finely ground; tough rolled steel; great elasticity; proper shape and slitting—that's the Spencerian Pen in a few words.

There's a style for every purpose, a pen to "fit" your hand. Sample card containing 12 different varieties sent on receipt of 6 cents to cover postage.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.,
340 Broadway, New York.

from here to that hitchin'-post yonder—I seen a crowd of women and kids lookin' at somethin' behind the house. I walked up and stretched *my* neck. And there in that tie-pen was a' even dozen of new little pigs!

"Wal, ma'am," I says, "this *is* good luck!"

"Good luck?" repeats the widda. "I reckon it's somethin' more'n just good luck." (Them's *exac'ly* her words—"somethin' more'n just good luck.")

"I can almost see them pigs grow," she *con*tinued, "and I'm right fond of 'em a'ready. I—I hope nothin' bad'll happen to 'em. I'm a little nervous, though. 'Cause—have you noticed, Mister Lloyd, *they's just thirteen pigs in that pen?*"

"Oh, thirteen ain't never hurt nobody in Oklahomy," I says. And I whistled and knocked on wood.

"Anyhow, I'm happy," she goes on. "I'm better fixed than I been fer a coon's age."

"The eatin'-house'll buy ev'ry one of these pigs at a good price," I says, leanin' on the pen till I was well-nigh broke in two; "they bein' pen-fed, and not just common razorbacks. That'll mean fifty dollars—mebbe more. Why, it's like *findin'* it!"

"These and the chickens," she says, "'ll pay that balance, and"—her voice broke, kinda, and she looked over to where pore little Willie was tryin' to play injine all by hisself—"'thout the help of *no* man."

I looked up at the Butte. Was that black speck the sheriff? And wasn't his heart a-bustin' fer her? Wal, it shore was a fool sittywation!

"The section-hands is turrible tickled 'bout these pigs," *con*tinues Mrs. Bridger. "They come over this mornin' to see how the family was doin', and they named the hull litter, beginnin' with Carmelita and endin' with Polky Dot."

You couldn't 'a' blamed *no*body fer bein' proud of them little pigs. They was smarter'n the dickens, playin' 'round, and kickin' up they heels, and *squee-ee-eelin'*. All black and white they was, too, and favored they maw strong. Ev'ry blamed one had a pink snoot and a kink in its tail, and reg'lar rolly buckshot eyes. And fat! —say, no josh, them little pigs was so fat they had double chins—just one chin right after another, from they noses plumb back to they hind laigs!

But you never can gamble on tomorra. And the widda, countin' as she did on them pigs, had to find that out. A-course, if she'd been a' Irish lady, she'd 'a' just nater'lly *took* to ownin' a bunch of hogs, and she'd 'a' likely penned 'em closter to the house. Then nothin' would 'a' happened. Again, mebbe it *would*—if the hull thing was accidentally a-purpose. And I reckon that shore was the truth of it.

It was the mornin' of the Fourth of July. (That was why I was up 'fore daylight.) I was in the bunk-house, pullin' on my coat, when, all of a suddent, right over Roger's Butte, somethin' popped. Here, acrost the sky, went a red ball, big, and as bright as if it was on fire. As it come into sight, it had a tail of light a-hangin' to it. It dropped at the foot of the Butte.

First off, I says, "Celebratin'." Next I says, "Curry!"—and streaked fer the widda's.

'Fore I was half-way I heerd hollerin'—the scairt hollerin' of women and kids. Then I heerd the grumble of men's voices. I yelled myself, hopin' some of the boys'd hear me, and foller. "Help! Help!" I let out at the top of my lungs, and brung up in Mrs. Bridger's yard.

It was just comin' day, and I could see that section-gang all collected t'gether, some with picks, and the rest with heavy track tools. All the greaser women was there, too, howlin' like a pack of coyotees, whilst Mrs. Bridger had the kid in her arms, and her face hid in his little dress.

"What's the matter?" I screeched—*had* t' screech t' git *heerd*.

The cholos turned towards me. (Say! you talk 'bout mean faces!) "Diablo!" they says, shakin' them track tools.

Wal, it shore *looked* as if the Ole Harry'd done it! 'Cause, right where the pig-pen used to was, I could see the top of a grea-a-at, whoppin' rock, half in and half outen the ground, and smokin'-hot. Pretty nigh as big as a box-car, it was. Wal, as big as a wagon, *any*how. But neither hide 'r hair of them pigs!

I walked 'round that stone. "My friend," I says to the section-boss, "the maw-pig made just thirteen. It's a proposition you kain't beat."

Them cholos was all quiet now, and actin' as keerful as if that rock was dynamite. Queer and shivery, they was, 'bout it, and it kinda give me the creeps.

Next, they begun pointin' up to the top of the Butte!

I seen what was comin'. So I used my haid—quick, so's to stave off trouble. "Mebbe, boys," I says, lookin' the ground over some more—"mebbe they was a cyclone last night to the north of here, and this blowed in from Kansas."

The section-boss walked 'round, studyin'. "I'm from Missoury," he says, "and it strikes *me* that this rock looks kinda familiar, like it was part iron. Now, mebbe they's been a thunderin' big explosion in the Ozark Mountains. But, Mrs. Bridger, as a native son of the ole State, I don't want to *ad*vise you to sue fer da——"

I heerd the cholos smackin' they lips. I looked where they was lookin', and here, a-comin' lickety-split, was the sheriff!

That section-boss was as good-natured a feller as ever lived, and never liked t' think bad of *no* man. But the minit he seen Bergin racin' down offen that Butte he believed like the cholos did. He turned t' me. "By George!" he says—just like that.

Wal, sir, that "By George" done it. Soon as the Mexicans heerd him speak out what they thought, they set up a Comanche yell, and with the whites of they eyes showin' like a nigger's, they made towards the sheriff on the dead run.

He kept a-comin'. (Out-and-out fool grit, *I* call it. Most men, seein' a passel of locoed greasers makin' towards 'em with pickaxes, would 'a' turned and run, figgerin' that leg-bail was good 'nough fer *them*.)

A second, and the Mexicans 'd made a surround. He pulled his gun. They jerked it outen his hand. He throwed 'em off.

I drawed *my* weapon.

Just then—"Oh, Sheriff! Sheriff!" (It was the widda, one hand helt out towards him.)

A great idear come to me then. I put my best friend back into my pocket. "I won't interfere fer a while yet," I says to myself. "Mebbe this is where they'll be a show-down."

"Alec," says Bergin, "what's the matter?"

I fit my way to him. "They think you throwed this rock here," I answers.

"The low-down, ornery, lay-in-the-sun-and-snooze good-fer-nothin's is likely t' think 'most *any* ole thing," he says. "Pedro, let go my arm."

Just then one of the cholos come runnin' up with a rope!

The section-boss seen things was gittin' pretty serious. He begun to rastle with the feller that had the rope. Next, all the women and kids set up another howlin', Mrs. Bridger cryin' the worst. But I wasn't ready to play my last card. I stepped out in front of the gang and helt up my hand.

"Boys!" I says—"*Boys! Go* slow. Give the man a chanst t' talk. Why, this rock ain't like the rocks on the Butte."

"You blamed idjits!" yells Bergin. "Use you' haids! How could *I* 'a' hefted the darned thing?"

"Oh, he *couldn't* 'a' done it!" (This from the widda, mind y'!—hands t'gether, and comin' clost.)

"Thank y', little woman," says the sheriff.

(Say! that was *better*.)

But the cholos wasn't foolin'—they was in dead earnest. Next minit, part of 'em grabbed Bergin, got that rope 'round him, and begun draggin' him towards a telegraft pole.

I was some scairt, but I knowed 'nough to hole back a while more.

"Oh, boys," pleaded the widda, droppin' Willie and runnin' 'longside, "don't hurt him; *don't*. What does the pigs matter?"

"I'll discharge ev'ry one of you," says the section-boss.

"Boys," I begun again, "why should this gent want to harm this lady? Why, *I* can tell you——"

Pedro Garcia stuck his black fist into my face. "He lof her," he says, "and she say no. So he iss revenge hisself." (Say! the grammar they use is plumb fierce.)

"He iss revenge hisself!" yells the rest of the bunch. Then they all looked at the widda.

"Boys," she sobs, "I ain't *never* refused him. Fer a good reason—he ain't never ast me."

(The cholos, they just growled.)

Kashmirs
and
Bengals

"Rugs of Distinction"

Made in all sizes—from small mat rugs up to large 12x18-foot rugs for library, dining room or parlor.

Their rich Oriental color effects, non-fading patterns, and superb, two-sided, wear-resisting quality cannot be duplicated in other rugs at double the price.

$1.50 to $27.

The only low-priced high-grade rugs.

Sold by leading dealers throughout the United States. If no dealer near you sells Kashmirs and Bengals [illegible] free catalogue showing these rugs in their real colors.

Look for the tiger trade-mark on the tag.

Fries-Harley Company
711 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia
Makers of rugs exclusively.

Bank by Mail

Depositors of The Cleveland Trust Company have the satisfaction of knowing they are dealing with a bank of established reputation whose responsibility is measured by

Capital and Surplus of $5,000,000.00
Resources $30,000,000.00

4% Interest

is allowed on savings deposits of a dollar or more.

Send for our free booklet "A" giving full particulars of our Banking by Mail system and other valuable information.

The
Cleveland
Trust Company

Savings Bank
72,000 Depositors
CLEVELAND, OHIO

MARSHALL FIELD & CO
CHICAGO
BRIGHTER LIGHT
LIGHTER BILLS
NERNST
USE NERNST LAMPS

In the largest and finest dry goods store in the world because they find

NERNST LIGHT

best from every point of view. It has daylight color value, is most economical, most reliable, most flexible, most pleasing to the customer.

Nernst Light is electric light at the cost of gas. Your lighting company will furnish the lamps.

Write to us for booklet No. [illegible] "Store Lighting."

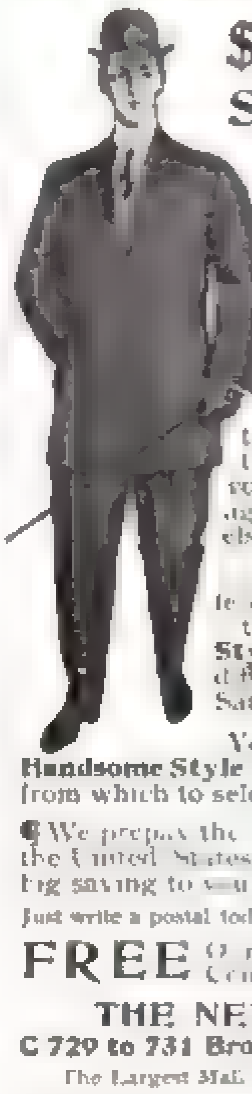
NERNST LAMP CO., Pittsburg, Pa.

WEDDING INVITATIONS 100 for $3.50

Announcements etc., engraved and printed.

Visiting Cards 100 50c. with case 75c. Monogram stationery. Write for samples.

The Estabrook Press, 181 S. Tremont Street, Boston



New York City Fashions

$12.50 to $25.00
Suit or Overcoat
Made to Your Measure.

Style Book and Samples sent Free. And, we Guarantee to Fit you Perfectly or Refund Your Money without any Argument.

If you only knew how we can please you and the number of big round dollars we can save you.

If we could only point out to you in print the difference between the garments we make to your order (New York City Styles) against other styles obtainable elsewhere.

If we could fully explain the difference in the skill of the Tailoring, the difference in the Dash of Style and Grace of the Fit and the difference in Quality and in Self-Satisfaction too.

You would write at once for our Handsome Style Book and Samples of the fabrics from which to select, for "Seeing is Believing."

¶ We prepay the Express Charges to any part of the United States to your home, which means a big saving to you.

Just write a postal today and you will receive by return mail

FREE Our Style Catalog, Samples and Complete Self Measurement Outfit.

THE NEW YORK TAILORS
C 729 to 731 Broadway New York City
The Largest Mail Order Tailors to Men in the World
Est. 16 Years [illegible]

Suppose you try it

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

will satisfy completely when other shaving soaps satisfy in part.

Send 4 cts. in stamps and we will send you a trial stick in nickeled box. Enough for a month's shaving.

Colgate & Co., Dept. P,
55 John Street, New York City.

At Your Dealer's or Direct at Lowest Factory Price

The Safest Fun

is afforded the boy or girl by the "Irish Mail" because it is built so low it doesn't upset. Yet it is geared for all the speed they want. It gives the youngsters real healthful exercise [illegible]

"The Irish Mail"

The popular car for children— [illegible]

Patented
Write for the Illustrated Booklet

Hill-Standard Mfg. Co., 347 Irish Mail Ave., Anderson, Ind.

I Teach Sign Painting

Show Card Writing or Lettering by mail [illegible] My instruction is [illegible] personal and thorough. My graduates are [illegible] Easy terms. Write for [illegible]

Chas. J. Strong, Pres.
DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING
Dept. B. Detroit, Mich.
"Oldest and Largest [illegible]"

2¢ A WEEK
100 CANDLE POWER

Makes and burns its own gas and produces a pure white, steady, safe, 100 candle power light. No wick, smoke, dirt, grease or odor.

THE "BEST" LIGHT

Lighted instantly. Over 200 styles. Agents wanted. Write for catalog.
THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

STRAIGHT LEGS

Positively trim, stylish, straight-line effect with our Pneumatic Forms. Sent on Approval. [illegible] Booklet, photos and chart sent free under plain letter seal.

THE ALISON CO.
Dept. 30 Buffalo, N.Y.

"*What?*" I ast, turnin' on Bergin like I was hoppin'. "You love her, and yet you ain't never ast her to marry you? Wal, you blamed bottle of ketchup, you *oughta* die!"

"How *could* I ast her?" begun the sheriff. "She plumb hates the *sight* of me."

"I don't! I don't!" sobs the widda. "Mister Lloyd knows that ain't so. Willie and me, we—we ——"

"Y'*see?*" I turned to the Mexicans. "He loves her; she loves him. We're goin' to have a weddin', not a hangin'."

"The stone—he iss revenge," says Pedro.

"The stone," I answers, "come outen the sky. It's a mete'rite."

"I felt it hit!" cried the widda.

Wal, you couldn't expect a Mexican t' swaller *that*. So we'd no more'n got the words outen our mouths when they begun to dance 'round Bergin agin with the halter.

Wal, how do you think it come out?

Mebbe you figger that Mrs. Bridger drawed a knife and sa—a—aved him, 'r I pulled my gun and stood there tellin' 'em they'd only hang the sheriff over my dead body. But that ain't the way it happened. No, ma'am. *This* is how:

Round the bend from towards Albuquerque come the pay-car. Now, the pay-car, she stopped just one minit fer ev'ry section-hand, and them section-hands was compelled to git into line, and be quick 'bout it, 'r not git they money. So they didn't have no spare time. They let go of Bergin and run—the section-boss leadin'.

The sheriff, he slung the rope to one side—and the widda goes into his arms. "Little woman," he says, lookin' down at her, "I'll—I'll be a good father to the boy." Then he kissed her.

Wal, that's 'bout all you could reas'nably expect from *Bergin*.

Next thing, he borryed my gun and just kinda happened over towards the pay-car. And when a cholo got his time and left the line, he showed him the way he was to go. And you bet he *minded*.

Wal, things come out *fine*. A big museum in Noo York bought that rock. (If you don't believe it, just go to that museum, and you'll see it a-settin' out in front—big as life.) A-course, Mrs. Bridger got a nice little pile of money fer it, and paid Curry the balance she owed him. Then the sheriff got Mrs. Bridger!

And the bunch that didn't git her? Wal, the bunch that didn't git her just nater'lly got *left!*

The Postal-Card Craze

THREE years ago souvenir or picture postal cards were on sale in about one hundred stores and shops in the United States. To-day they may be had in eighty thousand different places. What was originally a fad has become a great business.

The picture postal card flourished for years on the Continent. Every small town or inn had a pretty souvenir of this kind, while, in the big cities, every place of interest was reproduced on a postal. Then the idea struck the United States. The Eastern cities took it up. Now it has spread to almost every village.

Some idea of the extent of the business may be gained when it is stated that a man who has a booth at a seaside resort near New York sells forty-five dollars' worth of postal cards a day. It is estimated that as much as two hundred thousand dollars a day is spent for picture postal cards in the United States.

So large is the number of picture postal cards passing through the mails every day that special regulations have been adopted for them. It was only recently that permission was given to write a message on the address side. It is interesting to add in this connection that the official estimate of the number of souvenir postal cards passing through the British post-offices last year was five hundred million. The value placed on these cards was estimated at five million dollars. The revenue to the various governments from postage on souvenir cards approximates millions.

So widespread is the interest in these cards that what is called a postal-card congress is held every year at Leipzig, Germany. Like the stamp collectors, the card faddists have a paper. The sale of specially-made albums for souvenir postal cards has become something of an industry, too. People trade postals as they trade stamps and rare coins.

Sun Proof
Rain Proof
Mallory
STYLE
and
SERVICE

Mallory
CRAVENETTE HATS

Mallory Cravenette Hats appeal to men who dress well. They are stylish. Mallory Cravenette Hats are kept more strictly up-to-date in style than any other make. They have qualities of material and workmanship found only in the highest priced hats.

Of all hats made, they alone have the added "stay-new" quality which comes from the famous cravenetting process. This makes Mallory Cravenette Hats the only hats that are rain-proof and sun-proof. They will not lose their shape or spot. You don't have to pay extra for this insurance against all sorts of weather.

Derbies and Soft Hats, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00

For sale by all first class dealers.

*We send free a beautiful Booklet of Hat Styles for 1907
Address Department S.*

E. A. MALLORY & SONS, Inc.
Established 1823
13 Astor Place, Corner Broadway, New York
Factory: Danbury, Conn.

Sectional Bookcases

are rapidly replacing the old-fashioned solid bookcases. They grow with your library at any space, and promote more comfort in the home than any other piece of furniture.

Per Section $1.00 and Upwards

Freight Paid

Made in our own factory, under our own patents, and shipped direct to the home or office

On Approval

The artistic appearance, solidity of construction, and practical features of this case have appealed to thousands of prominent users who have universally pronounced it

THE BEST

Send for Our New Free Catalogue No. 25, which illustrates the different grades and finishes, from solid oak to solid mahogany, and offers many suggestions for building up the home or office library.
THE Z. J. LUNDSTROM MFG. CO., Little Falls, N. Y. (Mfrs. of Sectional Bookcases and Filing Cabinets)

Registered
Trade Mark

BRIGHTON FLAT CLASP GARTERS

It's a good move to wear Brightons. If you want to know how much comfort can be obtained for a quarter get a pair from your furnisher today.

Patented flat clasp; pure silk web; metal parts are heavy nickel-plated brass. At your dealer's or sent postpaid upon receipt of price. Get a pair on.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., 718 Market Street, Philadelphia.
Makers of Pioneer Suspenders

For Leg Comfort

The Florsheim SHOE

Look for Name in Strap

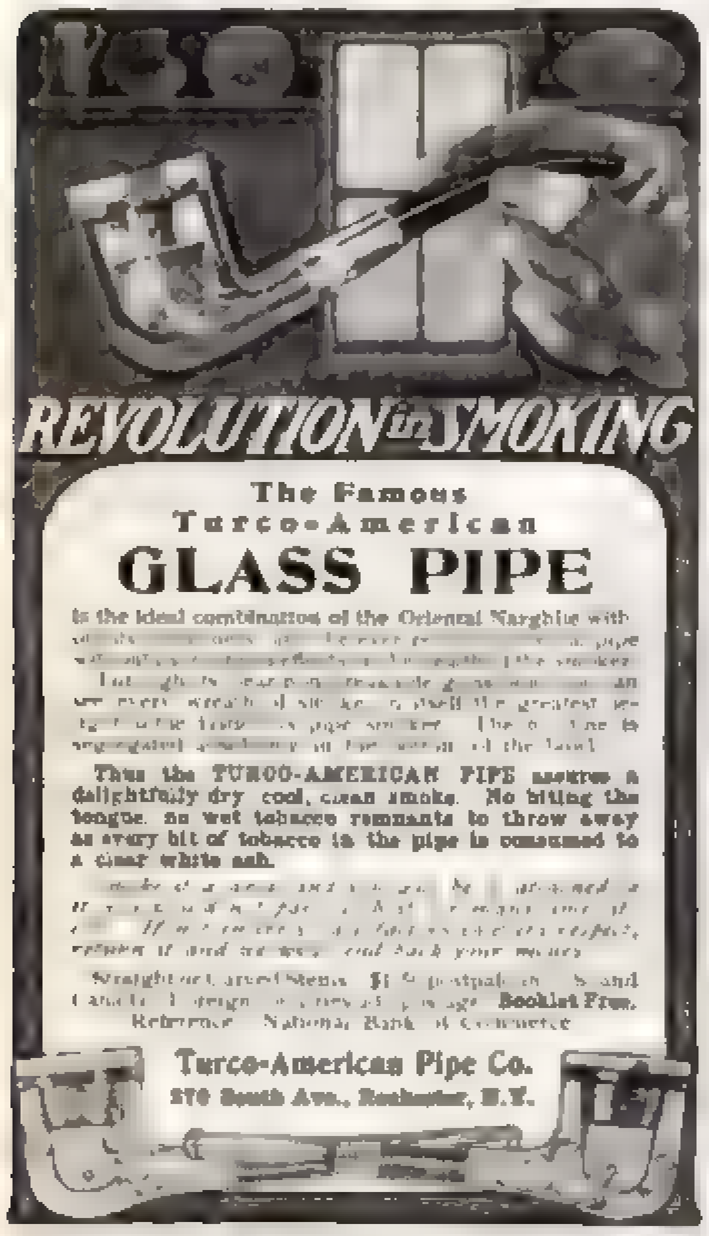
The "Chic"

Dull Velvet Calf, Button Boot. Neat Swing—Narrow Toe. In either Button, Lace or Blucher Patterns.

Style—Shape—Service and Comfort are built into each Florsheim Shoe. The best and most expensive materials—the most Scientific Workmen are employed—that's why the Florsheim is a good Shoe.

Style Book shows "a fit for every foot." Send for it. Most styles sell for $5 and $6.

Florsheim & Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.



REVOLUTION in SMOKING

The Famous
Turco-American
GLASS PIPE

is the ideal combination of the Oriental Narghile with [illegible] pipe [illegible] the smoker.

[illegible]

Thus the TURCO-AMERICAN PIPE assures a delightfully dry cool, clean smoke. No biting the tongue, no wet tobacco remnants to throw away as every bit of tobacco in the pipe is consumed to a clear white ash.

[illegible] return it and we will send back your money.

Straight or Curved Stems. $1 [illegible] postpaid in U. S. and Canada. Foreign [illegible] postage. **Booklet Free.** Reference: National Bank of Commerce.

Turco-American Pipe Co.
270 South Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

Moving Picture Machines

STEREOPTICONS

You Can Make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public

[illegible]

THE FIELD IS LARGE, comprising the regular theatre and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges and General Public Gatherings. **Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue** fully explains special offer. Sent Free.
Chicago Projecting Co., 225 Dearborn St. Dept L, Chicago.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED

Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free.
EVANS, WILKENS & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Rescue of Theophilus Newbegin

(Continued from Page 15)

"That is not what *you* are for," he said quietly.

"I must! I must!" she repeated. "Oh, I should like to go with you, but I can't!"

"But think of yourself," he cried harshly. "Your uncle and aunt can die if they choose, but they've no right to let you die, too, just out of loyalty to them. It's cruel and wrong. It makes me sick to think of you penned up here in this nasty, yellow place, all these years, when you ought to have been going to school, and riding, and sailing, and playing tennis, and having a good time."

"Oh!" she protested.

"No, hear me out!" he insisted. "And having a good time!. You can serve God and yet be happy, can't you? And your place isn't here, in the midst of cholera and famine and malaria. It's different with people who have lived their lives; but with you—so young and fresh and pretty!"

"Oh!" she cried joyfully. "Do you think I am pretty? I'm so glad!"

"Do I?" he replied hotly. "Too pretty to be allowed to go wandering around these crooked Chinese streets ——" He checked himself. "I say, it's a shame! And now to stay here, after all, to be butchered!" He jumped to his feet and ground his teeth.

She gazed at him, startled, and said reproachfully:

"I don't think it is right for you to say things like that. 'Whoso loseth his life for My sake shall find it.' Don't you remember?"

He made no reply, realizing the hopelessness of his position.

"Come," he said, "let us go back."

She was afraid she had offended him, but was too timid to do more than to take his hand and let him lead her gently down the winding stairs.

At the gate of the temple they found the crowd augmented by several hundred persons, who closed in behind and marched along to the compound.

Mr. and Mrs. Newbegin were waiting on the veranda; the boy was by no means unrelieved to have the company of his escort for the rest of their walk, and the party made good time to the Dirigo. The Bund was alive with spectators, and so was the whole long line of shore. There were Chinese everywhere. On the beach, on rafts, in sampans, swimming in the water—all around, wherever you looked, there were a dozen yellow faces—waiting—waiting for something. Even in the broil of that inland sun the chills crept up the boy's spine.

The Reverend Theophilus and his wife were much pleased with the gunboat, and sat in the cabin in the draft of the two electric fans, sipping lemonade, while the boy showed the girl over the Dirigo. He had made one last passionate appeal to the missionary and his wife, who had again flatly refused to leave the city. Margaret had likewise reasserted her determination not to desert them. The boy was in despair. He was showing the girl his little stateroom with its tiny bookcase and pictures, and she had paused fascinated before one which showed a group of young people gathered on a smooth lawn, with tennis racquets in their hands. All were smiling or laughing. Margaret could not tear herself away from it.

"How happy they look!" she whispered. "How fresh and clean and cool everything is! What are those things in their hands?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"The round things that look like nets," she explained.

The boy gasped.

"Tennis racquets? Do you mean to say you've never seen a tennis racquet?"

"I don't think so." She hesitated. "Perhaps ever so long ago—when I was a little girl. But I've forgotten."

The boy's anger flamed to a white heat as he glanced out through the stateroom door to where the Reverend Theophilus and wife sat stolidly luxuriating in the artificial draft.

"When I was a child we lived for a while in Shanghai. My father's ship was there," she added.

"Your father in the Navy?" cried the boy eagerly. "What was his name?"

"Wellington," she answered. "He was a commander. He died at Hongkong ten years ago."

REMINGTON
BILLING TYPEWRITER

What It Does

It writes your bills with double the speed of the pen.

It writes bill and charge sheet at one writing—no more need for separate charge entries.

It writes, at the same time, any additional charge or order copies that your system may require.

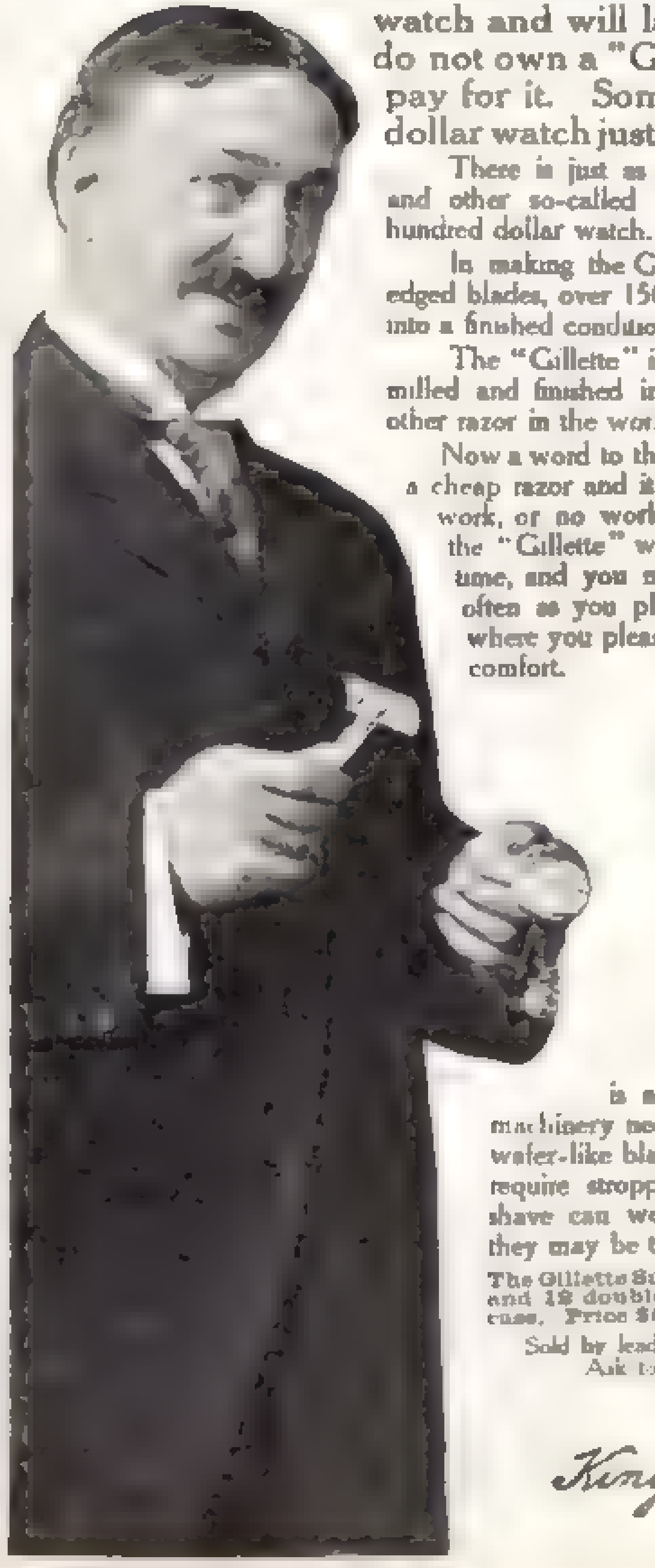
It adapts itself perfectly to your system or the needs of any business.

It improves system, insures against errors—makes short cuts which were impossible under former methods.

It extends the field of the typewriter to form and tabular work of every kind and description, and always with an immense saving of time, labor, and expense.

Send for our illustrated booklet on the REMINGTON BILLING TYPEWRITER

Remington Typewriter Company (Incorporated) **New York and Everywhere**



My razor, the "Gillette," is made as fine as my watch and will last a lifetime. Some people who do not own a "Gillette" think $5.00 is too much to pay for it. Some people might likewise think a dollar watch just as good as a hundred dollar watch.

There is just as much difference between the Gillette Razor and other so-called Safety Razors as between a dollar and a hundred dollar watch.

In making the Gillette Razor with its keen, wafer-like double-edged blades, over 150 mechanical operations are necessary to put it into a finished condition.

The "Gillette" is as accurately made as a watch; it is machine-milled and finished in the same way. This cannot be said of any other razor in the world.

Now a word to the wise! Get a cheap razor and it will do poor work, or no work at all; whereas, the "Gillette" will last you a lifetime, and you may shave with it as often as you please and when or where you please with safety and comfort.

Three-fourth Size.

Gillette Safety Razor
NO STROPPING, NO HONING.

The Gillette Razor I know is a money saver and a time saver to the man who uses it. There are over a million shavers who will prove my assertion to be true. Back of the Gillette Razor is a solid business organization and the perfected machinery necessary to produce the Gillette Razor and its wafer-like blades (made so keen and sharp that they never require stropping), at a price which any man who has to shave can well afford to pay—so inexpensive when dull they may be thrown away as you would an old pen.

The Gillette Safety Razor consists of triple silver plated holder and 12 double-edged blades, packed in velvet lined leather case. Price $5.00. Combination sets $6.50 to $50.00

Sold by leading Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery, and Hardware Dealers. Ask for the "Gillette" and our interesting booklet.

Refuse all substitutes and write to-day for special thirty-day free trial offer

King C Gillette
Gillette Sales Company,
206 Times Bldg., New York City.

Bailey's Rubber Massage Roller Makes, Keeps and Restores Beauty in Nature's Own Way.

For sale by all dealers, or mailed upon receipt of price, **50c**

A Sample Jar of Skin Food GIVEN with every Roller

Baby's Teeth cut without irritation. The flat-ended teeth expand the gums, keeping them soft; the ring comforts and amuses the child, preventing convulsions and cholera infantum.

Mailed for price, 10c.

Bailey's Rubber Sewing Finger [illegible] embroidery. Three sizes — small, medium and large

Mailed, 10c. each

PAT APPLIED FO
BAILEY'S RUBBER
TOOTH BRUSH

Cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes the enamel without injury. Never irritates the gums. Can be used with any tooth wash or powder. Ideal for children's use. No bristles to come out. No. 1, 25c. No. 2, 35c. Mailed on receipt of price.

[illegible]

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., BOSTON, MASS.

KING MANTELS

Represent

Quality, Style and Economy

We court investigation and, unless we knew our goods, should not offer to send our magnificent 72-p. cat. for **12c.** (that costs us 50c. to deliver) including our book, "Colonial Beauties."

FREE

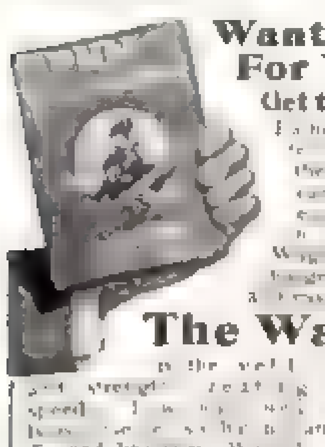
OUR "EVIDENCE" BOOK

Shows **37** leading designs and tells what others think of **King Mantels.** Some in your section. It is convincing. Write to-day stating number of mantels required.

KING MANTEL CO
547 549 West Jackson Ave
Knoxville Tenn

Want Healthy Exercise For Your Children?

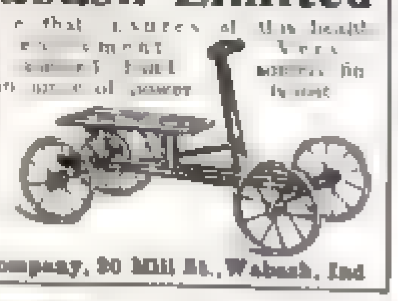
Get this Free Book It Tells How



[illegible]

The Wabash Limited

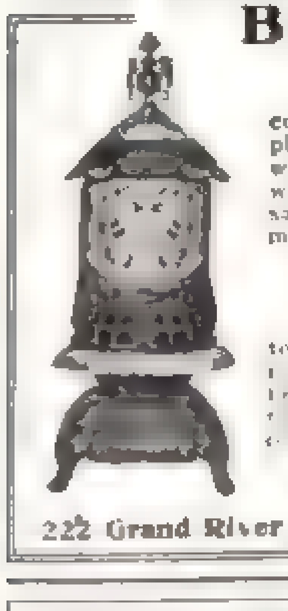
[illegible] Turned bearings. [illegible] Wheels, steel or rubber tired



Ask for our special 30 days free trial offer — and send postal for the book — now.

Wabash Manufacturing Company, 30 Mill St., Wabash, Ind

This Remarkable Stove Burns any Fuel



Hard or soft coal, slack, wood or corncobs — it warms the house completely with any fuel. Burns clean with almost no ashes. We sell this wonderful heater direct [illegible] saving [illegible] dealer's and middlemen's profits. We pay the freight

Try it at Our Risk

Our 30 day trial offer allows you [illegible] catalog, with special [illegible]

Diamond Stove Co.,

222 Grand River Avenue, DETROIT, MICH.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$100,000 for one invention, another $8,500. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" [illegible] patent for sale [illegible]

Patent Obtained or Fee Returned.

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Att'ys,
951 F. Street, Washington, D. C.

"Wellington! Richard Wellington? He was in my father's class at Annapolis!" cried the boy. Then he groaned and bit his lips. "Oh!—oh! It's a crime!"

He dropped on one knee and took her hands.

"Poor little girl!" he almost sobbed. "Poor little girl! Think of it! Ten years! Poor child!"

Margaret laid one hand on his head.

"I am quite happy," she said calmly.

"Happy!" He gave a half-hysterical laugh and shook his fist at the porthole. Then he leaned over and whispered eagerly:

"You're tired, dear. Lie down for a few minutes and rest. Do—to please me!"

She smiled. "To please you," she repeated as she leaned back among the cushions which he placed for her, and he closed the door.

"Your niece is going to take a little nap!" he explained to the missionary. "Here are some prints of the new battleships. I must ask you to excuse me for a moment. Saki will serve dinner directly."

"Oh, certainly, of course," murmured Newbegin, recovering from semi-consciousness

The boy sprang up the hatch.

"Here, McGaw!" he ejaculated, rushing to where his midshipman stood watching the swarm of sampans that covered the lake around the Dirigo. "Get up steam! Do you hear? Get up steam as fast as you can. I'm going to hike out of this!"

"All right, sir," replied McGaw in a rather surprised tone. "We can't get off any too soon to please me. Did you ever see such a hole? Hello! What's all that?" He pointed to a highly-decorated sampan coming rapidly toward them, before which the others parted of their own accord, making a broad lane of water to the Dirigo

"By Godfrey! It's the mandarin!" cried the boy. "Where's Yen? Here you, Yen. Go and make mucha laugh for the erfu!"

The sampan, however, turned out not to contain the erfu. A small, fat Chinaman in the mandarin's livery stood up and bawled to Yen through his hands.

"He say," translated Yen over his shoulder, "Wu no come. Viceroy soldier man make big fight—kill plenty—Wu finish. Allight now everybody. Missionary come back. Wu no make smoke, anyway. He long, long way off. This fella lika Melican naval officer maka lil *kumshaw* (gratuity) for good news—for maka mucha laugh."

"What!" roared the boy. "Pay him! Tell him to go to ——"

McGaw watched the boy as he stamped up and down the deck, running his hands through his hair, and wondered if he had a touch of sun. The mandarin's messenger still remained in an attitude of expectancy in the bow of the sampan. Suddenly the midshipman saw his superior officer rush to the side of the Dirigo and throw a Mexican silver dollar at the Chinaman, who caught it with surprising dexterity.

"Tell him," shouted the boy to Yen, "to say to the erfu that he could not find us. That we had gone away before he could deliver his message!"

The fat Chinaman prostrated himself in the sampan.

"He say allight," remarked Yen.

"Do you believe what he said?" demanded the boy threateningly of McGaw.

"Sure," said the midshipman. "That's right enough! That old friend of Yen's was out here again about an hour ago—snooping around—drunk as a lord. He'd been loading up on *samshu* ever since he went ashore. He says that Wu was killed over a month ago, that his head is on a temple gate five hundred miles north of here, and that the smoke over there is caused by burning brush on the hillsides. The rebellion is all over until next year. It's a great note—for us—isn't it?"

But the boy made no reply. He was staring straight through McGaw out across the lake. Suddenly he stepped close to the midshipman and muttered quietly:

"Say, old man, for the sake of old times, can you forget all that?"

"Sure," gasped McGaw, convinced that his previous suspicions had been correct.

"Then forget it! And get up steam!" said the boy, turning sharply on his heel.

VI

THE click of the anchor engine was followed by the throbbing of the Dirigo's screw, but both the Reverend Theophilus and wife supposed them to be the whir of an unseen electric fan. Saki's dinner was exceptionally good, and there was a cold

Columbia
Records

It's easy enough to *argue* the tone quality of a musical record, but it's distinctly another thing to carry out all the delicate and intricate processes of recording and making so that the quality shall appear unmistakably in every vibration of the reproducer.

We are arguing Columbia Record quality as earnestly as we know how—but we are even more earnestly asking you right along to make *comparisons.*

Maybe we might not be so keen about it if we didn't know what your decision would be.

We know well enough that if it once comes to comparisons no other records can possibly equal Columbia Records in any single point—smoothness, sweetness, volume, accuracy, evenness, or durability.

Prove it!

Go into any of the 9000 Columbia Stores and listen!

Send for our latest list of new records, disc or cylinder

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO., General
Tribune Building, New York

STORES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

Agents wanted wherever we are not now represented

Main Branches: 35-37 W. 23d St., New York; 88 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; 520 McAllister St., San Francisco.

Grand Prix, Paris, 1900
Double Grand Prize, St. Louis, 1904
Grand Prize, Milan, 1906 Highest Award, Portland, 1905

Always Writes When You Want it to Write

The Swan Fountain Pen always writes when you want it to write—the ink responds instantly you touch pen to paper. That's important, isn't it? And you know it isn't true of all fountain pens. You've noticed how ink is supplied to both above and below the pen point of steel pens — that's the natural way. Most fountain pens are so constructed that ink is fed only under the point. That's why they so often need "coaxing" before they write.

MABIE, TODD & CO'S
Swan
FOUNTAIN PEN

never needs coaxing—it never balks, spurts, nor skips — but always glides smoothly over the paper, [illegible] because it is fed [illegible] above and below the [illegible] the natural way.

We'd like to prove to you that the "Swan" is the one pen that will give you continued and unqualified satisfaction. We're willing you should try it until you are fully satisfied it is the best fountain pen you ever had [illegible] until you have proved it is a sure, quick and steady writer, with none of the faults common to cheap fountain pens. Send today for our booklet illustrating the different styles of Swan Fountain Pens—then choose one to suit you and arrange to try it until you are fully satisfied it is the pen you want. Address nearest office. Dept. A.

MABIE, TODD & CO., *(Estab. 1843)*

130 Fulton Street, NEW YORK
149 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO
LONDON, PARIS
BRUSSELS, MANCHESTER

Refinish Your Furniture and Woodwork

Yes, Do It Yourself. You can easily and economically accomplish remarkable results in refinishing your furniture, woodwork and floors by the Johnson Method, fully explained in our new 48-page color book, sent **FREE** on request. It is **simple, fascinating work** that appeals to the home-loving man and woman. You can change the color of the wood and finish in any late shade, such as **Weathered, Mission, Forest Green, Flemish, Mahogany,** etc., at a slight expense with Johnson's Electric Solvo, Johnson's Wood Dye and Johnson's Prepared Wax.

If your furniture does not harmonize with your woodwork, or your floors are scratched and marred, or the woodwork looks bad, you can easily refinish them to look like new. Ask for our book and see how easy it is.

Johnson's Wood Dye for the artistic coloring of wood (all shades), ½-pint cans 30c, pint cans 50c.

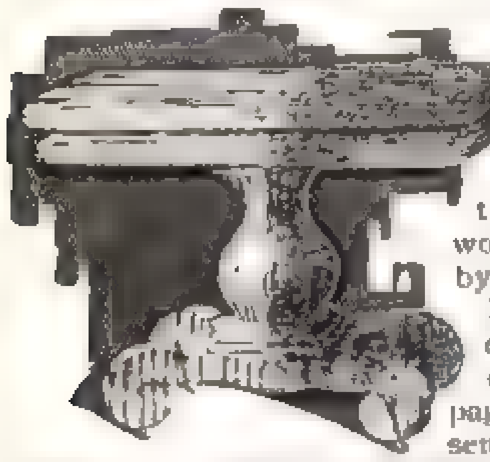
Johnson's Electric Solvo (for removing paint, varnish, shellac, etc.) pt. cans 40c, ½-pt. cans 25c.

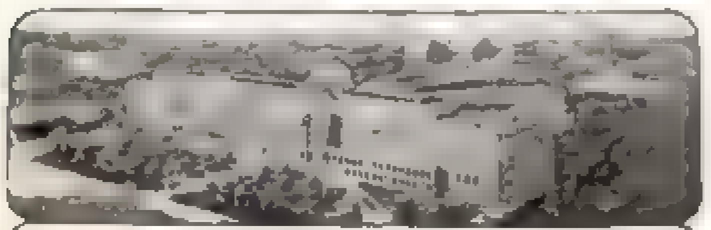
Johnson's Prepared Wax — a complete finish and polish for all wood — 10c and 25c packages also large size cans. Sold by all dealers in paint.

FREE OFFER Send for our new 48-page book on wood-finishing — "The Proper Treatment for Floors, Woodwork and Furniture," and refinish a piece of furniture. Write today and mention Edition S 7.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis.

"The Wood-Finishing Authorities."





Are You Unconsciously Poisoning Yourself?

Have you ever had an examination of the blood, saliva, gastric juices, urine or feces? Come to The Battle Creek Sanitarium and have it done. The food that you are eating may be slowly poisoning you. Physical and mental depreciation and general breakdown are due largely to errors in eating.

The Battle Creek Sanitarium

can tell you quickly what the poisons are which are making you ill — though you may think the cause to be something else. The Sanitarium methods eliminate the poisons from your whole system and build up your health through specialized foods adapted to your individual needs. Also use mechanical vibration, massage, manual Swedish movements, 40 different kinds of baths, gymnastics, electricity, phototherapy, thermotherapy, and other means of health training.

Beautifully illustrated Portfolio Free. Address

The Sanitarium,
Box 44, Battle Creek, Mich.

Send 10c for copy of GOOD HEALTH Magazine containing very interesting article on "Self poisoning through improper eating."

This Heat Regulator Saves on Your Coal

30 Days to Try — 60 Days to Pay

Prove it for yourself. We send it all ready to put up on [illegible] it will do just what we say it will. Anyone who can use a screwdriver can attach it to any furnace [illegible]

The Chicago Heat Regulator keeps even heat whether the weather outside be below zero or above freezing. That means health and 25% coal saved.

The "Time-Set" and thermostat keep the temperature just as you want it all the time. Set it cool at night and the [illegible] gives all particulars — [illegible] zero weather.

"The Chicago" Heat Regulator Co.
37 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Let me sell Your Patent

My book based upon 16 years experience as a Patent Salesman mailed Free. Patent sales exclusively. If you have a Patent for sale call on or write

WILLIAM E. HOYT
Patent Sales Specialist
290 P Broadway N. Y. City

bottle of Vichy for the missionary, who lingered a long time after the coffee to tell about the ravages of the cholera the year before. When at last they ascended to the deck there was nothing to be seen of Chang-Yuan but a glare of tile roofs on the distant horizon.

"Bless me!" remarked the Reverend Theophilus, gazing stupidly at the coffee-colored waves about them. "What is the meaning of all this? Where are we going? I must go ashore. I have no time for pleasure-sailing!"

"Certainly not!" echoed his wife. "Kindly return at once! Why, we are miles from Chang-Yuan!"

And then it was, according to McGaw, that the boy more than rose to the occasion and verified the prophecy of the Admiral, though under a somewhat different interpretation, that he would "make good"; for, standing by Margaret's side, he saluted the missionary, and with eyes straight to the front delivered himself of the following preposterous statement:

"I exceedingly regret that my orders do not permit me to exercise the discretion necessary to return as you request. The Admiral commanding the Asiatic Squadron specifically directed me to proceed at once to this place and rescue the Reverend Theophilus Newbegin and wife. I was given no option in the matter. I was to '*rescue*' you, that is all. I received no instructions as to what to do in the event that you preferred not to be rescued, and I interpret my orders to mean that I am to rescue you whether you like it or not. Everything will be done for your entire comfort, and Saki has already prepared my stateroom for Mrs. Newbegin. I trust you will not blame me for obeying orders."

"Bless me!" stammered the Reverend Theophilus. "Dear me! I really do not know what to say! I am exceedingly disturbed. It seems to me like an unwarrantable interference—not on your part, of course, but on that of the Government. But," he added apologetically, "we cannot blame you for obeying orders, can we, Henrietta?"

But Mrs. Newbegin's ordinarily vacuous face bore a new and radiant expression.

"I see the hand of Providence in this, Theophilus!" she said.

"Yes, yes!" he answered, wiping his forehead. "He moves in a mysterious way in an astonishing way, I might say." He looked regretfully over his shoulder toward the fast-vanishing Chang-Yuan.

Margaret slipped her hand into his and laid her head on his arm.

"I am so glad, Uncle!" she whispered. He patted her cheek.

"Yes, yes! It is probably better this way," he sighed. "Henrietta, let us retire to the cabin and consider what has happened. My young friend, be assured we bear you no ill will for your involuntary action in this matter."

Four evenings later, under the snapping stars of the midsummer heaven, Margaret Wellington and Jack Russell sat side by side in two camp-chairs on the bridge of the Dingo. Below in the hot cabin sat the Reverend Theophilus and his wife reading The Spirit of Missions.

"And now," said the boy, as he drew her hand through his, "you are going to be happy forever and always. The world is full of wonderful things and nice, kind people, who are trying to do good and yet have a jolly time while they are doing it. And you will have the dearest mother a girl ever had. How proud she'll be of you! Now promise to forgive me! You know why I did it? Do you suppose I'd have dared to do it if I hadn't?"

"Yes," she answered happily, "I knew why you did it. And I forgive you! Only, of course, it really was very wicked! But ——"

The sentence was never finished—to the delight of the Government pilot behind them.

"What do you think my uncle will say when we tell him?" she laughed.

"He'll say, 'Bless me! Dear me—I don't know!'" answered the boy, and they both giggled hysterically.

Abaft the black shadow of the smokestack Yen and the Shan-si man stood in silence, watching the two on the bridge. The Shan-si raised his arm once more in the direction of Wuchang and made a joke.

"'Above is Heaven's Hall!'" said he. "Below are—the two most foolish things in all the world—a boy and a girl!"

(THE END)

Paints and Finishes For the Home

The Acme Quality plan makes every housewife, however inexperienced, a practical paint buyer and successful user of paints and finishes for shabby things about the home.

The trademark Acme Quality, covering the world's most complete line of paints, enamels, stains and varnishes, enables you to get the finish made exactly for your purpose, by telling your paint dealer what you wish to do and asking for the proper Acme Quality specialty for that use. The trademark on the can is a guarantee that you have the finest finish obtainable. For competent direction in applying, ask the dealer for the

THE ACME QUALITY KIND
PAINTS ENAMELS STAINS VARNISHES

ACME QUALITY

Textbook on the selection and use of paints and finishes. No matter what the work may be, old or new, on wood or metal, this book will tell you how it should be done.

To rebeautify a bureau, or other piece of furniture, for instance, the chapter on "Refinishing Furniture" explains how you can produce any desired finish. A popular method is to apply *Acme Quality Furniture Varnish* after removing the old varnish with *Acme Quality Paint and Varnish Remover.* The result will be a rich, lustrous, enduring finish.

Dealers have both the finishes and the book. If yours can't supply the book, send his name and we will mail copy free.

Address Dept. Q, ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS, Detroit, Mich.

NABISCO
SUGAR WAFERS

are composed of the finest materials obtainable—the perfection of delicacy—the acme of goodness. The mere presence of these delicious confections lends distinction to any table, whether plainly or richly appointed.

In ten cent tins,
also in twenty-five cent tins.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Present Low Prices of High Grade

Bonds

MONETARY conditions have operated to so increase the demand for money and lessen the volume of funds available for good investment securities, that a much lower range of prices prevails — resulting in larger income return.

This need for money has arisen not because business is poor but because it is almost too good — large sums being required for improvements, etc. We have, then, the seeming paradox that seasoned Bonds of all classes are now both **CHEAPER** and **SAFER** than for many years past.

This is especially true of the more important Municipal issues, underlying Railroads, and seasoned Bonds of corporations serving the Public with necessities like transportation, gas and electricity.

Many of these issues can to-day be bought on an exceedingly attractive basis — combining perfect safety and marketability with unusually high yield, ranging from

4% to 7%

In our judgment it is an excellent time for investors to place their surplus funds.

We shall be pleased to assist investors in making suitable selections and we invite correspondence on the subject. We have on hand seasoned Bonds available in denominations of $500, $1,000, and $5,000.

Circular letter E 6 on request.

N. W. HALSEY & CO.
BANKERS

NEW YORK
49 Wall Street

PHILADELPHIA
1429 Chestnut Street

CHICAGO
152 Monroe St.

SAN FRANCISCO
424 California Street

A-R-E SIX'S

A Time-Tried 6% Investment

WE offer you an unusual investment opportunity, affording the highest return consistent with absolute safety, based upon the best security on earth — selected New York real estate.

There is nothing new or experimental in the offer. We have been paying 6% to thousands of investors the country over for nearly twenty years. There is nothing sensational in this proposition. It is merely a matter of safely *investing* your money instead of safely *loaning* it.

If you are interested in saving money or investing money already saved you ought to read our literature about A-R-E 6% Gold Bonds and the security on which they are based. Write for it to-day.

American Real Estate Company
511 Night and Day Bank Building
Fifth Ave. and 44th Street, New York City

GEO. H. HEAFFORD, LAND BROKER
Hunts bargains for buyers of farm lands anywhere in the United States. Write your desires and price you can pay. No find, no charge.
277 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ills.

BANK **Advertising Copy** prepared by an expert. Sample ads and valuable booklet sent free. Enclose clipping of present space
ALBERT HANSON, Box 683, Montgomery, Ala.

Your Saving's

BARGAINS IN BONDS

GOOD bonds are cheaper to-day than they have been in years. Therefore, the opportunity to invest your savings securely and at the same time receive a satisfactory income is a very unusual one.

In last week's article on bargains in stocks the causes which led to the "slump" in the stock market were explained. While the prices of bonds do not fluctuate as readily as the prices of stocks, there is a certain kinship and sympathy between securities, and frequently, when the condition of the stock market is unsettled, the feeling spreads to bonds in a more limited degree. It has happened, however, that during what is called a bad stock market there has been a very good bond market, with prices fairly high. One reason is that the price of bonds does not depend so entirely on the condition of business as stocks.

The present low bond market is due to a number of causes. One of the principal causes is the fact that money is tight, or scarce, and as a result commands a high rate of interest. The people who ordinarily would be buying bonds that yielded them from 4 to 4½ per cent. prefer to lend out their money as cash and get from 5 to 7 per cent. The same attitude is taken by corporations, which under normal conditions would be heavy buyers of bonds.

A second reason is that, on account of the cheapness of high-class investment stocks, a great many investors are buying stocks instead of bonds. Still a third reason is that a great many holders of bonds have converted them into cash because they needed the money. Thus a great many desirable bonds have been thrown on the market.

Therefore, as in the case of any commodity of which there is an abundant supply and a decreasing demand, the prices have declined. Practically all kinds of bonds are cheap to-day. High-class bonds, which under normal conditions would sell at a price to yield not more than 4 per cent., are now on a basis to yield 4½ per cent. and in some cases 5 per cent. and more.

The investor never makes a mistake in buying a good bond, especially one that will run a number of years. He can put it away and know that he can collect his interest twice a year and not be disturbed by the movements of the stock market. A bond, it is well to remember, is a very negotiable security—that is to say, you can borrow money on it, and, should an emergency arise when you need money, you can usually dispose of it without difficulty and usually with little, if any, sacrifice, providing, of course, that you have the right sort of bond.

Bargains in Railroad Bonds

No type of bond is more stable than high-class railroad bonds. They form a large part of the securities held by savings-banks in the States where there are strict laws governing savings-bank investments. The following is a list of railroad bonds the prices of which are now lower than they have been in years; the prices given are those at the time this article is written:

Pennsylvania Railroad Convertible Gold 3½s, due in 1915. The interest is payable June and December. This bond now sells at 88 and interest, which would make the yield about 5.40 per cent. It is convertible into the stock of the company at 75 (the par value of the stock being $50). This bond has two distinct values as an investment: first as a bond, and then for its ability to be converted into stock.

Southern Pacific First Consolidated Refunding Mortgage 4s, due in 1955. The interest is payable January and July. It may be bought at 88 and interest, and the yield will be about 4.65 per cent.

Louisville and Nashville Railroad (Atlanta, Knoxville and Cincinnati Division) Mortgage 4s, due in 1955. The interest is payable May and November. This bond may be bought at 86 and interest, and the yield to the investor would be about 4.80 per cent.

Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Gold Debenture 4s, due in 1931. The interest is payable May and November. This bond may be bought at 89½ and interest, and the yield to the investor would be about 4.81 per cent.

CINCINNATI

The Center of Industry and Commerce

MR. MANUFACTURER, *Stop and think!* is *your* plant located at the most advantageous point in the United States, production, distribution and consumption considered? If not, you should look into Cincinnati's *ideal combination* of unsurpassed advantages — central location, geographically; nearness to the supply of raw materials; abundance of cheap fuel; contented labor; economical distribution of finished products and central location as regards the great consuming public.

Raw Materials

The vast [illegible] southern timber tracts are equally [illegible] from Cincinnati, making it [illegible] and [illegible] center for the South's [illegible]. Cincinnati is [illegible] with being the *largest hardwood lumber market* in America.

Cincinnati connects directly with the great iron producing regions of the South and is its principal distributor. [illegible] of the pig iron produced in the United States is sold in Cincinnati, thus making Cincinnati a *cheap pig iron market*. Therefore Cincinnati is the ideal location for factories requiring wood, iron or steel as raw materials.

Cincinnati is nearer the great cotton producing regions of the South than any other northern city and nearer [illegible] to all cotton producing sections than any southern city. Therefore, Cincinnati is the logical location for factories manufacturing *cotton goods*. Cincinnati also is the center of a great *wool-producing section*. Cincinnati is one of the greatest markets for *leather* used in the manufacture of boots, shoes, harness and saddlery. Cincinnati is the cheapest *paper market* in the United States, hence the [illegible] printing, lithographing and publishing business. [illegible] supplied with other raw materials [illegible] used.

Cincinnati produces 8,000 manufacturing plants, representing [illegible] different lines of industry. Hence, needed supplies of any character are purchased at home at lowest prices.

Cheap Fuel

Cincinnati is one of the principal distributing points for the coal production of Western Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee. The Ohio River carries coal to Cincinnati for ½ of a mill per ton per mile—the cheapest transportation known to man. On and after October 1st Cincinnati will be supplied with *natural gas* [illegible] at very low cost. [illegible] to the city [illegible] is able to supply manufacturers with [illegible] power at less cost than in any other city in the country.

Transportation

Cincinnati has 25 separate and distinct railroad lines, including six trunk lines to the East and four to the South. The [illegible] of the [illegible] River to transportation is quite beneficial. Already recognized as the *leading inland export* [illegible] Cincinnati, with the improvement of the Ohio River and completion of the Panama Canal, will have direct water connection with every seaport in the world.

Contented Labor

Cincinnati is freer from labor disturbance than any other city on the continent. Her labor is largely German-American, contented, thrifty and home-loving. Because of the economies of living, wages are reasonable.

Commercial Center

More than three-fourths of the consuming population of the United States live within a radius of [illegible] miles from Cincinnati, reachable by less than [illegible] hours' railroad ride. Cincinnati's commercial importance is further enhanced by its commanding position with relation to the South, the territory destined to be developed in the next quarter century more rapidly than any other section of the country.

Homes

Suburban home locations are the most beautiful in America and exceptionally convenient and cheap. Public schools are on a high plane. The University, Musical and Art Schools are nationally known.

Correspondence solicited. Address WILL L. FINCH, Secretary,

THE CINCINNATI INDUSTRIAL BUREAU, 510 Union Trust Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

BEST & Co
LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR

Children's Fall Dresses

Next to a mother's love for her baby is her pride in the little one's clothes. She wants the child to look "just a little different." That's perfectly natural, and so is it natural for us to gratify her every desire in original and exclusive garments, for that's our business — dressing children — and has been for years.

Write For Catalogue

Our Fall Catalogue is so comprehensive in description of Infants' Wear and illustrations, that it is just as safe to order by mail as though you were in our store. Our Mail Order Department was organized with a view to serving distant patrons with accuracy and promptness and your first order to us will convince you of these facts. Catalogue mailed for 4 cts. (stamps) to cover postage. Address

Dept. 13, 60-62 West 23d Street, NEW YORK

We have no branch stores — no agents

COUPON No. X1215 **25 beautiful assorted Souvenir Post Cards** mailed to any address for 10c. silver or 12c. stamps. A great variety of subjects, Birthday, N. Y. Views, Holiday, Battleships, Niagara Falls, U. S. Capitol, etc. Sold by some stores at 2 for 5c. & others 5c. each. **Defiance Studio, 65 W. Broadway, N. Y.**

PATENTS that PROTECT
Our 3 books for inventors mailed on receipt of 6 cts. stamps
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

Important Investment Facts

In these days of high interest rates it is absolutely unnecessary to take any chances with your money in order to secure a liberal income. Excellent investment bonds and short term notes of demonstrated value can be bought at prices to yield from 5% to 7%. Under existing conditions your money is entitled to the rate of interest with every degree of conservatism.

Keep in mind also that the responsibility of Investment Bankers to clients cannot be overestimated. The quality of the service rendered should never be measured by the amount of money to be invested. A $1,000 investment should receive the same careful thought and attention as a $50,000 investment. We believe that the chief reason why we have so large a clientele, comprising both wealthy and small investors, is due to the fact that, notwithstanding our many years' experience, we are constantly adding to our well equipped facilities.

We make a specialty of the securities of public utility corporations, but only as related to properties located in the larger cities. As members of the New York Stock Exchange we execute orders for all listed securities. We can also buy for you at current prices all classes of securities, whether listed or unlisted. We should like very much to hear from you, if interested in this important subject.

Write for Bond Circular No. 27.

Spencer Trask & Co.

William & Pine Sts., New York.

Our Bank
Money Order Plan
of
BANKING BY MAIL
is the simplest, safest and most convenient.

4% Interest

is paid from the moment your money reaches us. Your savings are constantly on deposit, earning good interest, yet you have the money in your possession, ready for instant use when needed. Ask for Booklet "[illegible]" which fully explains the merits of this wonderful plan. Write today.

The Depositors Savings & Trust Co.
Tom L. Johnson, President. Cleveland, Ohio

4½% TO 6%
High Grade Bonds

Listed on principal Stock Exchanges
At prices to net from 4½ to 6 per cent.
Particulars on application

CHANDLER BROS. & CO.
BANKERS AND BROKERS
Third and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia
MEMBERS
New York Stock Exchange Phila. Stock Exchange
Chicago Stock Exchange
Orders for stocks and bonds executed on any Stock Exchange in the United States or Canada

6% CERTIFICATES of DEPOSIT

[illegible] payable monthly, quarterly or semi-annually.
Write for booklet "C."

SALT LAKE SECURITY & TRUST CO.
SALT LAKE CITY

MUNICIPAL BONDS—5½%

Secured by taxes, therefore absolutely safe. $500 Denominations. Full information on request.

Geo. M. Seward & Co., Bankers 108 La Salle St. CHICAGO

6% BANKING BY MAIL

[illegible] bank are secured by [illegible] first mortgages on improved real estate.
Write for booklet "[illegible]"

FIRST TRUST & SAVINGS BANK
CAPITAL $100,000 [illegible]

REDUCED RATES on shipments of Household Goods to and from all Pacific Coast and Colorado Points, through cars. Bekins Warehouses at all principal points. Maps Free.
Bekins Household Shipping Co.
540 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago

Baltimore and Ohio General Mortgage 4s, due in 1948. The interest is payable April and October. The present price is 97 and interest, and the yield would be about 4.25 per cent.

St. Louis and San Francisco Mortgage Refunding 4s, due in 1951. The interest is payable January and July. The present price is about 76½, and the yield would be about 5.15 per cent.

Atlantic Coast Line Consolidated 4s, due in 1952. The interest is payable March and September. The present price is 87 and interest, which would make the yield about 4.70 per cent.

Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Convertible 5s, due in 1917. The interest is payable June and December. The present price is 98 and interest, which would make the yield about 5.25 per cent. These bonds are convertible into stock of the company on the basis of ten shares of stock for each $1000 bond.

Northern Pacific-Great Northern Joint Collateral Trust 4s, due in 1921. The interest is payable January and July. The present price is 90 and interest, which would make the yield about 4.95 per cent.

Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific (The Rock Island) General Mortgage 4s, due in 1988. The interest is payable January and July. The present price is about 94½ and interest, which would make the yield about 4.25 per cent.

Chicago and Northwestern (Sioux City and Pacific Division) First Mortgage 3½s, due 1936. The interest is payable February and August. At the present price of 87½ and interest the yield would be about 4.30 per cent.

Central Pacific First Refunding 4s, due in 1949. The interest is payable February and August. The present price is 94 and interest, which would make the yield about 4.35 per cent.

Louisville and Nashville Unified 4s, due in 1940. Interest is payable January and July. At the present price of 95½ and interest the yield would be about 4.25 per cent.

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy (Illinois Division) Mortgage 4s, due in 1949. The interest is payable February and August. The present price is 97, which would make the yield about 4.15 per cent.

Public Utilities Bonds

The bargains extend to every kind of bond. An unusual opportunity is presented to buy City of New York bonds, which rank among the very highest of all municipal bonds. You can buy the 3 per cent. bonds, due in 1911, to yield nearly 4.50 per cent., while the 4s, due in 1957, may be bought to yield 4.20 per cent.

There are bargains also in public service corporation bonds. Here are some types that show the range of prices and yields:

Milwaukee Electric Railway and Light Company Refunding and Extension-Mortgage Gold 4½s, due in 1931. The interest is payable January and July. These may be bought at a price of 93 and interest, to yield about 5 per cent.

Tri-City Railway and Lighting Company First Lien Sinking Fund 5s, maturing in 1923. The interest is payable April and October. The price now is 95 and interest, making a yield of about 5.50 per cent.

United Railways of St. Louis First Mortgage 4s, due in 1934. The interest is payable January and July. The present price is about 79, which would make the yield about 5.50 per cent.

These public-service corporation bonds are good investments for business men. A purely speculative bond investment is the United States Steel Sinking Fund 5 per cent., due in 1963. This bond may be bought at a price of about 93½, which would make the yield about 5.40 per cent.

Cheap Short-Term Notes

The market for short-term notes is closely allied with the market for bonds, for the reason that the short-term note is really a substitute for a bond. Corporations issue them when money rates are high, and when they must borrow funds at a high rate they do so for a short period. Hence the disadvantage of a short-term note is that it matures within a comparatively short time and the investor faces anew the problem of reinvestment.

Just now some of the best types of notes are very cheap and may be bought at prices to yield anywhere from 5 to 7 per cent. The following is a list of notes at

Smith Premier

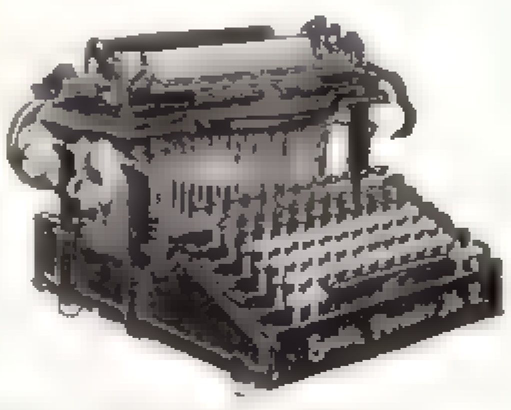
The Field It Covers

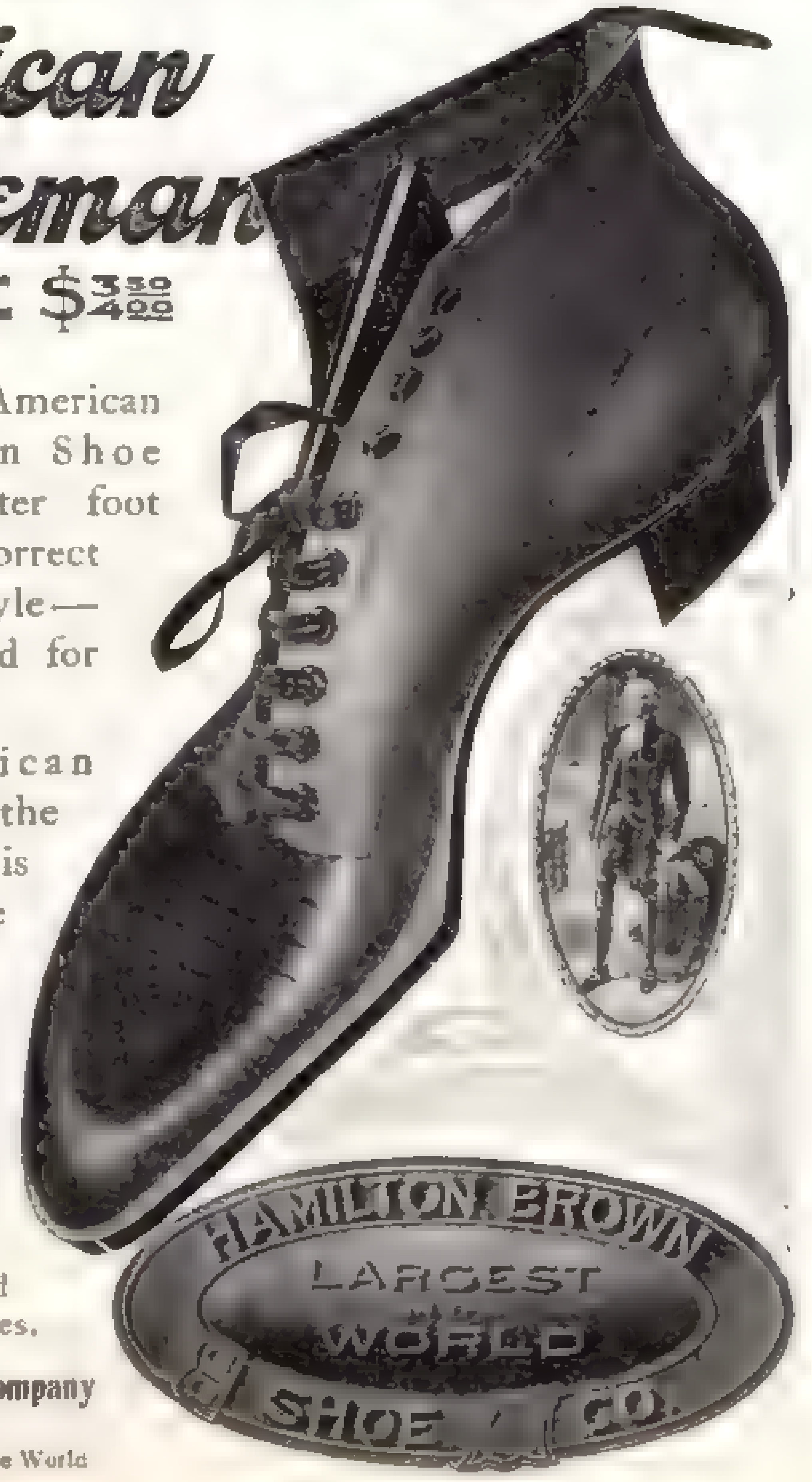
The complete straight-line key-board, removable platen, perfect alignment, delicate adjustment and wonderful durability of the

Smith Premier Typewriter

are advantages so apparent and so vital to good work that they have carried the Smith Premier into every business centre throughout the world. This world-wide appreciation of The Smith Premier should at least prompt you to investigate its features before you buy. We send full information on request.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.
Syracuse, N. Y. Branches Everywhere.





American Gentleman SHOE $3.50 $4.00

THIS sturdy American Gentleman Shoe combines Winter foot comfort and correct Winter shoe style—cannot be equaled for general wear.

As in all American Gentleman Shoes, the workmanship is perfect and the leather the best.

This is No. 1167 American Gentleman Special Shoe, made on the popular Ascot last, with invisible Cork Sole.

A free copy of Shoelight to all who are interested in the best shoe styles.

Hamilton, Brown Shoe Company
St. Louis
Largest Makers of Shoes in the World

Tax Bonds

issued by Public Communities are the acme of conservatism. Not dependable for payment on corporate or individual success—far removed from influences governing so-called listed securities.

We Own And Offer You Tax Bonds

Netting 4½% to 5¾%

Our Large List Includes:

200-$500 Harrison Co., Ia., 6% (Drain) Bonds
100-$500 Bates Co., Mo., 6% (Drain) Bonds
300-$500 Arkansas 5% to 6% (School) Bonds
500-$1000 Other School, City and County Bonds

BUY NOW

No such favorable opportunity in many years. Our record of 18 years and many millions invested with no losses—our customers the nation over, buying of us by mail—are reasons why you should. Place your name on our mailing list.

William R. Compton Company
8 Wardell Bldg., Macon, Missouri

Wealth in the Making at Portsmouth, Virginia

For 300 years the [illegible] of Virginia has been [illegible] resources. To-day there is offered at Portsmouth the award advantage of unequalled transportation facilities, abundance of raw material, labor and low priced fuel [illegible] and real estate investment [illegible].

Here is an ideal climate, pure water, good schools and good [illegible] [illegible] few minutes ride from [illegible] town [illegible] Be sure to visit Portsmouth [illegible] information on request.

I. T. VAN PATTEN, Secretary,
Portsmouth, Virginia.

Industrials Investigated

You Should Secure A confidential conservative report on your prospective or present investments in the Pacific Northwest. Our technical and commercial experts investigate Industries, Manufacturing, Mining, Irrigation, Transportation, Lumber, Fisheries, Electrical and like propositions and report in full detail. The Mercantile Agencies, The Seattle National Bank and Scandinavian American Bank vouch for our reliability and integrity. **Consultation Department,**

PACIFIC ENGINEERING COMPANY
Seattle, Washington

OUR 6% COUPON

TIME PROVES SUCCESS

For fourteen years we have had unprecedented success in **Banking and Loans.** We pay [illegible] [illegible] only First Mortgages on Improved Real Estate. 6% Interest—First Mortgage Securities. Write for booklet A

Equitable Banking & Loan Co., Macon, Georgia

WESTINGHOUSE

Convertible, $1000, 5 per cent. Bonds, pay over five and seven-eighths per cent. at present, N. Y. Stock Exchange Prices.

Write for details.

Security Investment Co.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Capital and [illegible] $2,[illegible]

TRUE CONSERVATISM

means a fair return as well as absolute security.

Our Certificates of Deposit pay 4½ per cent interest and are backed by two millions of capital and surplus.

EAGLE SAVINGS & LOAN CO.
186 Remsen Street, Brooklyn, New York City.

How to Save Money

By an ingenious simple system that [illegible] **It's not what you earn but what you save that counts** [illegible] How to Save Money [illegible] supply the book and what it contains

THE ELMER CO.
1039 Granite Building Rochester, N.Y.

market prices at the time this article is written:

	Price	Yield
American Telegraph and Telephone 5 per cent. gold notes, due in January, 1910	96	6.30
New York Central 5 per cent. gold notes, due February, 1910........	98¼	5.62
Lake Shore and Michigan Southern 5 per cent. gold notes, due February, 1910	98¼	5.62
Michigan Central 5 per cent. gold notes, due February, 1910........	98¼	5.62
Lackawanna Steel Company 5 per cent. gold notes, due March, 1910	94½	7.50
Louisville and Nashville 5 per cent. gold notes, due March, 1910......	98	6
Pennsylvania Railroad 5 per cent. gold notes, due March 15, 1910..	98	6
Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company 6 per cent. gold notes, due August 1, 1910..	99½	6.25
New York, New Haven and Hartford 5 per cent. gold notes, due January 9, 1911..............	100	5
Atlantic Coast Line 5 per cent. gold notes, due March, 1910	97	6.25

These prices are all "and interest," which, as in the case of a bond, means that you pay the interest accrued since the last coupon. You get this back when the next coupon comes due.

It is not difficult to get in touch with the best investment facilities, because investment by mail is one of the features of the business to-day.

The usual commission is the same charged for buying stock—that is, one-eighth of one per cent. of the par value. This means that you only have to pay $1.25 commission on a thousand-dollar bond.

Do Big Men Earn Their Salaries?

(Concluded from Page 17)

twice before it excluded American insurance companies from that country. When the German Government thought the second time it restored the imperilled rights. He is a conciliator—like Mr. Belmont, who, at precisely the most knotty, heated and hopeless point in an all-day labor wrangle, can spring the joke that makes everybody laugh and go away saying it is a mistake to think Mr. Belmont is a hard man to get along with.

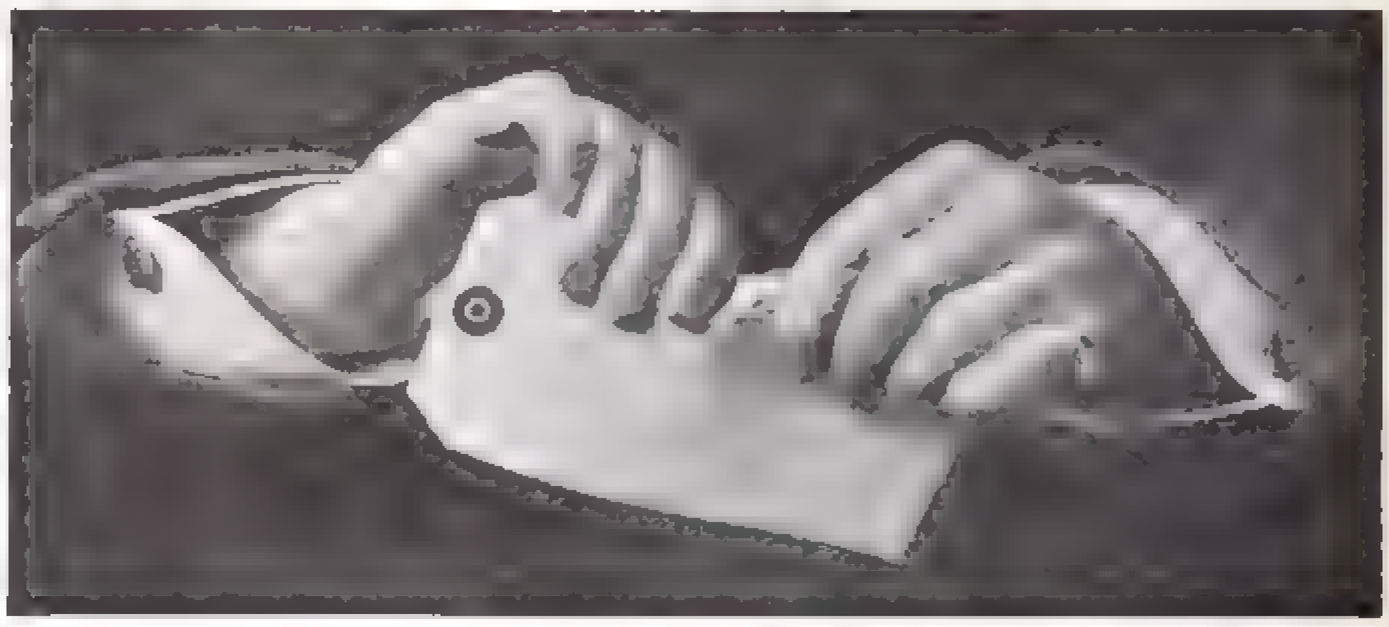
If the modern trust means anything at all, it means pacification. It was started by the conciliation of a lot of industrial Kilkenny cats, and it has to fight daily for its life against competitors, popular prejudice, legislation. Smooth stories of how it was merged seldom give any clew to the difficulties that stood in the way.

Mr. Duke, building up his own organization and using it to smash competition all over the world, is put forward as an invincible general. There was a period in his career, however, when he had to make two million dollars do the work of six, and ten millions look like fifty.

In this period a half-dozen of the ablest financial men went to pieces under him, one after the other, trying to keep up with Mr. Duke.

The big man is an approver and an inspiration to his own people. Ask those people. A Harriman may not have the slightest respect for those under him. And in these comparatively peaceful times the strong, red-haired Mr. Duke likes occasionally to come across a man who will turn and fight. But there is a good deal of courtesy in big business, so far as every-day affairs are concerned. A code and a social side are being developed, as abroad. Even in dealing with competitors, while what is done may amount to the same thing in the end, there is a tendency to do it with a little gentility—a spirit of "After you, Alphonse."

The man on $1200 a year may be interested in some census figures on this subject of salaries. While the big man's pay has increased the little man's has, too. The 1905 census showed that, in manufacturing alone, while there were 364,202 salaried officials and clerks in 1900, with average salaries of $1050 each, in 1905 there were 519,751 such positions, and that the average salary had gone up to $1100. The number of salaried places increased forty-two per cent. in five years, and the aggregate paid for the officering of manufacturing concerns increased fifty per cent.



Dennison QUALITY

is the inherent principle behind every Dennison product. In making a Shipping Tag for instance, Dennison considers not the trifling cost of the tag, but the importance of the service it is to perform. The rightness of this appeals to every thinking business man—that is why

Dennison's Business Utilities

are used exclusively by the great commercial institutions of the land.

It will pay you to ask your Stationer or Printer for prices on **Dennison's Tags, Gummed Labels** and **Seals, Price Tickets, Pin Tickets, Consecutive Numbers, Paper Boxes, Sealing Wax, Gummed Felt Pads, Card Holders, Baggage Checks, Coin Wrappers, Coin Cards, Crepe Paper, Glue, Paste** and **Mucilage**; or if you are in need of anything out of the ordinary in trademark **Seals, Labels** or **Tags** consult Dept. "17" at our nearest *store.*

Dennison Manufacturing Company
The Tag Makers

BOSTON, 26 Franklin St.
NEW YORK, 15 John St.
PHILADELPHIA, 1007 Chestnut St.
CHICAGO, 128 Franklin St.
ST. LOUIS, 413 North 4th St.

THE FIRST QUARTER-25¢

RUBIFOAM FOR THE TEETH

The FIRST quarter invested in RUBIFOAM brings rich returns in the way of a clean, healthy mouth, pure, sweet breath and sound beautiful teeth

One who proves the FULL benefits derived from the wise and timely use of this delicious, liquid, antiseptic dentifrice would part with her LAST quarter rather than be without this unequalled aid to health and beauty.

[illegible] COSTS A QUARTER

SAMPLE FREE

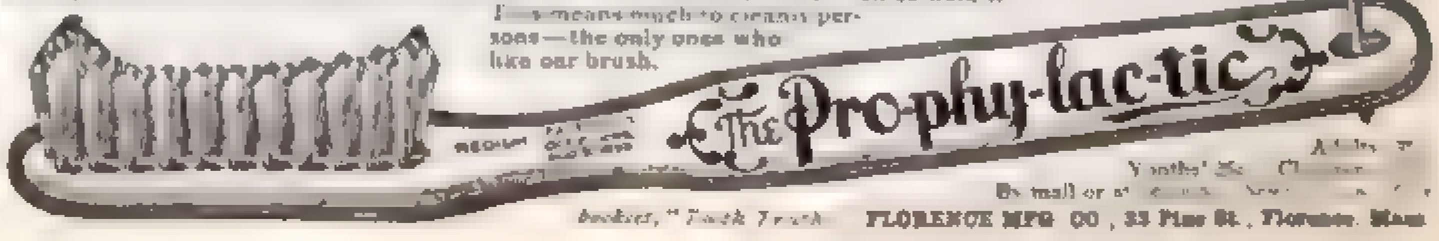
ADDRESS E. W. Hoyt & Co. LOWELL, MASS.

PATENTS WATSON E. COLEMAN
Patent Lawyer, Washington D C
Advice and book free.
Terms moderate. Highest references. Best services.

Wanted [illegible] Rogers Silver Polish [illegible]
McLEAN BLACK CO., 36 Cambridge St., Boston.

I ought to be in everybody's mouth, adults and children, three times a day

Sold Only in a Yellow Box [illegible] Curved handle and face to fit the mouth. Bristles in irregular tufts—cleans between the teeth. [illegible] handle and hook to hold it. [illegible] means much to cleanly persons—the only ones who like our brush.



Adults' [illegible]
Youths' [illegible]
By mail or at [illegible]
booklet, "Tooth Truths." FLORENCE MFG. CO., 33 Pine St., Florence, Mass.

Here's the Place

Where Rubberset Shaving [illegible] — [illegible] The bristles in

"Rubberset"

Shaving Brushes

are set in a bead of soft rubber which is then [illegible]

Rubberset Brush Co., 63 Ferry Street, Newark, N. J.

Be Your Own Boss

I Tell You How

You don't want to work for some [illegible]

[illegible]

Livingston Clothes to Measure

[illegible]

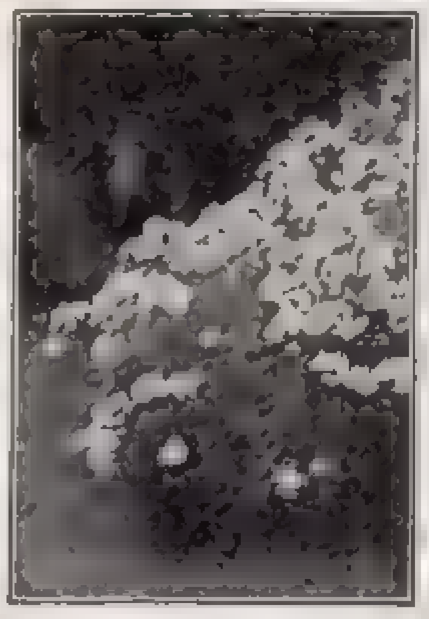
Write me a postal [illegible] Address it to —

Livingston

The Tailor

7094 Livingston Bldg., South Bend, Ind.

The Continuing Garden



Enclosed by hedges of Amoor River Privet and planted in flowers which will afford a [illegible] the walks in front of walls and around the stretches of lawn. Growing in any kind of soil and thriving best if planted in the fall,

Hardy Perennial Phloxes

are ideal for border purposes. They have an exquisite beauty all their own, ranging in color from purest white to deepest crimson. Excellent for cutting, Phloxes are also effective for group-planting. [illegible] We will supply it at $1.50 per dozen, prepaid. Other choice kinds at the same price. Book, "Peter's Plants," free.

PETER'S NURSERY CO., Box 1207, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System — written with only nine characters. No [illegible] "ruled lines" — no "shading" — no [illegible] Chicago Correspondence Schools, 718 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

TWO MASTERS

(Continued from Page 9)

"You let me go!" shouted McDougall, dropping the hose and struggling with Young Murphy.

"Not on your life," said Young Murphy. "Here, you take this hose back."

McDougall took it and turned it full in Young Murphy's face. Blinded, and covering his face with his hands, Young Murphy ran crouching to the other side of the room. The rest of the group scattered at the same time. In a moment the old man was holding the middle of the room with the hose in his hand, directing a stream of water at any expostulating head that he could see protruding from behind a post or a furnace-corner.

He was very pale, and he trembled; but he spoke like a man who knew what he thought.

"I've lived in the Bend all my life," he said. "I've known most of ye since ye was born. Tim Murphy there would have been my grandson if his mother had liked my Pat as much as some other girls did. Pat's a fireman in St. Louis now. The boys in the Bend, they ought to have their playground. There will be no black traitors in our family. Mary is right about it. There will be no McDougall that won't stick to his own people because some other people's been good to him. The Boss, he has been good to me. I would work for him till I was dead with bein' tired. But I won't keep the boys in the Bend from havin' their playground. Nor I won't keep you from gettin' yer raise. Could I walk to church with the rest of ye on Sunday mornin' if I did that? And wouldn't there be some one in the Bend to say that the Boss had bought me up so he wouldn't have to do anythin' fer the rest of ye? When the committee goes to see the Boss I'm a-goin' with them. That's all. And if any of ye tries to stop me I will treat him just like I treated that loose-tongued, worthless, good-for-nothin', shut-eyed puppy, Tim Murphy."

Half an hour later ten men sat uncomfortably in the office of the Boss, waiting for him to appear. Suddenly he had entered. He always gave the impression, not of doing anything, but of having done it, and of having done it suddenly. He was equally characteristic as he plunged straight across the room without looking either to right or to left, dropped down into his chair, flung open his desk, wheeled around to face his visitors, and came to an abrupt stop as he perceived McDougall.

"Terry," he said, "what does this mean?"

McDougall looked at the young man with agonized eyes. He leaned forward as if to explain. Then, apparently concluding that all explanations would be hopeless, he drew himself up again. When he opened his mouth he said simply: "I'm sthrikin'."

The Boss stared at him stupefied. Then he began to talk in his clean-edged, clicking way, the impersonality of which always made the hearer feel that he was being run down by a machine.

"How long have you been with the firm?"

"Forty years."

"How old are you?"

"Past sixty."

"Past sixty, eh? Well past it. Do you think there is any other firm in this city, or in the world, where you could get a job as a fireman?"

McDougall did not answer. He had been very pale all the morning, but now for the first time his eye lost its brilliance. The blankness of the future seemed reproduced in his gaze.

"I asked you a question," clicked the Boss. "I said: 'Do you think there is another firm in this country, or in the world, where you could get a job as a fireman?'"

McDougall nerved himself to reply. The words rose to his lips as if they had been summoned from an infinite depth and as if they had exhausted their last feeble spurt of force in the act of coming just level to the surface.

"Mary, she says ——" he began slowly.

"I don't care what Mary says," the Boss interrupted. "I want to know what you say. Do you think you could get a job anywhere else in the whole world?"

McDougall's hesitation passed. He clenched his fists.

"No," he said shortly.

"I thought not," said the Boss. "Who hired you when you first came to this firm?"

"Your father."

SPECIAL SALE

OSTERMOOR MATTRESS $15.

Regular Price $23.00

Saves You $8.00!

Ostermoor Mattresses, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, 6 ft. 3 in. long, one part, weighing fifty pounds each (5 lbs. more than regular), hand laid filling, built, not stuffed, bound edges, square corners, beautifully made, and daintily covered with any ticking you desire

(We illustrate three patterns above.)

A. C. A. wide or narrow stripe Gray and White Dust-proof Satin Finish Ticking striped in linen effect Blue and White Herring-bone; or Mercerized Art Twills in fancy stripe with floral effects of Blue, Pink, Yellow, Green or Lavender, all at the

Express Charges Prepaid

Bargain Price, $15.00 One Part

$15.50 Made in 2 Parts

Terms of Sale, Cash with Order. None sent C. O. D.

These are extraordinary bargains, Eight Dollars less than regular price. You must speak quickly if you want any, as this Special Offer is open for your immediate acceptance only

Order of Us or Through Your Ostermoor Dealer.

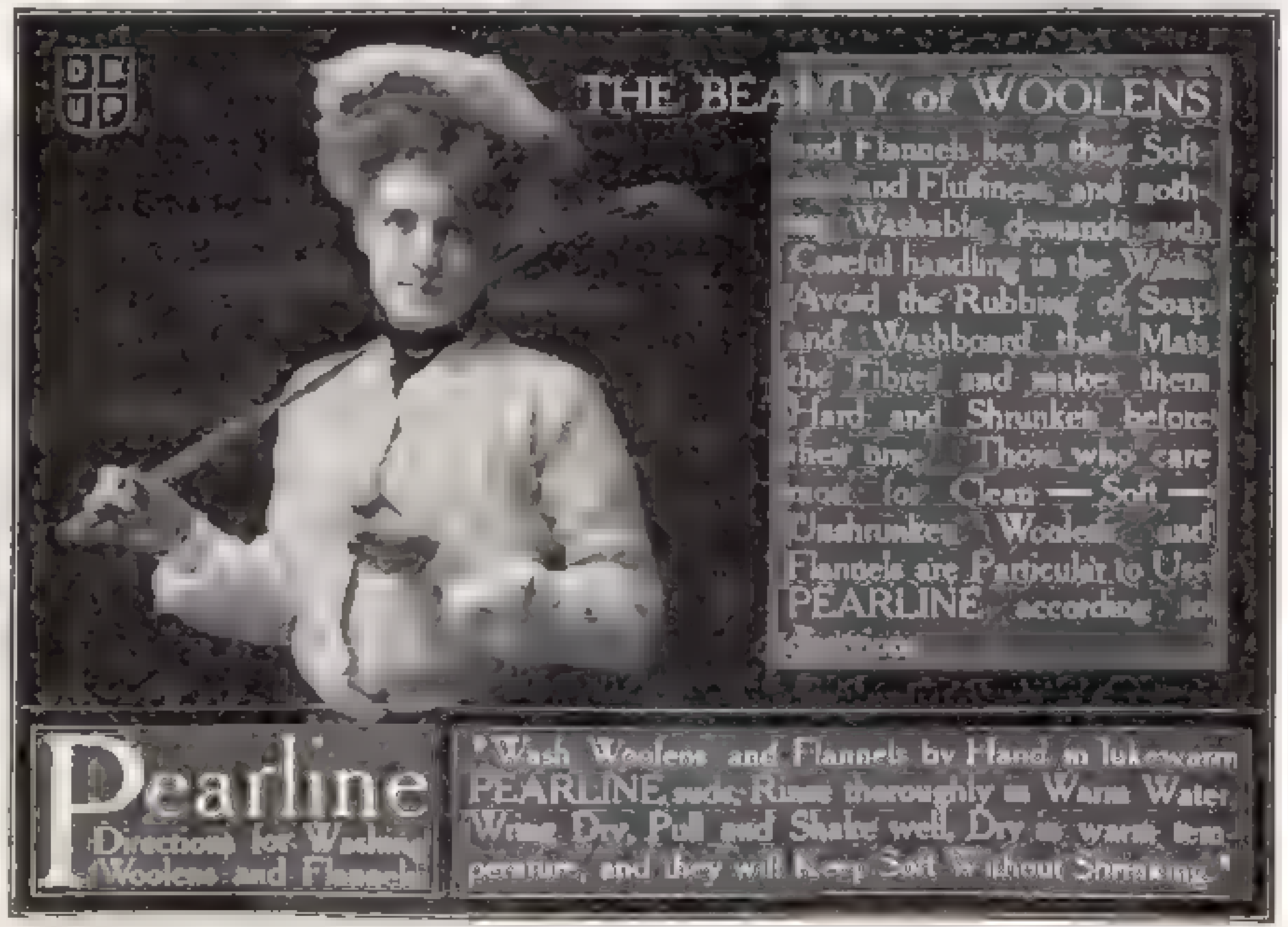
If your dealer cannot supply you — we fill order direct, express prepaid from here; mattress shipped same day check is received by us. [illegible] and color desired, in case [illegible] are already sold, as there will be no time for correspondence.

Beware of imitations. [illegible] the name "Ostermoor" appears on every mattress you buy.

[illegible] "Ostermoor" and its superiority [illegible] Send your name on a postal for the name of your home dealer and our free descriptive book, "The Test of Time," a veritable work of art, 144 pages in two colors, profusely illustrated. Worth reading. Write today, as this offer is necessarily limited.

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY, 101 ELIZABETH STREET, NEW YORK.

Canadian Agency: The Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal



THE BEAUTY of WOOLENS and Flannels lies in their Softness and Fluffiness, and nothing Washable demands such Careful handling in the Wash. Avoid the Rubbing of Soap and Washboard that Mats the Fibres and makes them Hard and Shrunken before their time. Those who care most for Clean — Soft — Unshrunken Woolens and Flannels are Particular to Use PEARLINE according to [illegible]

Pearline Directions for Washing Woolens and Flannels

"Wash Woolens and Flannels by Hand in lukewarm PEARLINE suds; Rinse thoroughly in Warm Water, Wring Dry, Pull and Shake well, Dry in warm temperature, and they will Keep Soft Without Shrinking."

CEMENT If interested in this Building Material read CONCRETE Standard Monthly [illegible] Sample copy [illegible] Concrete Publishing Co., 20 Home Bank Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

10 Gillette Blades 25c.

Send 10 dull blades with 25 cents. 2c each for extra blades. We resharpen keen edge better than new. Your own blades back in neat mailing case. Chemical Steel Co., 7 W. Madison St., Chicago

WINSLOW'S Skates

For more than half a century we have been making skates

Our 1907 catalogues are ready for distribution. Send for a copy. When writing state whether you are interested in Ice or Roller Skates.

THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO.
Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.
84-86 Chambers St., New York. 8 Long Lane, E. C., London.

THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

Your Spare Time

We'll Pay a Weekly Salary For It

¶ Thousands of men and women all over the country wholly or partially earn their living by representing

The Saturday Evening Post
and
The Ladies' Home Journal

¶ These representatives have heretofore been paid a commission on each order, but each Fall we have also paid a series of extra sums to those who did good work. Almost every one received one or more of these, but there was always the element of uncertainty.

So we determined that commencing this Fall, instead of the indefinite "prize offer," we would pay definite weekly salaries to all our subscription representatives.

¶ We do not ask for any guarantee as to the amount of business which you will send; if you are willing to give us all or a part of your time, we are willing to pay you for it. Write, asking for information, and everything necessary will be sent. It is the most liberal arrangement ever made by us, and that means the most liberal ever made in the publishing business.

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"Oh, my father! Then you remember him, do you?"

McDougall winced. "Yes, sir, I do, sir," he said.

"Did my father treat you kindly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have I treated you unkindly?"

"No, sir."

"Then what's the matter?"

"There's a sthrike."

"What's the strike for?"

"Twenty-six cents an hour."

"Twenty-six cents. Ah! What are you getting now, yourself?"

"Twenty-eight."

The Boss rose from his chair and walked over toward McDougall. His voice had swollen to a torrent of amazement and indignation. "Do you mean to say," he yelled, "that you're striking for less wages than you're already getting?"

McDougall was sitting low in his chair; his shoulders drooped; his fingers almost touched the floor; and his head had sunk forward on his breast. But now, as the Boss stood above him, he raised his head till the two men were looking into each other's eyes at a distance of only a few inches.

"I'd give you the last chair out of my cottage," he said clearly, "if the sthrike was over. But I won't help break the sthrike. I can't help it. I'm with the people I'm with."

The Boss went back across the room and sat down again in his chair. The heat of his anger had departed and, in departing, had left him cold-set for the struggle.

"Terry," he said, in his natural voice, "you're not only a fool, but you're an ungrateful beast. And I want to say to the men in this room that there's not a man who has struck to-day who will ever work for this firm again."

. . . . .

The Boss was almost right. For a month the Bend lived on strike-benefits. For another month it lived on its savings. For yet a third month it lived mainly on crackers and water, or, if despair took another turn, on beer. But when the fourth month began the strikers scattered to other towns to lie sheltered in other jobs till the memory of their disastrous enterprise had faded.

A new group of men had been installed in the old boiler-room. The plant was running to full capacity. It seemed foolish even to pretend that a strike was in existence. The Boss, therefore, received the following friendly communication:

"Save the wages of the private policemen. Strike off. Official.—Young Murphy."

Not a striker had been reinstated. The Boss had kept his word. And if Young Murphy had belonged to any other nationality there would not have been a single ray of light in the closing scenes of the struggle. But Young Murphy's ancestral estate had consisted, for many generations, of a radiant mind.

When the Boss found Young Murphy in his office, his greeting was short:

"You know I won't take you back."

"I know that," said Young Murphy. "But I wanted to tell you about McDougall. We was talkin' about him last night and it seemed like a dirty shame to have him get stuck for somethin' he didn't do."

"He went out, didn't he?" said the Boss.

"Yes, he went out all right," assented Murphy. "But, you see, it wasn't his fault. The fact is, we argued him into it."

"Well, what of that?" said the Boss. "He's of age, isn't he?"

"Yes, that's all right," said Young Murphy. "But, you see, it was like this. We was arguin' about it in the boiler-room, and Strassheim—you know how fierce he is—he shook his fist at the old man, and I guess it scared him pretty bad, though Strassheim didn't mean ——"

"Oh, pshaw!" said the Boss. "McDougall couldn't be scared like that. What do you ——"

"Well, I don't like to tell you about it," said Young Murphy. "But, after Strassheim had shook his fist at him, O'Donnell got gay and turned the hose on him. Yes, that's right. It shook the old man up a good bit. And then Moran took a pail of hot water and threw it over his legs. He didn't mean to hurt him, but the old man didn't know what he was goin' to do next. That was enough to make him quit. He's pretty old, you know. Did you ever have hot water on your legs? Perhaps you didn't. But the fellows did some more things, too. Lemme see. I can remember it just like it was yesterday. Yes, that's

To Keep the Skin Healthy

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

Fine Complexion is Simply Healthful Skin

The skin is young and fresh as long as the pores are cleansed and nourished—but gets thick and wrinkled when the pores are clogged. The pores contain oil which mixes with foreign matter. Water will not cleanse them. Cosmetics fill them with lime and grease. Face powders fill them with dust.

Pompeian Massage Cream

perfectly cleans out those little skin wells, nourishes their delicate fibres, gives their tiny nerves and blood vessels free action. That is the scientific reason why it keeps the skin in perfect health and the complexion always beautiful.

A FREE SAMPLE TO TEST

Simply fill out and mail us the coupon and receive our book and sample by return mail.

We prefer you to buy of your dealer whenever possible, but do not accept a substitute for Pompeian. If your dealer does not keep it, we will send a 50c. or $1.00 jar of the cream, postpaid to any part of the world, on receipt of price.

POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Pompeian Massage Soap is appreciated by all who are particular. For sale by all dealers—25 cents a cake; box of 3 cakes, 60 cents.

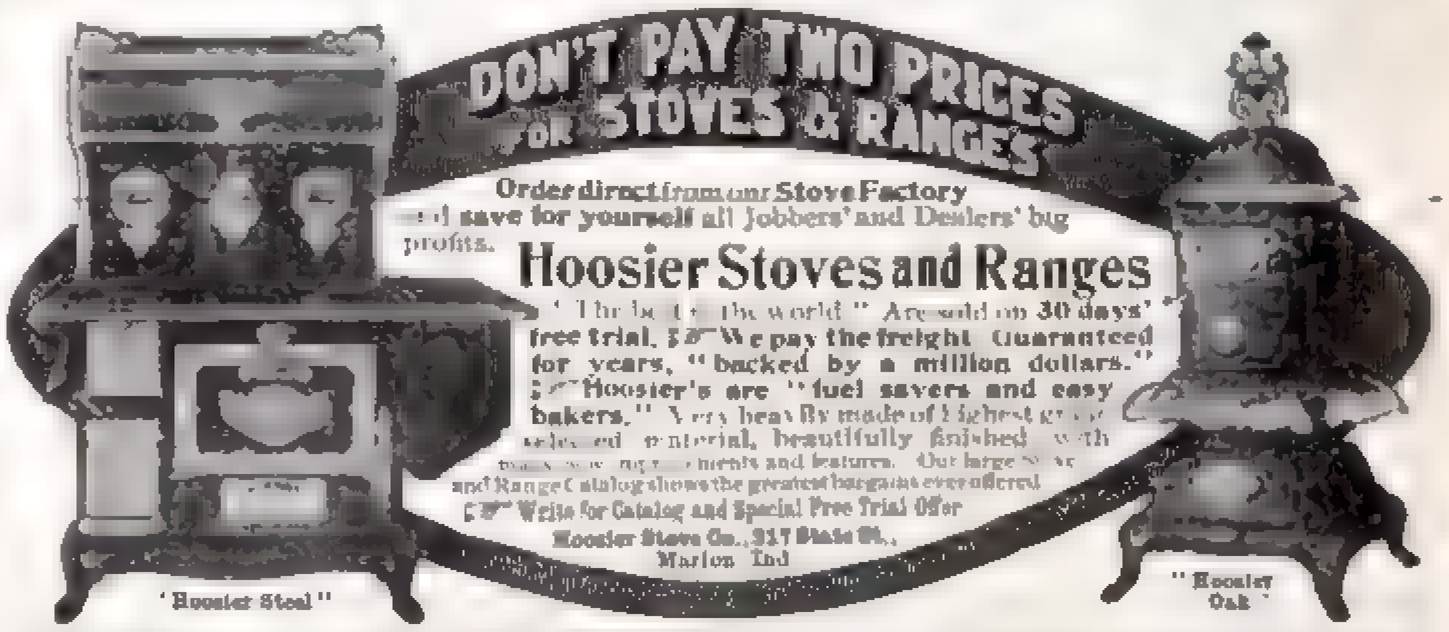
CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND SEND IT TO US

Pompeian
Mfg. Co.
49 Prospect St.
Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen:
Please send, without cost to me, one copy of your book on facial massage and a liberal sample of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name

Address


DON'T PAY TWO PRICES FOR STOVES & RANGES
"Hoosier Steel"
"Hoosier Oak"

Order direct from our Stove Factory and save for yourself all Jobbers' and Dealers' big profits.

Hoosier Stoves and Ranges

"The best in the world." Are sold on 30 days' free trial. ☞ We pay the freight. Guaranteed for years, "backed by a million dollars." ☞ Hoosier's are "fuel savers and easy bakers." Very heavily made of highest grade selected material, beautifully finished with many new improvements and features. Our large Stove and Range Catalog shows the greatest bargains ever offered.
☞ Write for Catalog and Special Free Trial Offer

Hoosier Stove Co., 317 State St.,
Marion, Ind.

Institute of Musical Art Of the City of New York

FRANK DAMROSCH, Director
53 Fifth Avenue, Corner Twelfth Street
Re-opens October 14th
Endowed and incorporated. Catalogue on application.

5% ON DEPOSITS BY MAIL

Money deposited with this bank on our Certificate plan draws interest at the rate of 5% per annum, it being our policy to divide profits with our depositors.

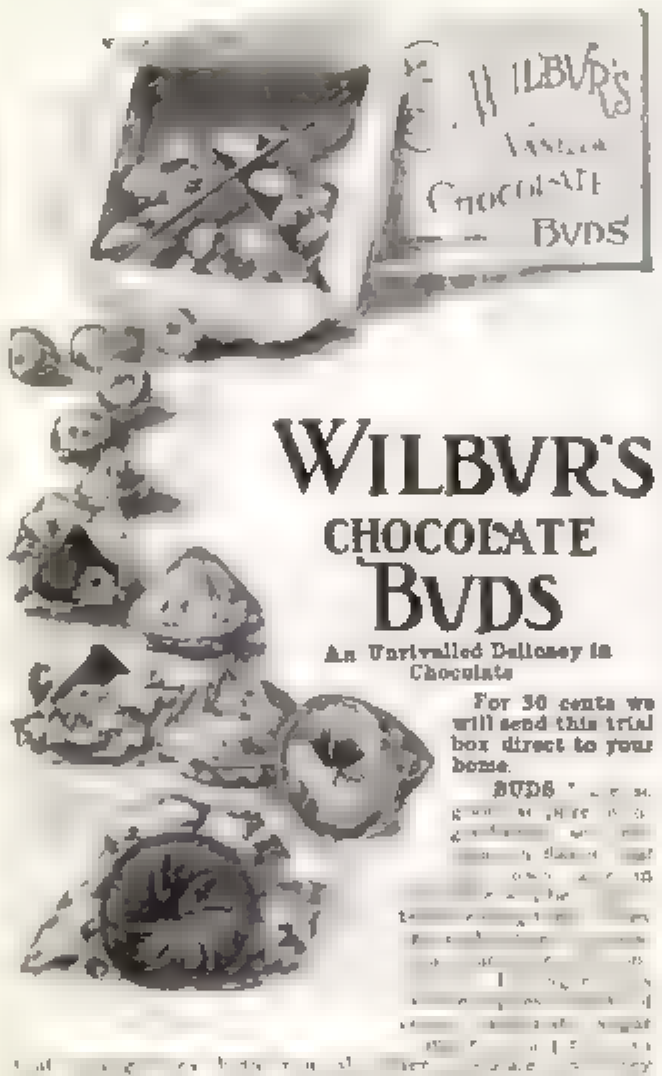
Please write at once for full information concerning this bank, which was established thirty-seven years ago. Ask for booklet "J."

ESTAB. 1871

OWENSBORO SAVINGS BANK & TRUST CO.
JAS. H. PARRISH, PRES'T. CAPITAL AND SURPLUS A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS. OWENSBORO, KY.

KODAK FILM Finished Promptly by Experts. One roll developed and twelve unmounted Velox Prints from best negatives, returned postpaid 50c with order. Highest Grade Work. Write for Prices.
ROBERT JOHNSTON,
Kodaks and Supplies, Expert Photo-Finishing,
19 North Main St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co. Reduced rates on household goods to and from all points on the Pacific Coast. 443 Marquette Building, Chicago; 1005 Carleton Building St. Louis; 851 Tremont Building, Boston; 101 Columbia Building San Francisco; 109 Stimson Block, Los Angeles.



WILBVR'S CHOCOLATE BVDS
An Unrivalled Delicacy in Chocolate
For 30 cents we will send this trial box direct to your home.
BUDS [illegible]
Large Box $1.00
H. O. Wilbur & Sons, 222 Bread St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Yes—it does
keep the teeth white.
It also prevents and arrests receding gums.
You owe it to your teeth to use
CALDER'S SAPONACEOUS DENTINE
The 10c size is free
Just ask for it, sending a 2c stamp to cover postage
THIS SIZE IN GLASS OR METAL 25c Sold Everywhere
ALBERT L. CALDER CO.
181 No. Main Street, Providence, R. I.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER
Prickly Heat, Chafing, and Sunburn, and all afflictions of the skin.
Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. [illegible] receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's [illegible]
GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, NEWARK, N. J.

No Hot-boxes If You Use
Helmet OIL
for Automobile Bearings
Never fails to lubricate
HELMET OIL gives the greatest amount of lubrication [illegible] positively prevents hot boxes. [illegible]
Test it Free [illegible]
C. H. Besly & Co., 15 S. Clinton St., Chicago

Free Plans For Your Home

Free Book of Designs
We are the largest [illegible] Our prices are the lowest. [illegible] Freight prepaid [illegible] FREE
Schaller-Hoerr Co., 539 Pilsen Station, Chicago

right. They pulled the hot coals out of the grates and they spread them all over the floor and they had pokers in their hands, and they kept the old man running up and down the room just as fast as he could tear, and when he'd try to dodge the hot coals on the floor ——"

"You dastardly pack of curs!" shouted the Boss. "You send McDougall to me. And if I ever lay hands —— "

But Young Murphy had saved his life by way of the open window.

To-day McDougall is again spreading coals in his old grate—grate number three, in the old boiler-room. But his old air of owning the grate is gone. He shuts the door as carefully as he can, instead of slamming it with all his might. He no longer criticises the coal as it is delivered into the bunkers. And, when anything happens to the grate, he asks the engineer for advice.

Except when asking for advice or for orders, McDougall is silent. The other men in the room, who took the places of his old acquaintances, are strangers to him. And the Boss is not exactly all that he used to be to him. The Boss still thinks that McDougall might at least have explained.

All in the Play

(*Concluded from Page 7*)

Well, you should have seen the expression that came over that man's face! He actually seemed to forget it was only all in the play, or, at least, he was acting very well.

Then he seemed to get rather dazed, and when she kissed him that simply seemed to overcome him. He stood looking and looking after her and forgot every word he ought to say!

The prompter was calling to him out of the side-place, but all he said was, "I can't go on. I can't ——" and stammered so that we had to pull down the curtain on a cake-walk gotten up on the spur of the moment by Billy and Gid and the rest. But it ended everything *splendidly*.

Then the people came up and congratulated us, and Spriggs, too. One of the last was the opera-house manager. Dolly brought him up to Spriggs herself.

"How did you like it?" she asked, smiling at him.

The manager gave one look at Spriggs, then he said: "Very good, very good. But, Mr. Spriggs, you will have to play it for a comedy." And then he went out with the others.

Dolly stood looking at Spriggs, and what do you suppose? Just then in came George. Of course, he ran up to her and kissed her.

"Well, Dolls, old girl," he said, "how did it go? Have you announced it yet?"

"Went fine," answered Dolly, "thanks to Mr. Spriggs. We owe him a great deal, George."

But Spriggs didn't say anything except, "Announce? Announce what?" And he seemed absolutely stupefied.

"Why, our engagement," said George.

Then he went on to tell Dolly why he had missed the performance. It seems that his doctor advised Turkish baths after his bachelor dinner, and he had just got out.

Then the Comedy Theatre man stepped up and handed Spriggs back his torn and battered play.

"There you are, Spriggsey, old chap," he said. "Constein says it is great. But play it as a comedy, old chap, play it as a comedy."

Spriggs walked rather unsteadily to the door, I thought, and opened it. It was snowing, and he stood there with it floating around that green cutaway. He didn't have any overcoat. I guess he forgot it or something. Just then Dolly missed him and turned.

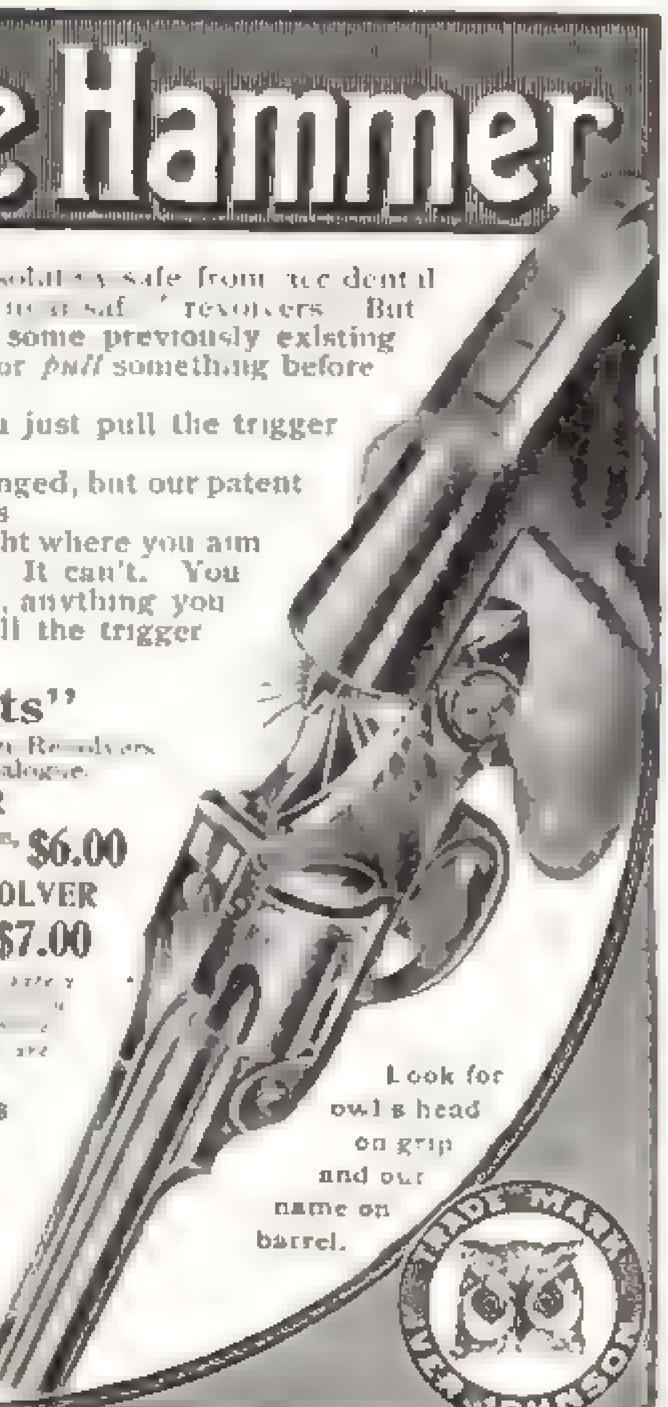
"Why, Mr. Spriggs," she called, dimpling, "aren't you coming in to supper?"

He looked back at her. "No," he answered, "I am going to play it for a comedy." And he went out.

Yes, that was all.

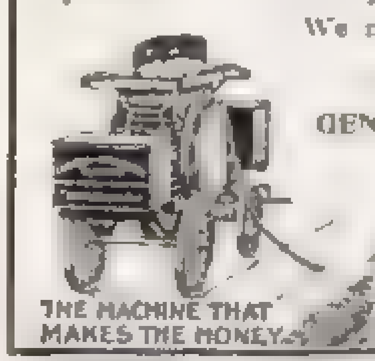
Mrs. Maguire?

Do you know, Dolly had been so busy with the play that she hadn't called around for two or three weeks! During that time Mrs. Maguire had died—a cold or something; I forget now. And, after all, there weren't any profits for her, because everything had cost so much that we'd gone behind, and Dolly's father had to give a check to pay some of the debts. But Dolly is going to get up some gymkhana races this spring to help out her children.



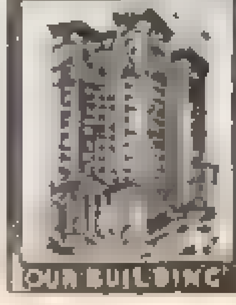
Hammer the Hammer
We were the first to make a revolver absolutely safe from accidental discharge. Now, we have competition with "near safe" revolvers. But the imitations are merely devices *added* to some previously existing firing mechanism. You have to *press* or *push* or *pull* something before the pistol can be fired at all.
Our device is *the mechanism itself*. You just pull the trigger and everything else follows.
Our advertising may be copied and infringed, but our patent safety lever cannot be touched by the imitators.
The Iver Johnson Revolver puts a shot right where you aim it. But it *never* shoots until you want it to. It can't. You may "*hammer the hammer*," drop it, kick it, anything you like, but you can't discharge it *until* you pull the trigger. It's as handsome as it is business like.
Our Free Booklet, "Shots"
tells all about the peculiar construction of Iver Johnson Revolvers. With it comes our large, handsomely illustrated catalogue.
IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMER REVOLVER
3 inch barrel, nickel plated finish, 22 rim fire cartridge, 32 or 38 center fire cartridge, $6.00
IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMERLESS REVOLVER
3 inch barrel, nickel plated finish, 32 or 38 center fire cartridge, $7.00
[illegible]
IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
147 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
[illegible]
Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Iver Johnson Truss Bridge Bicycles
Hammer the Hammer
Accidental Discharge Impossible
Look for owl's head on grip and our name on barrel.
TRADE MARK IVER JOHNSON

IVER JOHNSON
AUTOMATIC SAFETY REVOLVER

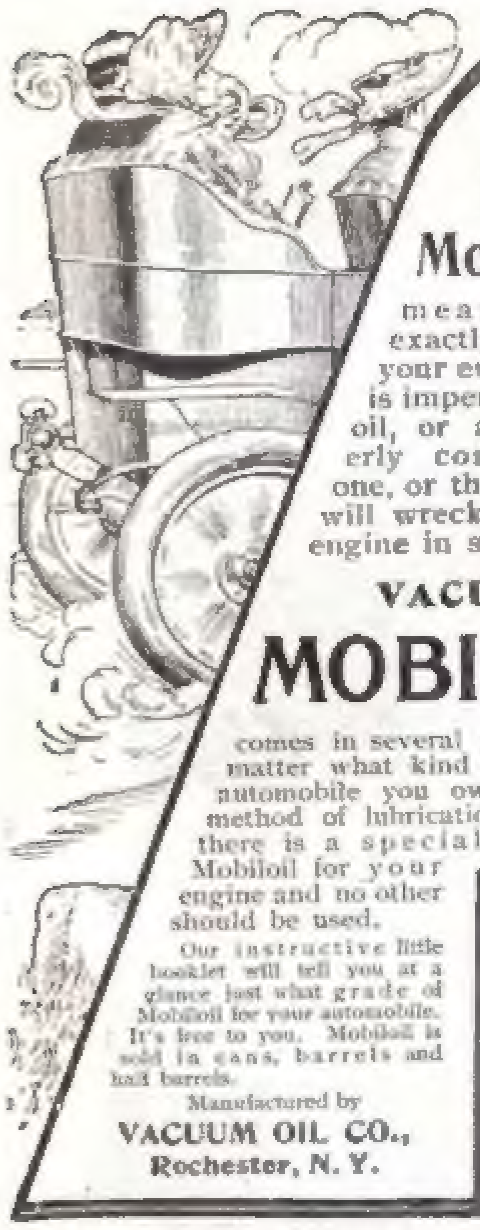


Last month we proved to many people that they could make $3000.00 clear profits each year. *We are ready to prove that*
$3000.00 Can be Made
This year,—next year,—and the years after Cleaning houses by our patented machinery, by energetic, competent men. Over 300 operators in as many towns in the United States.
We make the most efficient stationary systems for Residences Hotels Office Buildings, Etc.
Central Booth Machinery Bldg., Jamestown Exposition
GENL. COMPRESSED AIR AND VACUUM MACHINERY CO
4465 A Olive Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.
WRITE FOR CATALOG
WE OWN THE PATENTS AND ARE PROSECUTING ALL INFRINGERS
THE MACHINE THAT MAKES THE MONEY

GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES The Worlds Best
Do You Want the Best?
Garland Stoves and Ranges Gas Ranges and Heaters
THE WORLD'S BEST
35 Years the Standard
Sold by all First-class Dealers Everywhere
Ranges furnished with the Garland Oven Heat Indicator. Booklets free by mail.
THE MICHIGAN STOVE COMPANY
Detroit, Mich. *Largest Makers of Stoves and Ranges in the World* Chicago, Ill.



BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST
A SAVINGS account with this strong savings bank at 4 per cent. interest compounded twice a year [illegible] "Banking by Mail."
OUR BUILDING
THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO THE CITY OF BANKS
ASSETS OVER FORTY-TWO MILLION DOLLARS



The Proper Motor Oil

means the oil exactly suited to your engine. This is imperative. Poor oil, or an improperly compounded one, or the wrong oil will wreck the finest engine in short order.

VACUUM
MOBILOIL

comes in several grades. No matter what kind or make of automobile you own or what method of lubrication is used—there is a special grade of Mobiloil for your engine and no other should be used.

Our instructive little booklet will tell you at a glance just what grade of Mobiloil for your automobile. It's free to you. Mobiloil is sold in cans, barrels and half barrels.

Manufactured by
VACUUM OIL CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

NO MONEY DOWN
MEN'S SUITS ON CREDIT
$1.00 A WEEK

Buy Men's Suits, Overcoats, Topcoats and Raincoats direct from our factory by mail

For $15 and $18

We require no security or reference and we trust any honest person anywhere in the United States.

We send garments on approval—you don't pay a penny 'till you get the clothes and find them satisfactory—then pay $1.00 a week.

We are the pioneers and twice over the largest Credit Clothiers in the world. We operate 73 stores in the principal cities of the United States and have over 500,000 customers on our books.

FREE Send today for our fine line of Fall and Winter samples. Self measurement blank, tape and full particulars of our convenient payment plan—all free to you.

Commercial rating $1,000,000.

Menter & Rosenbloom Co.
246 St. Paul St. Rochester, N. Y.

—COMFORT FOR MEN—
WASHBURNE
Patent Improved
FASTENERS
With the
BULL-DOG GRIP

Beware of Imitations
Key Chains - - 25c
Scarf Holders - 10c
Cuff Holders - 20c
Bachelor Buttons 10c

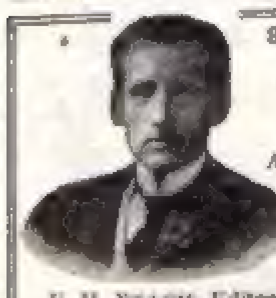
Sold everywhere or sent postpaid. Catalog free.

AMERICAN RING CO.
Dept. 74, Waterbury, Conn.

$3,000 Per Year

has been earned. You can own
AN INDEPENDENT BUSINESS
cleaning house by the 20th Century Vacuum House Cleaning Wagon, the most modern method of cleaning by air. For particulars, address

National Vacuum Cleaning Co.
22-24-26 S. St. Clair St. Dayton, O.



H. H. BEACH, Editor

Send 15 cents for a 4 months' trial subscription to
THE BOOK-KEEPER AND HOME STUDY

A monthly magazine of 100 pages of the best systems, methods and plans for the book-keeper, auditor, accountant and technical man. Subscription, 50 cents a year. **The Business Man's Publishing Co., Ltd., 26 Fort Street West, Detroit, Michigan.**

PATENTS NEW BOOK FREE. Tells all about Patents and how to obtain them. Explains the cost of a Patent and our methods of business. Illustrates 100 Mechanical Movements.
O'MEARA & BROCK, Pat. Attys., 920 F St., Washington, D. C.

THE BIBLE AS GOOD READING

(*Continued from Page 13*)

> Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; . .
>
> Lest I be full, and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.

Solomon understood the hollowness of riches. He is always saying things like this—and he knew:

> Labour not to be rich: cease from thine own wisdom. . . . For riches certainly make themselves wings;
>
> A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold.
>
> He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him.

Solomon is full of cutting remarks about domestic life, as well as the very exaltation of praise for its virtues. Of course, you understand from whom I quoted the wonderful apostrophe to the good wife given above—it was from Solomon. But he had other views as well. For instance:

> Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than an house full of sacrifices with strife.
>
> It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop, than with a brawling woman and in a wide house.
>
> Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles.

Don't think, though, that this wise man, Solomon, was always dealing out a lot of maxims. He was, of all rulers, the most just; of all men the most wise; of all administrators the most able; unless we except Moses. But he was also a poet—and a poet of the moods of hot blood. Of all the poets of passion, the man who wrote the Proverbs was the most burning.

A Public Man Who Could Write

It is curious that we Americans are the only people who ever considered that their statesmen, warriors, practical men and administrators should not also be writers. It was not always so—Jefferson, Marshall, Hamilton, and most of the early Americans were writers. Most of our public men have ceased to write. But we are getting our courage again. In other countries this absurd notion has never prevailed. For example, the English people expect their greatest public men to be essayists, novelists or historians, as Disraeli, Gladstone and Balfour and Rosebery, and nearly everybody else worth while, has been. The same is true of the French, the Germans, and very greatly true of that amazing people, the Italians. But it was truest of all of the Hebrews.

For example, Moses did more than deliver Israel. Moses ruled his people; Moses wrote their laws. Yes, all this and still more—for Moses also composed songs. I have already pointed out that for variety of gifts in warfare and statesmanship David is incomparable. Yet this is the man who was the author of the Psalms. And Solomon, in addition to everything else he did, wrote The Song of Solomon. If you would like to read something that will make your blood jump, just get down your Bible and read The Song of Solomon. It only shows that great men are the most human of beings, and that great gifts flower out in many directions.

In all this I have said very little about the Savior. Somehow or other, I couldn't bring myself to it. The story of our Lord, as a mere matter of fascinating reading, is above the charm of any narrative you will find. His Divinity aside, the practical wisdom of His sayings exceeds those of Solomon. But what He did, what He lived, and what He said, cannot be retold with an infinitesimal part of the entertainment which the Gospels themselves give. That is true, of course, of the whole Bible—true of Moses, of Joshua and David and the rest—but with the Master, somehow, "it's different."

I never read any essay upon our Lord but with a certain kind of repulsion. He needs no interpreter; and comment and commentary on Him seem sacrilege—of course, such a view is undoubtedly unreasonable and unintelligent; but I just *feel* that way about it. But you, reader, you read the

The Woman Who Marries a Minister

Her Case Fully and Frankly Given for the First Time

THE whole problem taken up, from a ripe experience of 20 years as a minister's wife—a woman who knows every inch of the way and who has passed through every problem and vexation. And she treats each annoying question separately in the splendid articles which begin in the October number of The Ladies' Home Journal.

Spend 15 Cents And Read the First Article

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

Model M
Four-Passenger Car
$950

CADILLAC

Economy

The very name Cadillac is a guarantee of unfailing service and dependability. Added to this is the fact that in operating expense the Cadillac is the most economical car in the world — a result of advanced engineering, mechanical efficiency and simplicity. Set yourself right on this question of maintenance by getting our book,

"The Truth about the Automobile and what it Costs to Maintain One"

Not mere claims, but *actual results* in figures given by owners of 164 cars operated under all conditions of road and weather. Full of vital information. Free, if you write at once for Booklet No. 26.

Cadillac Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

Members Asso. Licensed Auto. Mfrs.

"SAVE-THE-HORSE" SPAVIN CURE.

REG. TRADE MARK
SPAVIN
SOUND

NEW LEXINGTON, OHIO — Two years ago I wrote concerning mare with bad Bog Spavin, entire hock involved. You wrote if I would agree to buy two bottles you would see me through or refund money. I accepted and by the time the second bottle was half gone the limb was smooth. The most expert horseman cannot detect anything. She and her mate sold for $400. W. H. WHEATCRAFT, R. F. D. No. 4.

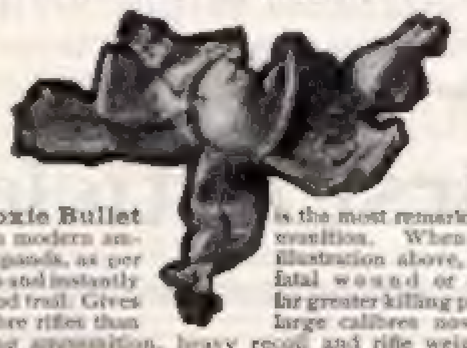
NORWICH, CONN. — My pacer had two bone spavins. One had been on for three years. He now goes sound and does a great deal of hard driving. Am recommending it as the best spavin medicine I know of.
F. S. ROBBINS, Blacksmith and Horseshoer.

$5.00 a bottle, with legal written guarantee or contract. Send for copy, booklet and letters from business men and trainers on every kind of case. **Permanently cures Spavin, Thoroughpin, Ringbone** (except low), **Curb, Splint, Capped Hock, Windpuff, Shoe Boil, Injured Tendons and all Lameness.** No scar or loss of hair. Horse works as usual. *Dealers or Express Paid.* **Troy Chemical Company, Binghamton, N.Y.**

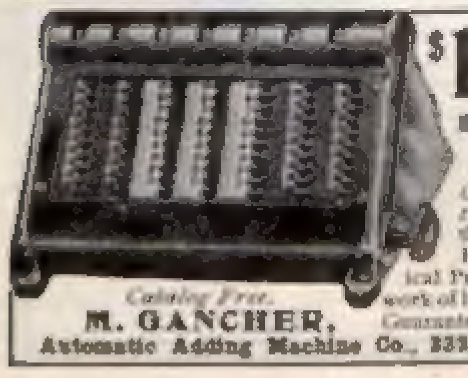
"Flexo"
GARTER
FOR MEN
ALWAYS GET THIS PACKAGE
Price, mercerized, 25c all colors
THIS IS A GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION
Silk cable, 50c all colors
Flexo Garter

Cannot slip or bind. Keeps the socks tidy.
Fresh, new, long-lived elastic.
At leading furnishers, or direct.
A. STEIN & CO., 159 Center Ave., Chicago

One Hoxie Bullet Kills



The **Hoxie Bullet** is the most remarkable invention in modern ammunition. When it hits flesh it expands, as per illustration above, tearing wide, deep and instantly fatal wound or causing heavy blood trail. Gives far greater killing power to small calibre rifles than large calibres now have, thus saving ammunition, heavy recoil and rifle weight and giving greater range, velocity and accuracy. But above all it gets the game sure if you hit it. We do not sell **Hoxie Bullets** separately but supply U. M. C., Winchester, or any standard cartridge with **Hoxieized Bullets** and without disturbing original load. If your dealer doesn't keep standard cartridges with **Hoxieized Bullets** order from us and give us his name. Book of full information for your name on a post card. Send for it today.
Hoxie Ammunition Co., 340 H Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ills.



$15 "Gem" **ADDING MACHINE**
Sent on 10 days' trial at our expense.
Has an *Automatic Carrier* and a *Resetting Device* that clears the dials to zero. A High-Grade Mechanical Production. Does the work of high-priced machines. Guaranteed for *five* years.
Catalog Free.
M. GANCHER,
Automatic Adding Machine Co., 333 Broadway, N.Y.

life and words of Jesus of Nazareth as given in the Gospels just as you read them for yourself. That's all I suggest. And, take my word for it, you'll not find them dull.

And Mary, the mother of our Lord? One does not feel like speaking of her in a casual talk, like the present, at least. There is something so elusive, so shadowy and mysterious about the life of Mary that it is hard for laymen to get at it. We *feel* it and that is the best we uninstructed ones can do—perhaps it is the best, after all, that any one can do. She appears upon the scene with a suggestion of modesty, aloofness, almost mystery, that is both captivating and in a curious way awe-inspiring. The birth of our Savior occurs in a manger. God's Son and the Savior of this world was born in a stable—not in a palace, mind you; not in any chamber with tapestries and cloth of gold and highly-paid attendants. No, He of whom Isaiah prophesied was born among the lowly.

And note this, too: when He began His mission of salvation He did not go to the "first citizens." He went to the very humblest men to be found in all Judea—not only the humblest, but the most ignorant. He selected the coarsest, simplest types of the common people, not bankers nor artists nor writers nor politicians, but fishermen who, by all accounts, were the humblest of all men that worked with their hands. These He made His disciples.

Our Lord showed great sagacity in this, as, indeed, He did throughout His whole career. For be it remembered that all moral, spiritual and economic reforms start with the masses, just as the tree that bears the richest fruits has its roots and beginnings in the blackest soil.

But to return to the Sacred Mother: There was the visit of the wise men, directed by the supernatural star. How lovingly it lingered over that cradle of straw. There was the flight into Egypt, Mary hiding and shielding upon her breast the Redeemer of all men. There was the sojourn in that far country. The incidents of this pilgrimage and of her whole life are left to your imagination. How true to art this is; how little the real mother, the real wife, the real woman, shows herself to the public. How carefully she screens her glorious offices from the world.

We all have locked in our hearts treasures of memory of the devotion of mother, sister and wife, which we would fight to preserve to ourselves and to prevent from giving to the general knowledge. In this, Mary, mother of the Christ, was typical of the finer and universal woman. And so I leave her to your imagination, your emotion and all that is best within you. Doubtless the writer of the Gospel record understood that this was a subject infinitely beyond even an inspired pen.

This one word in conclusion: You have, I presume, observed that these papers are quite casual, rambling and disconnected. I made them so on purpose. I have been writing of what happened to strike my eye or chanced to occur to my mind. I have done this with the design of showing you who read what a treasure is in your hands, and that you do not have to "work" to find "good reading." You can open the Bible any place and be fascinated, excepting only and always its genealogies (which, as I have recorded before, are stupid and dull, whether they occur in the Bible or in history or in any family tree). You only have to consider this Book of Books from the human point of view, putting yourself in the place of those characters—if your modern existence and refinement have not lost you the power to do so—and find anywhere from Genesis to Revelation a fascination and vitality so incomparably greater than that of any romancer who puts his books on the market to-day, that—but, never mind; the comparison is impossible.

Editor's Note — This is the third and last of Senator Beveridge's papers on The Bible as Good Reading.

Where Stein-Bloch Are Pioneers

They originated the idea of applying the best features of the merchant tailor's art to the wholesale tailoring of clothes.

For 53 years they have been developing these features and have maintained their lead as the foremost makers of men's clothing in the world.

This has compelled others to spend treble and quadruple the amount this house spends in advertising.

The best advertisements Stein-Bloch have ever found are the clothes themselves. They are always at the leading clothier's—look for the mark.

Send for the Autumn style book, "Smartness," mailed free.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

The Stein-Bloch Co
Wholesale Tailors
REGISTERED 1888.

Offices and Shops,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SINCE 1854

NEW YORK,
130-132 Fifth Ave.

The Majestic Beauty

Of Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan, is but one of the many sights in that land of mystery which fascinate the American traveler. Fujiyama is about 75 miles from Yokohama, the first port of call on the trip to

Japan and China

Your trip to the Orient will be a delightful one if made on the mammoth steamship "MINNESOTA," which follows the mild Japan Current from Seattle to the Orient. A pleased passenger recently wrote us, "If I were to sum up in one word the merits of the Minnesota, it would be with the word COMFORTABLE."

For illustrated folder and full information regarding the trip address any representative of the GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY, NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY, or

Great Northern Steamship Company

BOSTON: 201 Washington St. and 207 Old South Bldg.
NEW YORK: 319 and 379 Broadway.
PHILADELPHIA: 836 and 711 Chestnut St.
CHICAGO: 220 and 208 South Clark St.

W. C. THORN, Trav. Pass'r Agt., 209 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.
W. A. ROSS, Ass't Gen'l Passenger Agent, Seattle, Wash.

A. L. CRAIG,
General Passenger Agent,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

Strathmore Parchment

YOU may be rated AAA I in Bradstreet's, but if you write your letters on paper that looks like telegraph flimsy, your correspondent (who has no Bradstreet handy) may be unimpressed. One thing your correspondent may know about you when he gets your first letter is that you are self-respecting enough to use the best paper you can get. That may be worth a great deal to you at the time. Your letter paper is one form of advertising, and it has to stand for much. Therefore, see that your paper is as good as your business methods. Strathmore Parchment is a real linen-rag correspondence paper, firm of feel, fine in texture, and makes typewriting look like copper-plate.

BESIDES business correspondence papers, we make also the Strathmore Book and Cover Papers — used by the best printers in the land for the finer sorts of advertising literature and by publishers for their best books. We shall be glad to send sample books or specimens of any particular papers to advertising managers, publishers or printers whose work demands the use of the highest grade of book and cover papers.

MITTINEAGUE PAPER COMPANY, MITTINEAGUE, MASS., U. S. A.

The "Strathmore Quality" Papers

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS AND VARNISHES

All of the surfaces in the world requiring paint, varnish or stain are owned by somebody. It is these owners — millions of them — who have made it possible for us to become the largest paint and varnish makers in the world.

Whether they buy, influence the buying or hire the painter who buys, they pay for the treatment and judge the results.

Every drop of Sherwin-Williams Paints or Varnishes has, for the past forty years, been sold as the right quality — the best for the particular surface to be treated. The fact that we have become the largest makers of paints and varnishes in the world on this basis and with millions of surface owners as judges of our claims, is the best answer to the question, "Who Makes the Best Paints and Varnishes"? Write for free booklet bearing that title.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS Co.

LARGEST (BECAUSE BEST) PAINT AND VARNISH MAKERS IN THE WORLD
FACTORIES: CLEVELAND, CHICAGO, NEWARK, MONTREAL, LONDON, ENG.
SALES OFFICES AND WAREHOUSES IN 23 PRINCIPAL CITIES
Address all inquiries to 613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, Ohio
In Canada to 639 Centre St., Montreal
London Address: 7 Well Court, Queen's St., E. C.

REX
FLINTKOTE
ROOFING

Can Be Laid Single-handed

The clean, quiet, easy way of laying Rex Roofing is in strong contrast to the smoke and smell and muss of putting on a tar and gravel roof, or to the clatter and bang of laying tin; and the contrast is further emphasized in the bills for labor, when the cost of one ordinary workman's time is compared with that of the crew of skilled mechanics necessary to lay other kinds. Rex is the easiest roofing to lay, and the best roof after it is laid.

Our Free Book on Roofing

will tell you more about it and give you points on the roofing problem that every house owner should know. Samples of Rex Flintkote sent with the book. Make your own tests and come to your own conclusions.

All dealers know about Rex Flintkote Roofing. You can tell it if you "Look for the Boy" trade-mark on the roll.

Agents everywhere.

J. A. & W. BIRD & CO., 43 India Street, Boston, Mass.

"Women and Children First"

This is the universal rule among civilized people where danger is to be escaped. It is just as proper where the danger is not so apparent, though quite as real. Into every life some rain must fall. When it is certain that the existence of the home will some day be at stake, provision for the safety and comfort of the home folks is entitled to the right of way.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company

is of the greatest help to the bread-winner who says "Women and children first." A policy in this great company means help for them and peace for him. All this is very obvious, yet so often the good man delays and the good woman forgets, or hesitates to show her interest, when both should unite to secure the necessary protection while it can be obtained. "Women and children first."

The Time to Act is NOW.

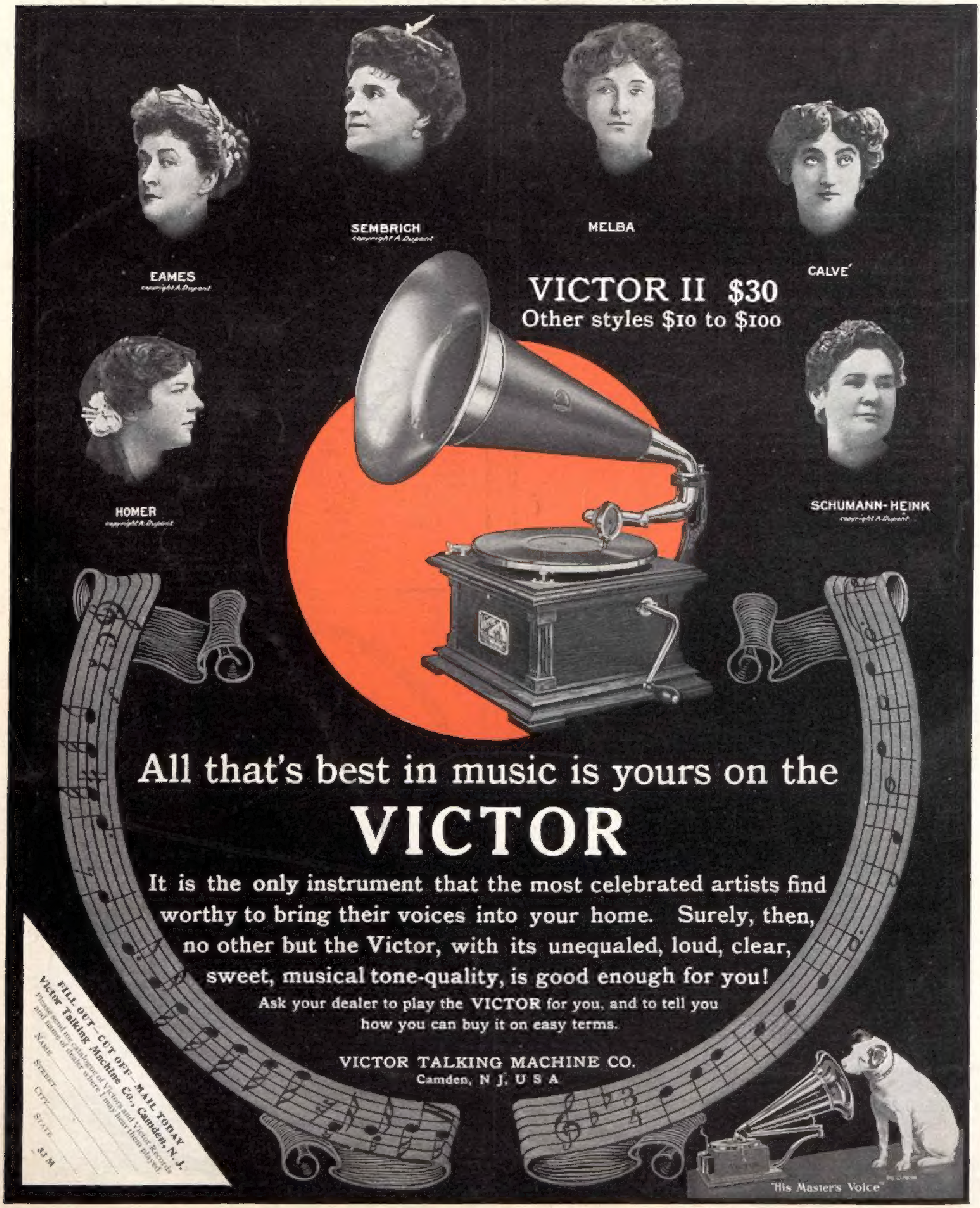
For the new forms of policies write to
The Mutual Life Insurance Company
of New York,
N. Y.

The Varnish that lasts longest

Made by Murphy Varnish Company

Jones Nat'l School of AUCTIONEERING & ORATORY, 231 Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Teaches mdse., jewelry, live stock and real estate sales. Term opens soon. Free Catalogue. CAREY M. JONES, Pres.

PATENTS No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for *Inventor's Guide.*
Franklin H. Hough, Loan and Trust Bldg., Washington, D.C.


SEMBRICH
copyright A. Dupont
MELBA
EAMES
copyright A. Dupont
CALVE´
HOMER
copyright A. Dupont
SCHUMANN-HEINK
copyright A. Dupont
"His Master's Voice"

VICTOR II $30
Other styles $10 to $100

All that's best in music is yours on the VICTOR

It is the only instrument that the most celebrated artists find worthy to bring their voices into your home. Surely, then, no other but the Victor, with its unequaled, loud, clear, sweet, musical tone-quality, is good enough for you!

Ask your dealer to play the **VICTOR** for you, and to tell you how you can buy it on easy terms.

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

FILL OUT—CUT OFF—MAIL TODAY
Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J.
Please send me catalogue of Victors and Victor Records and name of dealer where I may hear them played.

Name ....
Street ....
City ....
State ....
33 M